

THE
ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW



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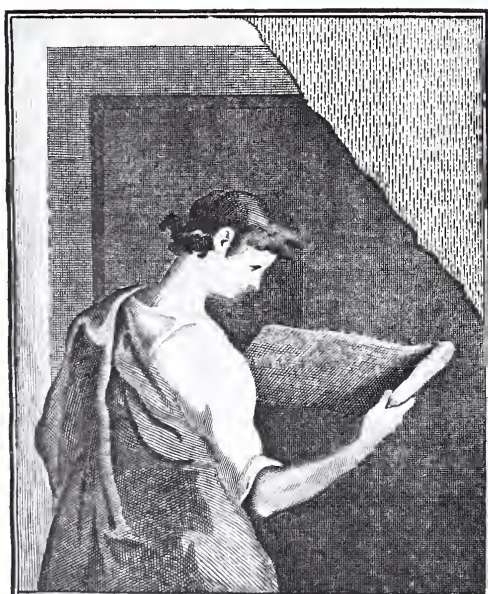
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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW: A MAGAZINE FOR THE ARTIST, ARCHÆOLOGIST, DESIGNER AND CRAFTSMAN:

THE WORK OF JOHN L. PEARSON
R.A. BY JOHN E. NEWBERRY:
PART I: ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE work of John Loughborough Pearson, R.A., is known, more or less, to all Architects, and to many of the general public, by the series of new churches which has been executed from his designs throughout England, as well as by the careful and conscientious restorations of some of our greatest historical buildings.

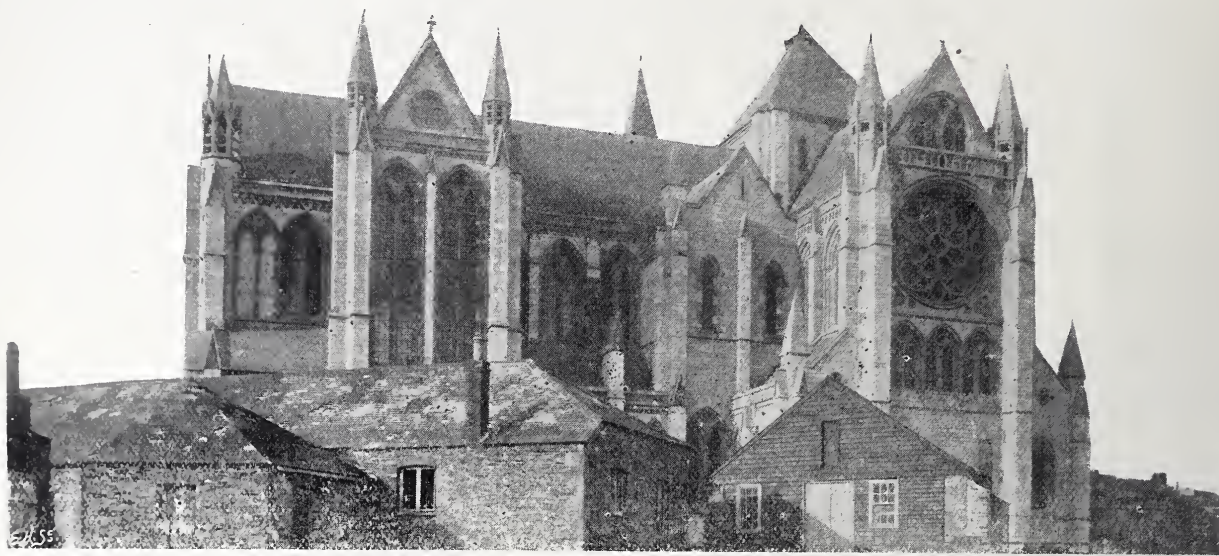
Mr. Pearson is a man who takes an absorbing interest in his art, to which he has devoted the study of a lifetime, and, although he has now practised for more than half a century, his enthusiasm is unabated, and no detail is too insignificant for him to personally design. This is surely one of the secrets of his successful work—what Sir William Chambers characterises as “a genius equally capable of expanding to the noblest and most elevated conceptions, or shrinking to the level of the meanest and minutest enquiries.” It is encouraging to know that there are some Architects who will not allow the high pressure of our times to hurry them unduly in the proper consideration of their designs, for no great work can ever be done hurriedly.

Mr. Pearson is descended from an old Durham family, who were possessed of property in that county. His grandfather was a well-known solicitor in the city of Durham, and his father a water-colour painter of some repute. At the age of fourteen, Mr.



TRURO CATHEDRAL, EAST VIEW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



ELY CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH.

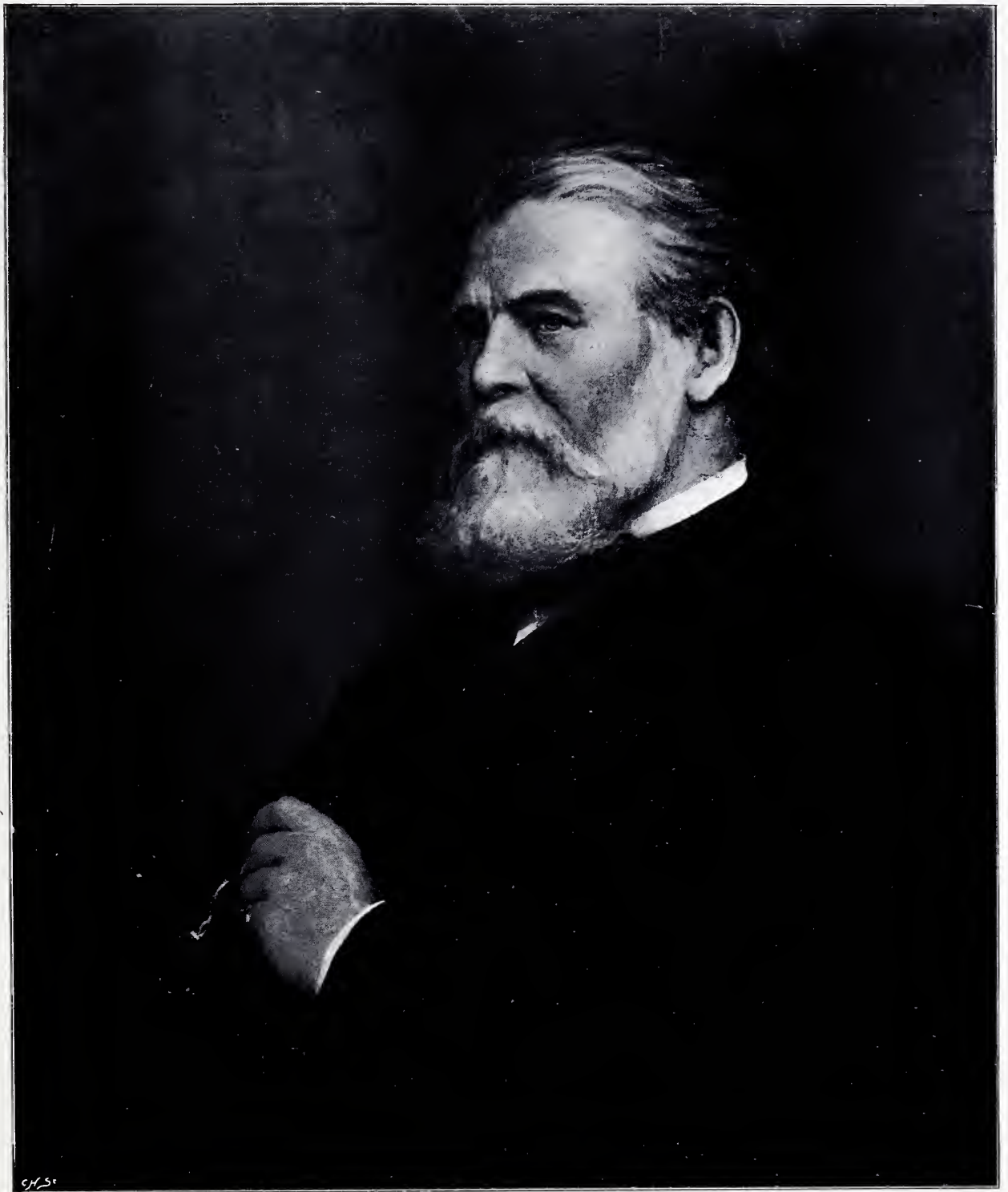
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Pearson was placed in the office of Ignatius Bonomi, Architect, of Durham, with whom he stayed some years as a pupil first and an assistant afterwards. He then came to London, and worked for Salvin and the late Philip Hardwick, R.A., and it is interesting to note that the Hall and Library for the Society of Lincoln's Inn, buildings much in advance of contemporary Gothic work, were carried out whilst Mr. Pearson was with Hardwick. From 1843 until the present time we find him engaged from year to year on more and more important works. A list of these will be given, with their dates, and a brief attempt will be made to follow the development of Mr. Pearson's style, with descriptions of the most striking features of a few of his characteristic buildings.

Mr. Pearson was appointed Architect to Lincoln Cathedral in 1870, and has now under his care many of our ancient cathedrals and churches. He was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1853, a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1860, an Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts on January 29th, 1874; and attained the highest of all honours to an Architect, that of Royal Academician, on November 27th, 1880. He obtained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour on the 15th of November in the same year. Although Mr. Pearson is never to be seen now at the meetings of the Royal Institute of British Architects, he was at one time a member of the Council, and the Royal Gold Medal of the Society, the annual gift of Her Majesty the Queen, was awarded to him in 1880. For many years he acted as one of the consulting Architects to the Incorporated Church Building Society, an honorary

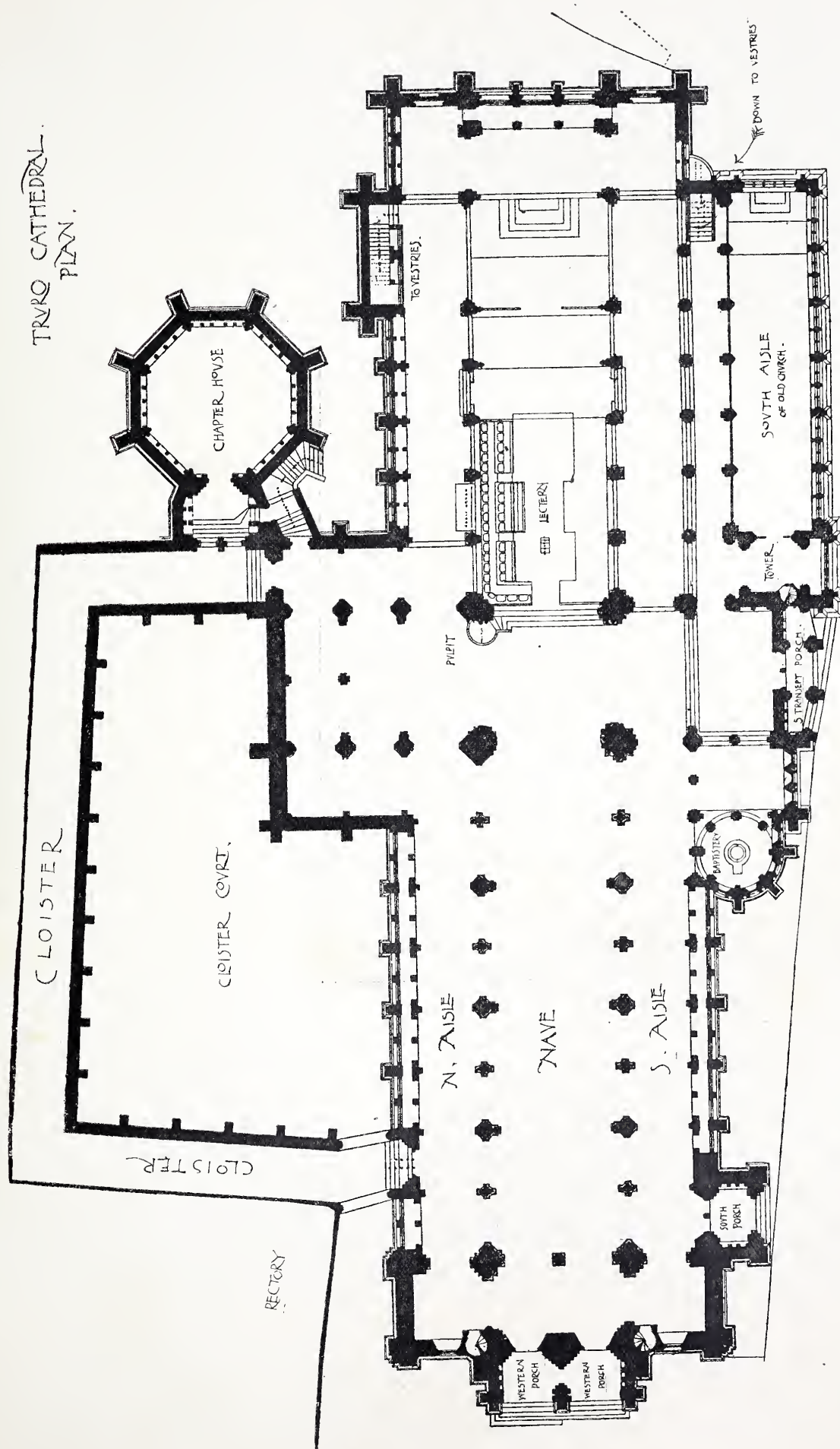
appointment which must often have been somewhat arduous. He has always resided in London. He started practice in Keppel-street, Bloomsbury, moving thence to Delahay-street, Westminster, and Harley-street, Cavendish-square. His offices and residence are now in Mansfield-street, Portland-place.

Mr. Pearson at once identified himself with what has been called the Gothic Revival, and as early as 1843-4 we find him engaged in the erection and restoration of various village churches in Yorkshire. A careful and conscientious student of old Ecclesiastical Architecture, his early works bear rather the impress of his surroundings than of that vigorous and sometimes daring individuality which is displayed in his more mature efforts. The most important work of this date is, perhaps, the new Church of North Ferriby, near the banks of the Humber. It was erected, with its tower and spire, complete, in 1846, and is, for its date, a remarkably good specimen of the kind of Church which was afterwards more fully developed in St. James', Weybridge, and Holy Trinity, Westminster. The latter, Mr. Pearson's first London Church, was begun, in 1850, for the late Archdeacon Bentinck—it attracted the admiration of such men as Sir Charles Barry, Augustus Welby Pugin, and Sir George Gilbert Scott, the latter, indeed, pronouncing it to be the finest building of its kind that London could then boast of. This Church—Holy Trinity, Bessborough Gardens—may be taken as a type of the work Mr. Pearson was doing at this date: the plan consists of a nave and aisles of somewhat limited dimensions, transepts, chancel, attached vestry and organ chamber, with tower and spire over the crossing. The shape of the site suggested



W. W. Oules
John P. Oules

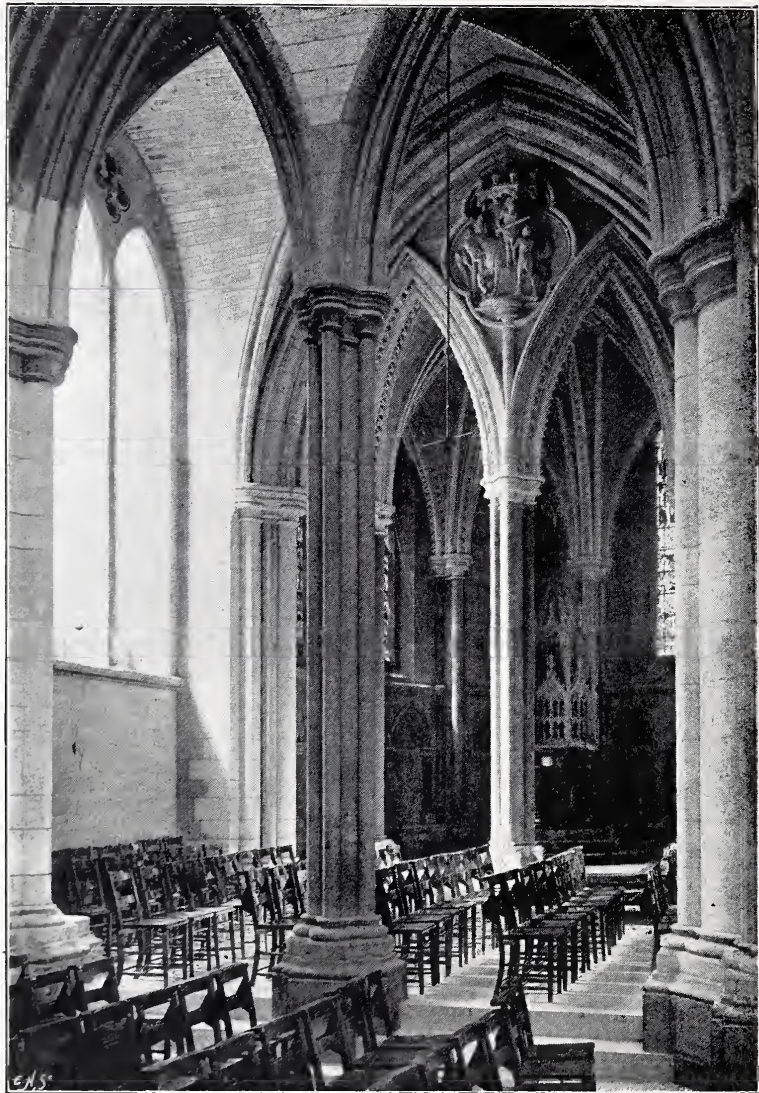




that the chancel might be a greater width than the nave, and the church was accordingly so built: this treatment gives an effect of great spaciousness to the chancel without the reason for it being, at first

influence on the Architecture of England. St. Peter's, Vauxhall, exhibits very marked traces of this influence. It consists of a nave and chancel of equal height and width, a western narthex and baptistery, narrow nave aisles, a low double aisle on the north side of the chancel, with the vestries beyond, the organ chamber being on the south side of the chancel. This church possesses, in common with most of our ruined Abbey churches, both a triforium and a clerestory, the former being quite plain in the nave, as at Tintern, but arcaded and glazed in the chancel. The church is lit almost exclusively by the clerestory and large double west windows.

A somewhat unusual feature in the designs of that time was the apsidal termination of the chancel, a common enough treatment in France, but one which never seems to have found favour in Mediæval England. Instances of its adoption show an obvious foreign influence, as at Westminster, Peterborough, Norwich, and the fine Abbey Church of Muchelney, Somerset, the plan of which now exists only up to the ground level. With these exceptions and a very few village churches of limited dimensions, the square end may be said to be almost universal. St. Peter's is vaulted throughout with stone ribs and brick filling in, and was the first modern instance of this treatment. Mr. Pearson had, however, previous experience of this mode of construction, for, as early as 1856, he replaced the groining in the chancel of the fine old Norman Church of Stow, near Lincoln, the



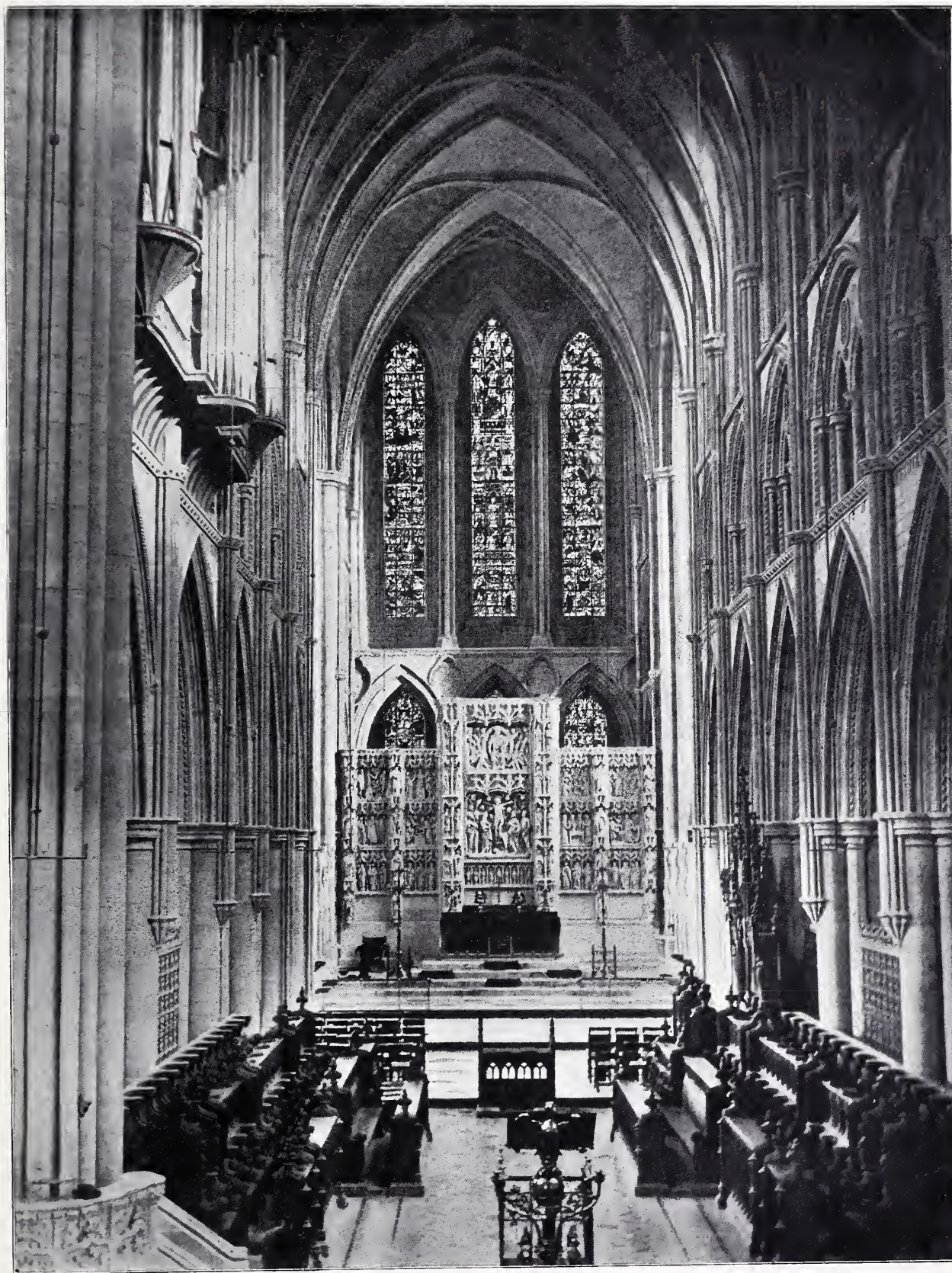
THE BAPTISTERY, TRURO CATHEDRAL.

sight, apparent. The detail throughout was most carefully studied, the style adopted being "Geometrical Gothic," fully developed. This Church may be compared with that of St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster, which was designed about the same time by the late Benjamin Ferrey. The different working out of the two spires is curious, Mr. Pearson using a slightly *convex* outline, whilst Mr. Ferrey's spire is slightly *concave*.

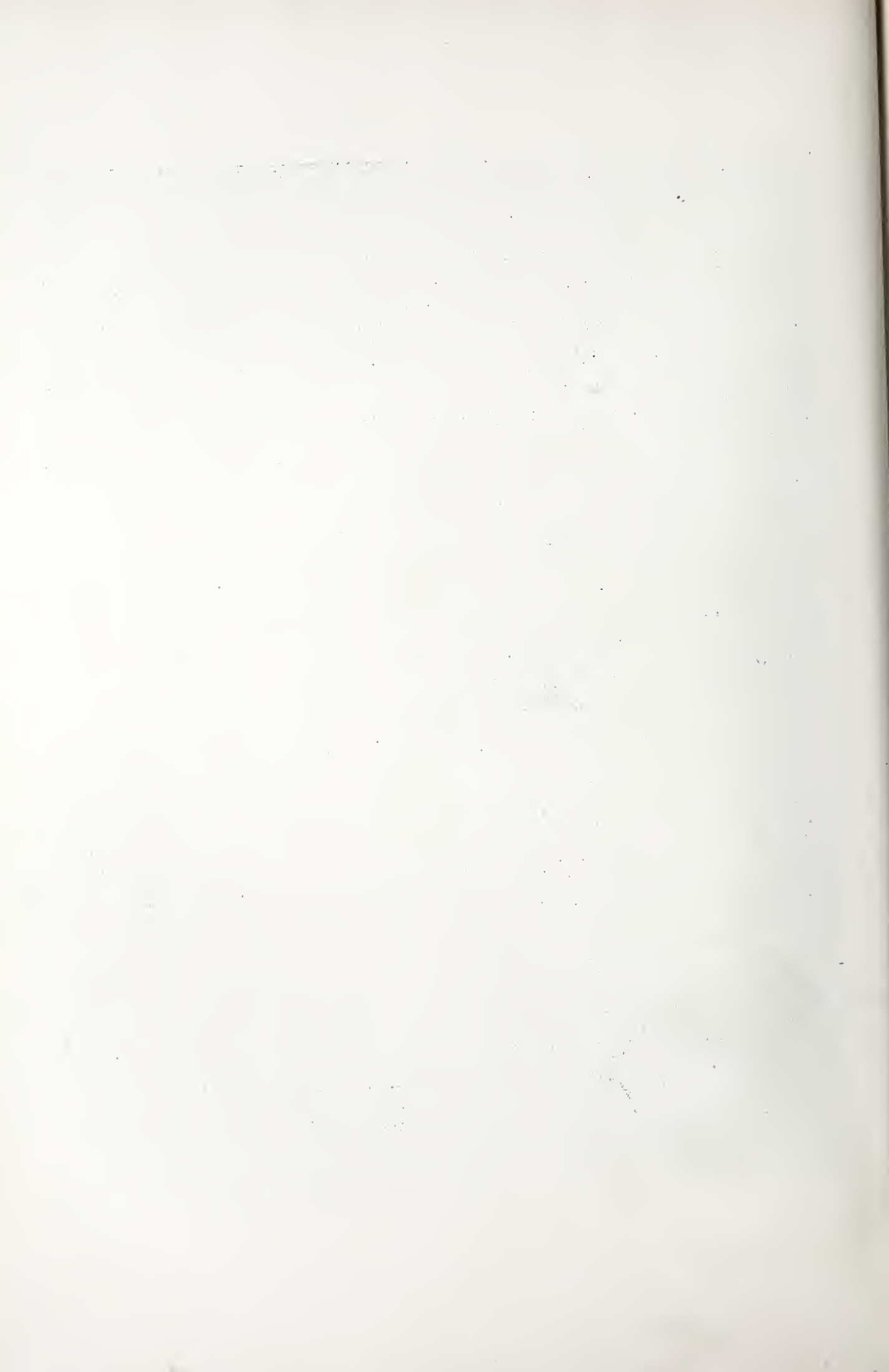
Crossing Vauxhall Bridge, we come to another of Mr. Pearson's Churches, but of an entirely different character. Eight or ten years had elapsed, and in this interval the study of the Mediæval Architecture of France, fostered by the influence and example of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, was exerting a modifying

walls of which were practically unbuttressed and considerably out of the perpendicular. Looking at the substantial character of St. Peter's Church, its lofty proportions and carefully studied detail, it is difficult to believe that the contract for the structure was but little in excess of £6,000.

The lapse of another eight or ten years brings us to the date of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, a Church of much larger proportions than either of those already alluded to. The nave and chancel, which are under one roof, and are 28ft. wide by 55ft. high, have a processional path arranged completely around them, whilst above is a narrow gallery with a lofty clerestory lighted with lancet windows. There are low aisles to the nave, and lofty transepts. The side chapel



INTERIOR: TRURO CATHEDRAL
BY JOHN L. PEARSON R.A.



opens out of the south transept, and spacious vestries are arranged north of the chancel, with the organ chamber above one of them. A southern porch gives entrance to the south aisle, and the tower forms the means of approach on the north. Brick is again the material, with stone dressings

of the 13th century, and has French and English feeling in it—the vigour of the former being blended with the refined detail of the latter. The east end, which is here square, with its bold triplets in two tiers, and the west end, with its double arcades and great rose window over, are particularly effective.



ALL SAINTS' HOVE: BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A DRAWING.

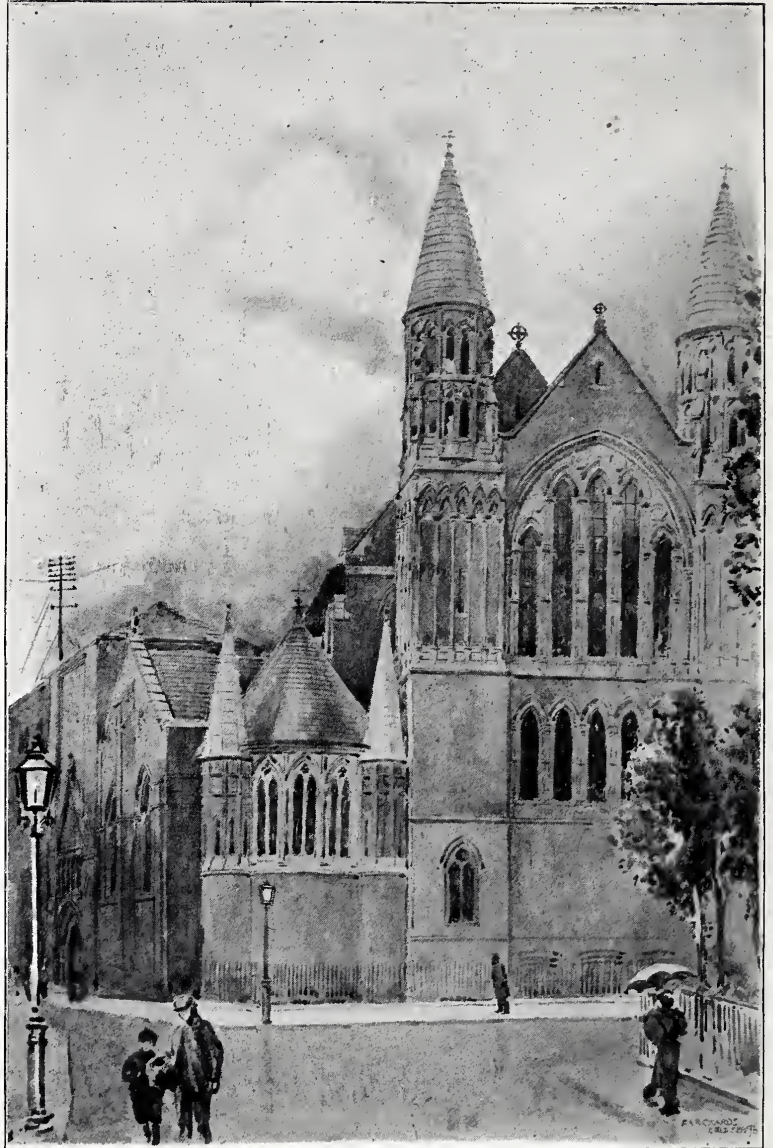
very sparingly used. It was originally proposed to build the church, with accommodation for 1200 persons on the ground floor, for £10,000, and it is interesting to note that the two lowest tenders for the whole building as then designed—the nave being one bay less in length than carried out—were not much over £11,000. The style is that

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, Red Lion Square, followed in 1874, and is a fine example of how an awkwardly shaped site may be turned to the best advantage—every inch of ground is here utilised, and the great width of the nave makes it an admirable building for congregational purposes. We are enabled to give two illustrations of this

notable Church—an interior, showing the south chancel aisle, and a sketch of the outside by Mr. E. A. Rickards, taking in the lower part of tower, the side chapel, and east end of chancel. The upper part of tower, with its spire, yet remains to be built. This is a very beautiful example of the purest Early English work, and its detail is well worthy of careful study. Note in the roof the happy treatment of the vaulting of the nave and chancel, the ridge being kept the same height and the springing raised to suit the narrower chancel.

Soon after the date of this Church came Mr. Pearson's most important work, Truro, the only English Cathedral consecrated since St. Paul's, London. It may be interesting to remind our readers that the Act which constituted Cornwall a separate diocese was passed in the session of 1876, and the first bishop, Dr. Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury, was consecrated in April, 1877. The question of building a new Cathedral was immediately discussed; in 1878 Mr. Pearson was asked to prepare a design, and in 1879 the structure was actually commenced. On the 20th May, 1880, the Prince of Wales, who is also Duke of Cornwall, laid the foundation-stone, and on Nov. 3rd, 1887, the first portion of the cathedral was consecrated, eight years having elapsed from the time the foundations were laid.

The city of Truro lies in a hollow, and, the houses being of no great height, a fine view of the cathedral is obtained from the railway viaduct, the building literally towering above the rest of the town. The hills opposite afford a striking background, and Truro Creek is seen between them, a broad expanse of water at high tide, which, together with the Fal river, opens into Falmouth Harbour. The Cathedral is centrally placed, but the site is small and confined, and, except at the west end, the surrounding streets are narrow, making it difficult to get a good general view. In point of size, Truro does not compete with the great French churches, nor with the largest of our English Cathedrals, but it may be classed, when finished, with such buildings as Rochester, Wells, and Lichfield. The total length will be 300ft.; the height of the central spire, 250ft.; the width of the nave and choir is 29ft., and the height to the vaulting, 70ft.



ST. JOHN EVANGELIST, RED LION SQUARE
BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A WATER COLOUR
SKETCH BY E. A. RICKARDS.

The accompanying ground plan will show that the Cathedral, when complete, will consist of a nave and aisles of nine bays, with two western towers and spires, a large western porch or narthex, and a southern porch; the great transept, with its aisles and a baptistery in the angle between the south transept aisle and the nave aisle; a large tower and spire over the crossing; the choir, with an eastern transept opposite the altar, and one bay behind it, forming a retro-choir; one choir aisle on the north side, and three on the south, of which the outermost was the south aisle of the old parish church; a small tower and spire at the west end of this old south aisle, which abuts on to the south transept; and the vestries, which are provided in a vaulted crypt below the choir. The design includes, on the north of the nave, a cloister court with an octagonal chapter house at the east side, approached either from the cloister or the north transept aisle.

At present the eastern part of this great scheme is alone completed, comprising the choir with all its aisles, the eastern transept, the great transept with its aisles, the baptistery, the lower part of two nave bays, and the central tower, finishing just above the nave and choir roofs. The old Church of St. Mary consisted of a nave, chancel, and two aisles, all of equal length. This aisle, which has been preserved, was typical of the whole building, though it contains far richer and more interesting work than was to be found in the parts that have been removed. It thus forms a valuable historical link with the past, and adds interest and variety to the whole structure. It is a great contrast to the new building, for it is a rich specimen of the Architecture of this part of the country in the Perpendicular Period.

This old aisle exercised a great influence on the design of the whole Cathedral—the spacing of its piers determining the width of the bays of the choir, no two of them being exactly alike. The manner in which the practical difficulty of obtaining proper abutment for the choir vault, has been overcome is, perhaps, one of the most interesting points in the building. It was impossible to carry the buttresses over the old aisle, as it stands on the extreme limit of the site. Mr. Pearson therefore designed a narrow aisle some six feet wide between it and the main choir aisle, and carried up solid walls on transverse arches from one arcade to the other; on these are seated the outer buttress of the flyers which cross the roof of the cathedral aisle. The cross walls, where visible internally, are filled with sunk tracery, thus making an architectural transition from the early Gothic work of the new building to the later manner of what remains of the old. An altar is placed in St. Mary's aisle, and it is used as the parish church. At the east end of the narrow aisle is a flight of steps, which descends to the vestries placed under the choir, and this narrow aisle forms the ambulatory by which the procession of choir and clergy pass to the transept and on to their

places in the stalls. Thus, what was originally a constructive difficulty has been developed into an additional architectural beauty. Another peculiar treatment is that the ambulatory rises three steps above St. Mary's aisle, the choir aisle again is raised three steps above the narrow aisle, and the choir itself is five steps above this. The gradual ascent from the outer wall to the centre of the church has a fine effect, and the multiplicity of piers and arches of varying proportions in this part of the Cathedral produce a variety of striking views.

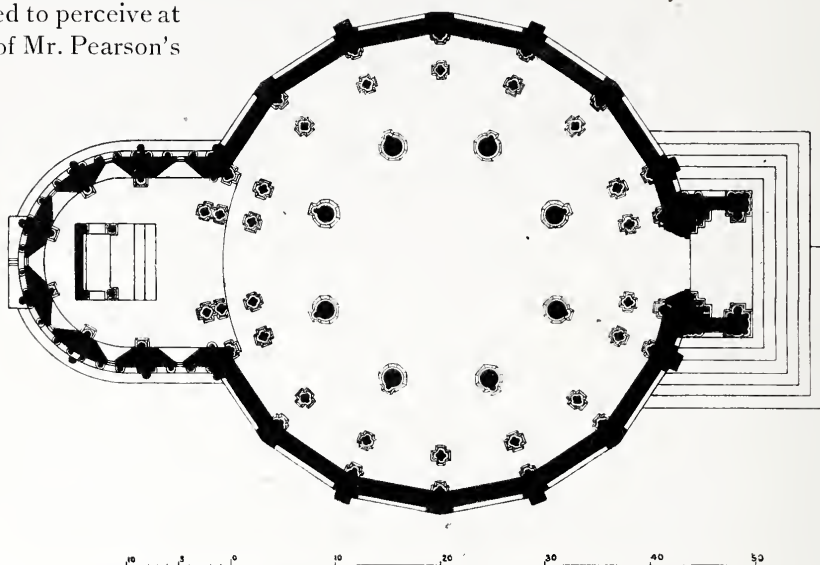
The illustrations of Truro Cathedral which accompany this article will give some idea of the effect of the building externally as well as internally. The materials adopted, after many trials, were granite from Penrhyn for the ashlar face and Bath stone for the dressings; internally, the ashlar being of St. Stephen's granite. The detached shafts among the clustered columns are largely of a blue stone from Polyphant, but Duporth and Ham Hill stone have also been used.



ST. JOHN EVANGELIST, RED LION SQUARE. THE SOUTH CHANCEL AISLE.

The massed effect of the Cathedral, even in its incompleteness, is impressive by reason of its sincerity, solidarity and repose. There is a foreign air in the clustering familiarity of the quaint old Cornish city, but on the north side you are enabled to perceive at once the strength and the simplicity of Mr. Pearson's scheme. No doubt, as the years bring what will be the inevitable completion, the significance of Mr. Pearson's treatment of a great opportunity will become more and more apparent. There is enough, already, to justify, indeed to emphasize, this view, for we must remember that no severer test can be applied to the Art of a man than that involved in the partial dismemberment of a completed scheme. So much was at stake, and so much, alas, had to be left. But few look upon Truro Cathedral without

feeling that Mr. Pearson's work is a credit to a century which has seen at once the revival and the partial eclipse of Gothic style.



THE CEMETERY CHAPEL, MALTA.

BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

Space will not allow of a complete description of this interesting building, but mention must be made of the baptistery, a memorial to the Cornish missionary, Henry Martyn. It is circular in plan and open to the nave and transept aisles on two sides. The vault, which rises to the centre in domical form, is carried by eight slender piers, four of which stand detached and four are built into the outer wall. Besides the eight principal ribs of the groined roof which spring from these piers, there are intermediate and ridge ribs, and these, with their carved bosses at each intersection and the large central boss, produce a very rich effect. Around the base of the wall is a delicately treated arcade with shafts of various marbles. The steps are also of various marbles, and the floor is a rich marble mosaic; the bowl of the font is of deep red African marble, with green shafts set around it, and is surmounted with a lofty oak font cover, pinnacled and crocketed, and suspended from the central boss. Frosterley, Serpentine, Cipollino, Giallo Antico, and Genoa Green are some of the marbles which are used in this beautiful little chapel.

The cost of the fabric amounted to some £74,000. That of the fittings, which are very complete, to about £15,000, including the Bath stone reredos, painted altar, marble floors, teak stalls, Hopton wood pulpit, etc. To some of these we may hereafter refer.

Mr. Pearson's Domestic work will be defined and comprehensively illustrated in the next number, and several of his restorations will be dealt with. By special permission, Mr. Pearson's Diploma drawing for the Royal Academy will be reproduced, and, in addition, Mr. John Slater's perspective

drawing of Mr. Pearson's restoration of Westminster Hall. Mr. Pearson's work lends itself well to the division we have made; the Ecclesiastic and



CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH, MAIDA HILL.
BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A PENCIL DRAWING
BY E. A. RICKARDS.

Domestic aspects of it are so clearly demarked, yet so closely allied in that kinship which is the genealogy of a man's style. For the sacredness of the Ecclesiastic becomes, in the Domestic, the sanctity of home.



STATIONERS' HALL. THE COURTYARD.

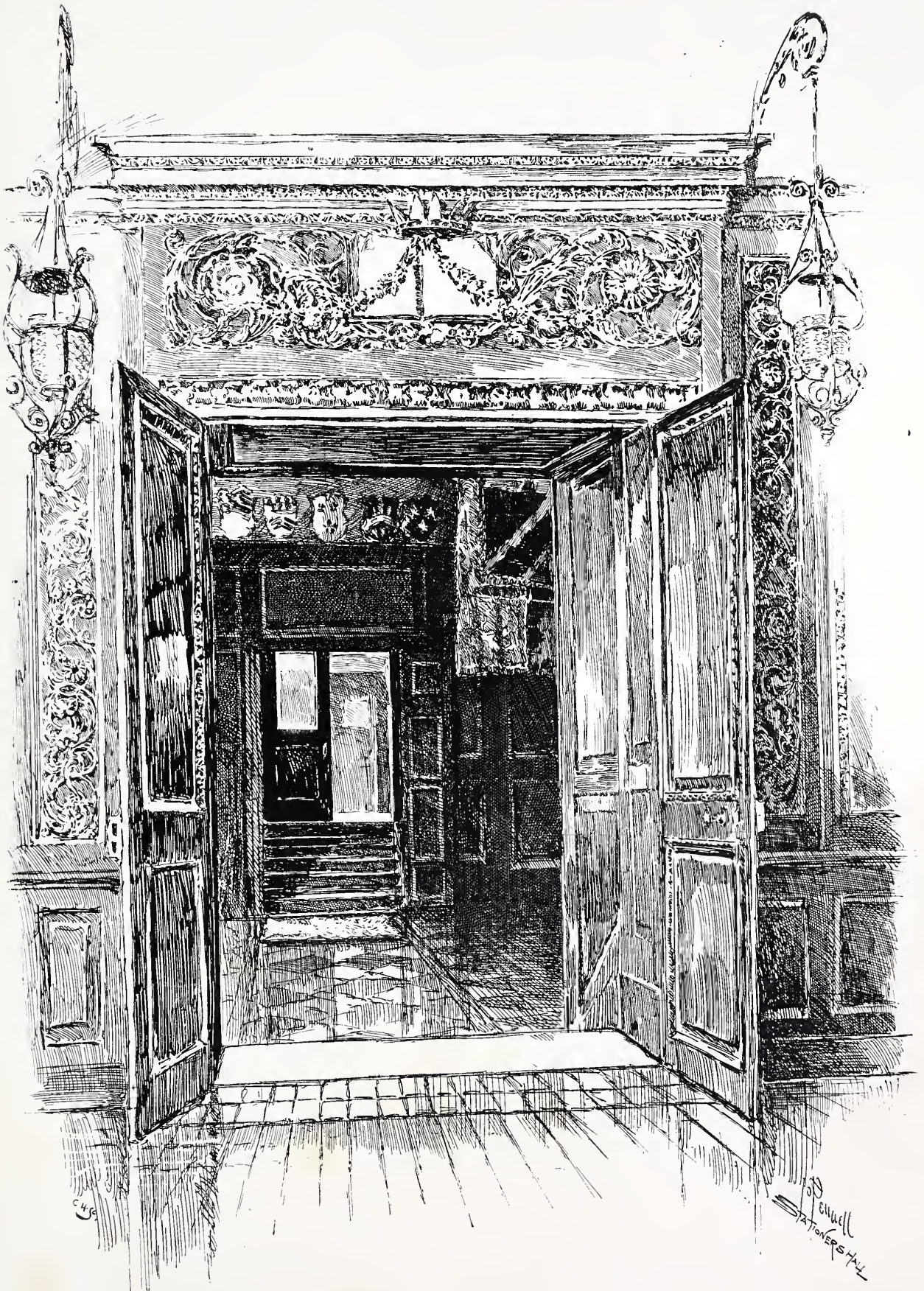
BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY HALLS OF LONDON. STATIONERS'. SKETCHED BY JOSEPH PENNELL. LETTER-PRESS BY H. D. LOWRY.

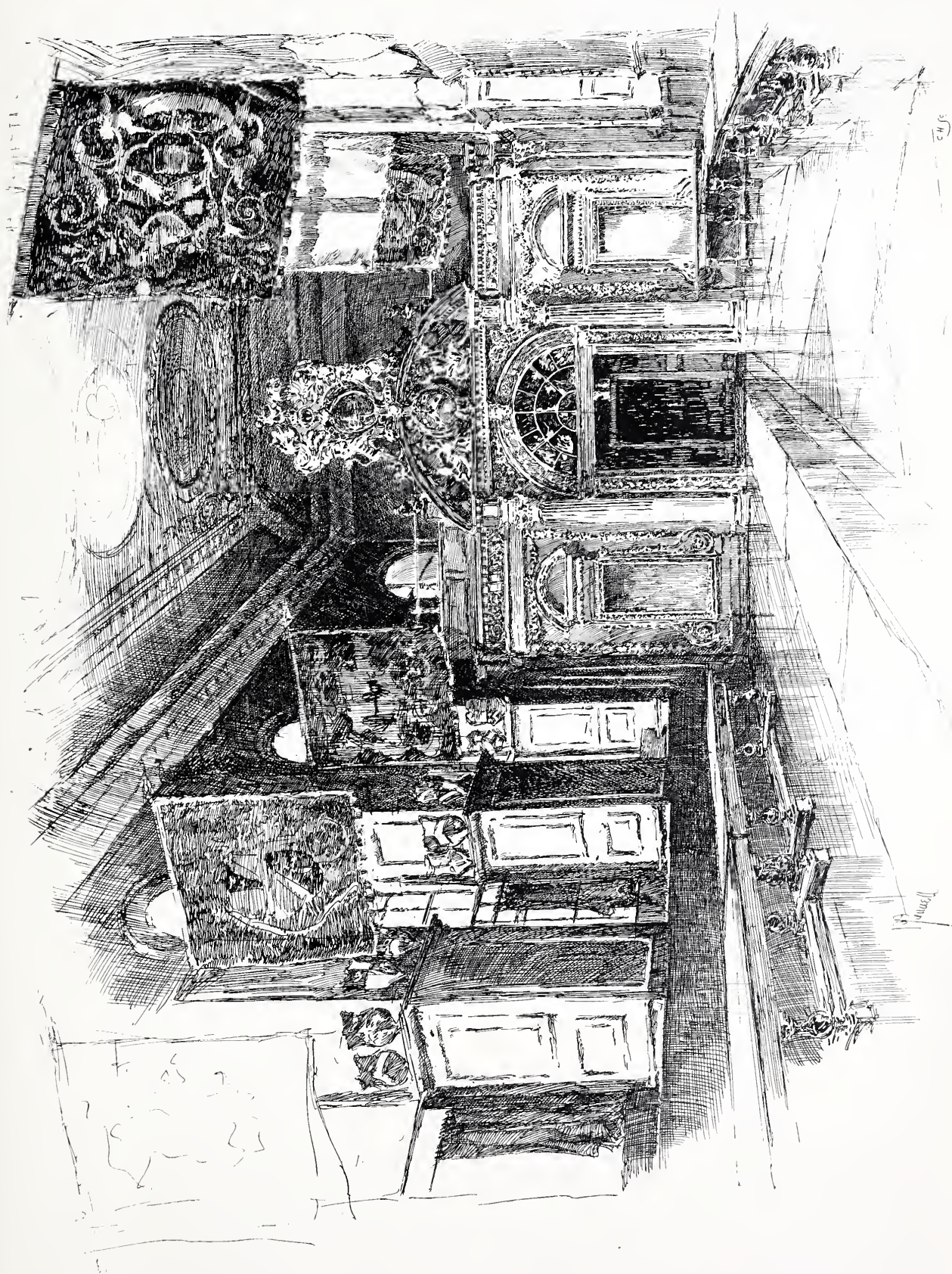
THE halls of the City Companies are among the most notable of the many surprises London holds in store for him who goes wandering within her walls. For the most part they stand secluded, in places where the value of land is such as to defy a definite statement: where you would imagine that

not a square inch of the earth's surface was devoted to any but commercial usages.

As you walk up Ludgate Hill, for example, there is no discernible token of any life beyond that of the buyers and sellers of trade commodities. Yet you turn down a narrow courtyard, and are delighted with the spectacle of flourishing trees. You enter Stationers' Hall, and are amazed at the amount of room which is given up to purposes almost entirely ornamental. The Stationers' Company is not an especially wealthy one, but if the doors are flung



ENTRANCE DOOR TO HALL.
BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



STATIONERS' HALL. BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

open, and you look—as in one of our illustrations—under the finely-carved doorway of the Stock room, across the Hall, and away to the end of the Court room, you get a sense of space which is in itself a thing to be vastly grateful for.

It may be well to describe these three rooms in the order in which they have been named. The Stock room is a modern building, but the magnificent panelling is old, and was carefully replaced when the alterations—which included a considerable heightening of the ceiling—were made. There is in this room a beautifully carved fire-place.

In Stationers' Hall itself the most notable feature is a carved oak screen, which has stood there since about 1670. Fourteen years later the Court agreed with Stephen Colledge (the famous Protestant carpenter who was afterwards hanged at Oxford in 1681) to wainscot the hall "with well-seasoned and well-matched wainscot, according to a model delivered in, for £300." This work is still to be seen, and is in excellent condition.

At the end of the Hall, opposite the screen spoken of, is a modern stained glass window, wherein Caxton is seen in his printing house, showing proofs to his Royal patrons. The border contains the signs of many famous printers, including that of John Day, master of the Company in 1580, a Cupid awakening a sleeper with the words "Arise, for it is day." Other windows show a portrait of Cranmer, a patron of printing, for the designing of which the lately-deceased Archbishop of Canterbury gave facilities; Caxton, Shakespeare, and other persons revered of the Stationers'. Beyond these windows lies the garden, where books that were deemed heretical or traitorous were burned of old time by the command of the authorities, secular or ecclesiastical. An amateur of antique furniture could not but envy the Company two fine old court buffets that used on great occasions to stand behind the Master's chair, laden with the plate bequeathed by past members. One of these buffets is shown in another of Mr. Pennell's pictures. The niche by which it stands—a window at one time—is not now adorned with the shields shown in the illustration. These have been removed, and the long list of the Masters of the Company, beginning with Thomas Dockwray, in 1556, has taken their place. The list includes many a name that is still famous, and some that are familiar. In 1775 John Rivington, of St. Paul's Churchyard, was Master. In 1805 the post was filled by a Francis Rivington; and in 1819, Charles Rivington, son of the above-named John, succeeded to the honours of the position. In 1873, 1876, and 1877, the Masters were Francis, Charles, and William, sons of this Charles Rivington. The bearer of his full name was likewise Clerk to the Company from 1829 to 1869, from which date the post has been

occupied by Mr. Charles Robert Rivington, the present Clerk.

To return to the Hall, it is a delightful old room, and only a lamentable modern ceiling, plastered with almost all the special kinds of decoration that ought not to be found upon a ceiling, can excite unkindly criticism. Once upon a time, when specially constructed concert rooms were not to be found in London, this was deemed one of the best obtainable of halls for music in so far as its acoustic properties were concerned. St. Cecilia's Feast and certain country feasts were held there annually, and Dryden composed his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, to be sung at one of the concerts. In 1701 sacred music was performed there twice a week by Mr. Cavendish Weedon.

The Hall was occasionally put to other still more curious uses. It was frequently let for funerals in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the fees received by the Company were divided in part amongst its poor. Then it was sometimes used for the drawing of various lotteries, including the Westminster Bridge lottery. Finally, to make an end of cataloguing, it was let to the Surgeons' Company, upon the sole condition that no dissections were made therein.

The Court room, a long, low room that reminds you of a masonic hall, and has indeed been used upon occasions as the meeting place of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, opens out of the Hall. There is no particular remark to be made upon it, unless the fact that it contains a big picture, executed by Benjamin Ward at an early date in his artistic career, be deemed a matter worth noting. It will be better to speak at once of the origin of the Company, and of the things that are of interest in its history.

That history may be said to go back to the time when the Art of printing was not known in this country, for in 1403, fifty years before the introduction of that powerful engine of progress, a Brotherhood of Stationers was formed, whereof it is believed that Wynkyn de Worde was a member. These people naturally enough became the chief printers and sellers of books when the Art began to be extensively practised, and in 1556 the brotherhood obtained a charter of incorporation from Mary and Philip.

This charter is prefaced thus: "Know ye that we, considering and manifestly perceiving that certain seditious and heretical books, rhymes, and treatises are daily published and printed by divers scandalous, malicious, schismatical, and heretical persons, not only moving our subjects and lieges to sedition and disobedience against us, our Crown, and dignity, but also to renew and move very great and detestable heresies against the faith and sound doctrine of Holy Mother Church, and wishing to

provide a suitable remedy in this behalf," and incorporates "The Master and Keeper or Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery or Art of a Stationer of the City of London." Thomas Dockwray was the first master, and John Cawood and Henry Cook the first wardens.

It is possible that Philip and Mary would have been glad enough, had it been possible, to do away with printing altogether. However, by granting a charter to the Stationers, they adopted the best possible method of getting the traffic in books and broad sheets indirectly under their own control. It was doubtless a fine thing to have this charter, which prohibited anyone from printing within the realm without licence from the Company, except patentees, and granted to that body permission to search, seize, and destroy or appropriate any books in whose production these conditions had not been duly observed. At the same time, you will observe that the Company would at once develop into a vigilant guardian of its rights, and so into a spy upon the unlicensed printer. Now, the unlicensed printer was just the person with whom it might be difficult to deal, in case he should take to issuing books against the Government, or those containing heresies. Philip and Mary plainly realised this, for the powers of the Stationers were increased, until it became necessary to put them on the alert to suppress books printed in foreign countries that were now being largely imported.

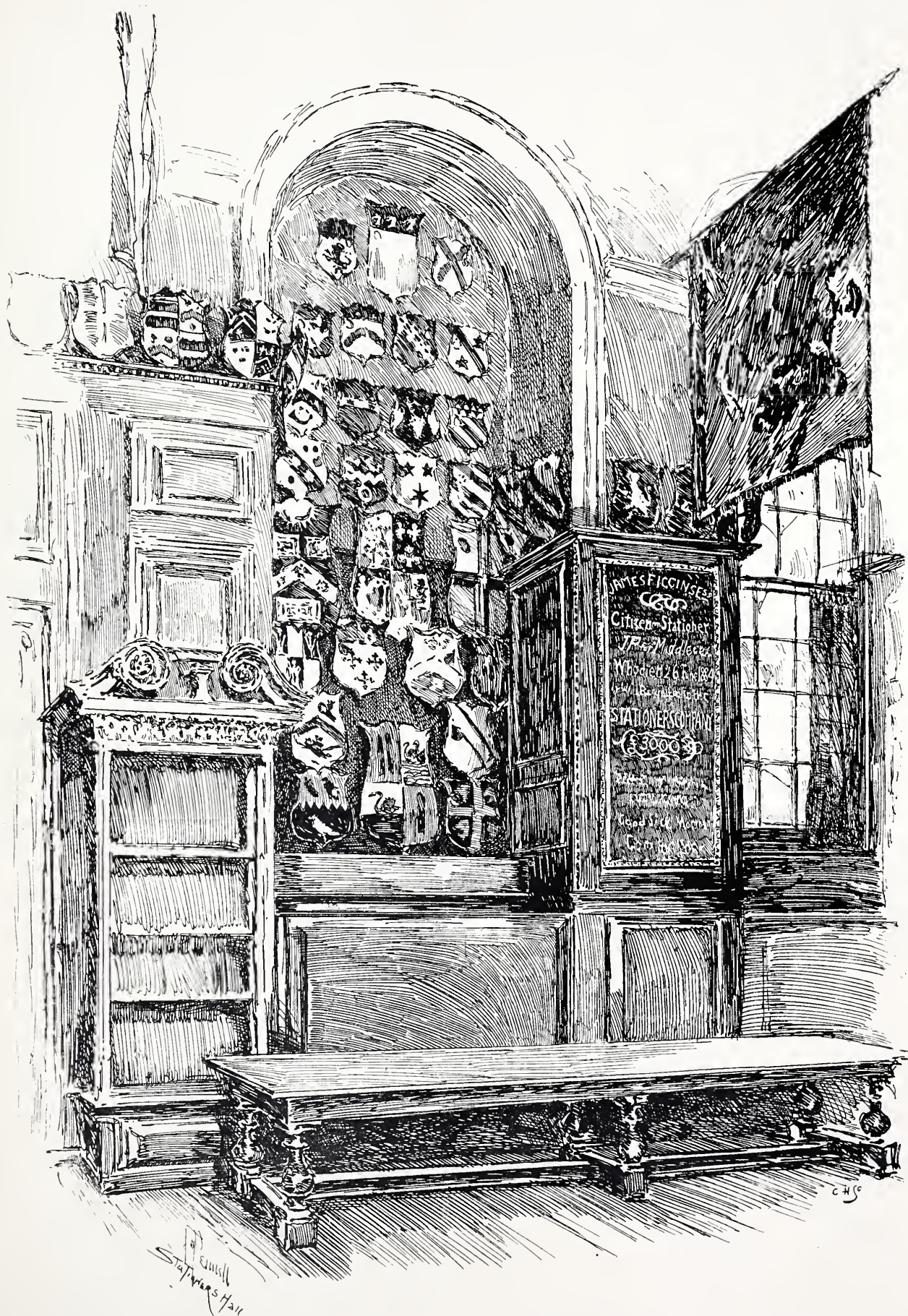
Queen Elizabeth confirmed the charter in her turn, and still the Stationers' Company was a valuable instrument for the suppression of obnoxious literature. But activities such as these are not the only ones that occupied the Stationers. To this day the principal work of the officials is connected with the registration of new publications, and this task has since occupied successive generations for close on three centuries and a half. For many years it was supposed that the earliest record had been lost, as the first separate register begins in 1571. It has since been discovered that the earliest entries were contained in the warden's book of accounts. These, however, stop with 1566, and so the record of five years is still to seek. It is a matter for great rejoicing that these precious registers escaped destruction in the Great Fire. It would appear that very little else was rescued, for the Stationers' suffered as heavily as most of the other Companies. The records are supposed to have escaped the flames by chancing to be at the house of the Clerk on Clerkenwell Green.

In these latter days the Stationers' can scarce be called a publishing house, though they still issue the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, familiar to many a generation of schoolboys. In the old days, however, it was quite otherwise. In 1654, for instance, the Hall was in a somewhat dilapidated

condition, and needed repairing. The issue of the *Book of Martyrs* was published to defray the expense of rebuilding, and seems to have achieved an enormous popularity: so much so, that when the Company let it get out of print certain persons of importance in their day threatened to get out an edition of their own unless the Company set to work and reprinted it immediately. Indeed, this purpose of trading was the original *raison d'être* both of the Company and of the earlier brotherhood. The members subscribed money as they were able, and for the work they did received the regulation prices. Out of the profits they drew shares proportionate to their original subscriptions. In the beginning there were five stocks, the Ballad Stock, the Bible Stock, the Irish Stock, the Latin Stock, and the English Stock. The Company also possessed patents as to Scotland, but these proved of little value, and were early abandoned. The Bible Stock produced an enormous revenue, and those who had shares in it were naturally great sticklers for all their rights and privileges. They had most interesting fights with those who threatened to infringe upon them, and both the King's printer and the printers to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were called to account at divers times. In all cases the result was something of a compromise. It may be added that the partners in the Bible Stock did a great deal to promote a revision of the Bible, and were active helpers of the revisers of the present authorised version, providing a room in Stationers' Hall where the work might be done, and contributing handsomely towards its expense.

The English Stock was subscribed in order that advantage might be taken of the grants made by James the First. These secured to the Company the right of printing all prymers, psalters, and psalms (the Book of Common Prayer, together with the King's printers' privileged books, being excepted), and also all "Almanacks and Prognostications," being allowed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, or one of them for the time being. Before the end of the reign these privileges were further extended, so that you will scarce wonder that the lucky holders of the Stock flourished exceedingly. Even now, when there are no more monopolies, the annual revenue is considerable.

It would be useless to write more. The history of the Company is in effect the history in this country of the development of all that results from the introduction of the printing press. Studied in detail, it gives remarkable evidence of the way in which the publication of books was hampered at the beginning, and of the difficulties under which growth was made. And as to the extent of that growth, the registers of modern date speak with an eloquence not to be surpassed.



ARMS OF BENEFACTORS IN THE HALL: BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON:
AS RESTORED BY ASTON WEBB.
THE LETTERPRESS BY C. E.
MALLOWS.

IN the south-east corner of Smithfield Square there is an unobtrusive, battered, and weather-beaten doorway, having the numb and patient look of the oldest inhabitant, worn and troubled with the cares of a long and historic life. The deeply recessed, cavern-like pointed arch is enriched with the round, hollow mouldings and dog-tooth ornament which tell of its building during the thirteenth century. This, the upper portion of the doorway, is in a fairly good state of preservation, but the lower part, the jamb, once decorated by four columns—some of the capitals still exist—has been worn by age to one wide splay. The whole is so picturesque in its crumbling decay that Mr. Whistler has recorded it as one of his lithographs. The "modern" houses which surround this western entrance to Saint Bartholomew's Church, it is interesting to note in passing, are old enough to have watched the flickering death of the Great Fire, at Pie Corner, just across the road. It is also well to remember that the liberty-loving Lord Mayor of London, Thomas Fitzhugh, who lost all for liberty's sake, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, were powers in the land when the hollows, the rolls, and the dog-tooth ornament were new.

St. Bartholomew's has been called the oldest Ecclesiastical structure in London. It is more correct to describe it, according to the heading of this paper, as "The Oldest Church," because there is an engaging legend to the effect that the workmen who, as boys, helped to build the White Chapel of the Tower of London, as men were employed on the building of Saint Bartholomew's. The architectural details of each building help to prove the truth of the tale. The date of the White Chapel, according to the detail of the architecture—although the degree of ornament and of finish in detail is not always a criterion of its date, being more often a question of taste and means of the builders—would be about 1100, the capitals are crude in conception; the curious attempt to reproduce Ionic volutes, so typical of Early Norman and Romanesque architecture, is apparent here, whilst at Saint Bartholomew's the detail is some twenty or thirty years later, more individual, and more characteristically Norman. So, whether the men who built this church were boys actually employed in the building of the White Chapel of the Tower or not, it is satisfying to know that just enough time elapsed between the date of the two buildings to

allow the boys to mature. At all events, a charming legend like this is worth defending.

Smithfield Square is in the ward of Farringdon Without, and in Roman times was used as a cemetery. The great stone sarcophagi of the later years of Roman dominion and the urns of the period of cremation have been found in digging for the foundations of new buildings. A discovery was made so recently as 1877, when two Roman sarcophagi of Oxfordshire oolite were found upon the site of the present library of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital. They contained the skeletons still of those citizens of London of five hundred years ago—citizens whose grandchildren, as Dr. Norman Moore says, "were to found the greatness of England and America," and who, confident of the present and the future, swept away the past.

Rahere the Prior was the founder of both Saint Bartholomew's Church and Hospital; the history of his early life and the legend of his conversion form very entertaining reading. The tradition, which is founded more on Rahere's former partiality for jokes and gossip than on actual fact, is that Rahere was a professional jester at the Court of Henry I. Really he was always an ecclesiastic. It was evidently a light-hearted, if not flippant Court at the time, if one may believe that the King promoted one of the benefactors of St. Bartholomew's Priory—after, Bishop of Sarum—because "he had come across no man who could say a mass in less time." A sense of seriousness if not of religion, appears to have come to the Court, however, later on, caused by the loss of the heir to the throne in the White Ship, and it was just about this time (1120) that Rahere went a pilgrimage to Rome. A part of his pilgrimage took him to a district outside the walls infected with malarial fever. He was stricken with it, suffered, and recovered, and with his recovery came a repentance of his former life, and a determination to found the hospital and the church as just described. During his convalescence he had an extraordinary vision—described by an Augustinian canon who knew those who had talked with the founder. This life of Rahere in manuscript copy is still preserved amongst the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum. In his vision a winged beast with eight feet carried him up on high and placed him on the edge of a precipice. In his agony he called aloud, when a being of royal form and wondrous beauty appeared to him and said: "I am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to instruct thee in hidden things of heavenly mystery. Know then, by the will of the Trinity on high and the command of the heavenly Kingdom that thou

shalt chose a place in the outskirts of London at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt found a Church, and it shall be a house of God. This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit and hallow and glorify it, and His eyes shall be open and His ears unbending on this house night and day, that the asker in it shall receive, the seeker shall find, and the ringer or knocker shall enter therein. They who pray there with repentant hearts shall be heard in heaven, and the angels shall open the gates to vows and prayers coming thence. Therefore be not anxious as to means, but lift up thy hands and, having faith in God, work like a man. Thou art to be the servant in this work, and I will discharge the office of lord and patron." Thereupon the vision disappeared, and Rahere was troubled to know whether it was a fantastic illusion of sleep or a message direct from Heaven. Was he, he argued, worthy of such a mission? And yet, having received it, how awful a thing it would be to neglect it! Humiliation and fear, his biographer records, strove in his heart. God's will, he reflected, had often been made known in old days by similar means. Daniel learnt the king's dream from his own, and recognised in it God's revelation. Joseph accepted as true the direction of a dream. Finally, Rahere made up his mind that his also was a true vision, and decided to fulfil its command as well as his former vow. He entered the order of the Canons Regular of St. Austin, and returned to London intent upon the fulfilment both of his command and vow. Through the help of his friend Richard de Belmeis, Bishop of London, who was then a powerful statesman and high in favour with the king, he obtained a grant of some of the waste land in Smithfield. The following account of that event was preserved in the Priory until the Library was dispersed :

The Church was founded in the month of March, in the name of Our Lord

Jesus Christ, in memory of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, the year from the Incarnation of the same Lord, our Saviour, 1123. The Holy Father, Pope Calixtus II., then holding and ruling the Holy See of Rome; William, Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding in the Church of England; and Richard being Bishop of London, who consecrated that place.

The year 1123 was, therefore, the beginning of the foundation, and in 1133 the king granted to the Priory a charter of privileges.

The present choir was completed about the time the above charter was granted, probably in the year 1123—built and completed, therefore, in less time than it has taken to restore it.

A copy of the original charter is now in the Public Record Office. Judging from its contents, Rahere was entirely in the Royal favour, as the following taken from the writing proves, and which, for the sake of recording some of its quaint words, is worth quoting in part :

In the Name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry, King of Englishmen, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Gilbert, Bishop of London, and to all Bishops, and Abbots, and Earls, to Barons, Justices, Sheriffs, Viscounts, and Officials, and to all men, and to his faithful Subjects, and to the Citizens of London, greeting,



ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, ENTRANCE.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. MALLOWS.

Know ye, that I have granted, and have by this my Charter confirmed, to the Church of St. Bartholomew, of London, and to Rahere the Prior, and the Canons Regular, in the same Church, serving God, and to the poor of the Hospital of the same Church, that they be free from all earthly servitude, and earthly power and subjection, except Episcopal customs, to wit, only consecration of the Church, baptism, and ordination of clergy; and that as any Church in all England is free, so this Church be free, and all the lands to it appertaining, which it now has, or which Rahere the Prior, or the Canons, may be able reasonably to acquire, whether by purchase or by gift. And it shall have socc and sacc, and thot and theur, and infoghenetorf; and all liberties and free customs and acquittances, in all things which belong to the same Church, in wood and in plain, in meadows and pastures, in waters and mills, in ways and paths, in pools and vineyards, and marshes and fisheries, in granges and copses, within and without, and in all places now and for ever.

This Church, moreover, with all things that appertain unto the same, know ye that I will to maintain and defend, and to be free as my crown, and have taken into my hand in defence against all men. . . . I forbid also by my royal authority, that any man, whether my Minister or any other in my whole land, be troublesome to Rahere the Prior, or the aforesaid Church concerning anything which belongs thereto; or introduce himself without the consent of the Prior or brethren; and that no man, of the clergy or laity, presume to usurp dominion of that place. . . .

After the death, moreover, of Rahere the Prior, out of the same Assembly let him who is worthy be chosen; but let no one be chosen from elsewhere, owing to the influence of prelates or princes, unless in open decision no one can be found worthy of such office, and if it should happen that there is no one fit, let them have the power of choosing a prior from some other known and friendly place; but the possessions which have been there given, or purchased by any persons, whether separated from the Church by the consent of the Chapter, or reduced to a small service, may be recalled by our royal privilege and authority, and let that place be perpetually defended by the protection of kings. And let the prior himself, serving the king alone, abundantly cherish, with spiritual and temporal food, the flock committed to him.

* * * * *

And let all the people of the whole kingdom know that I will maintain and defend this Church even as my crown; and if anyone shall presume in anything to contradict this our royal privilege, or shall offend the prior, or canons, the clergy, or laity of that place, he, all, and everything that belongs to him, shall come into the king's power.

And all these things I have granted to the said Church for ever, for the love of God and the welfare of myself and my heirs, and for the souls of my ancestors. Therefore I adjure all my heirs and successors, in the name of the Holy Trinity, that they maintain and defend this sacred place by royal authority, and that they grant and confirm the liberties by me granted to it.

And the witnesses of this my grant are Henry, Bishop of Winchester, Roger, Bishop of Sarum; Bernard, Bishop of St. David's; Geoffry the Chancellor; Stephen, Earl of Mortagne; William de Albini the Breton; Alberic de Vere; Richard Basset; Milo de Gloucester; Bigot; and many other barons of my kingdom.

And this charter I have made and ordered to be confirmed at Westminster, in the year of our Lord's Incarnation, 1133, and in the 33rd year of my reign.

Another document, of perhaps still more value than the last, is the one kept in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, one which has been preserved there

since Rahere's time. It bears the date 1137, and was made by the Prior himself. This charter is on parchment, small in size, and written with extraordinary clearness. Two large seals—one round, one oval in shape, both in excellent preservation—are attached. The round seal has upon it the representation of the Church, as designed by the founder, which shows it to have had originally three towers, one of which was probably a campanile, as at Salisbury, Llandaff, and elsewhere. It is shown square in plan in its entire height, and finished by a large cross.

Of the two others, one formed a bell turret at the east end, and the other is shown as being built in the centre of the roof of the west front, although this doubtless really stands for the central tower at the crossing, which was rebuilt or repaired in the early part of the 15th century, as some existing remains of that date testify. The Lady Chapel is shown as it now is, at a lower level than the rest, in the centre of the east end, next to the Norman apse. The Latin legend on the seal reads: "The seal of the Convent of the Church of God and of Saint Bartholomew of Smethefelde."

The other—the oval—seal has upon it the figure of a canon, with the characteristic hooded head of the order of St. Austin. The letters of Rahere's name are still legible on the margin. The reverse of the seal is plain. These two seals are good examples of early twelfth century English art.

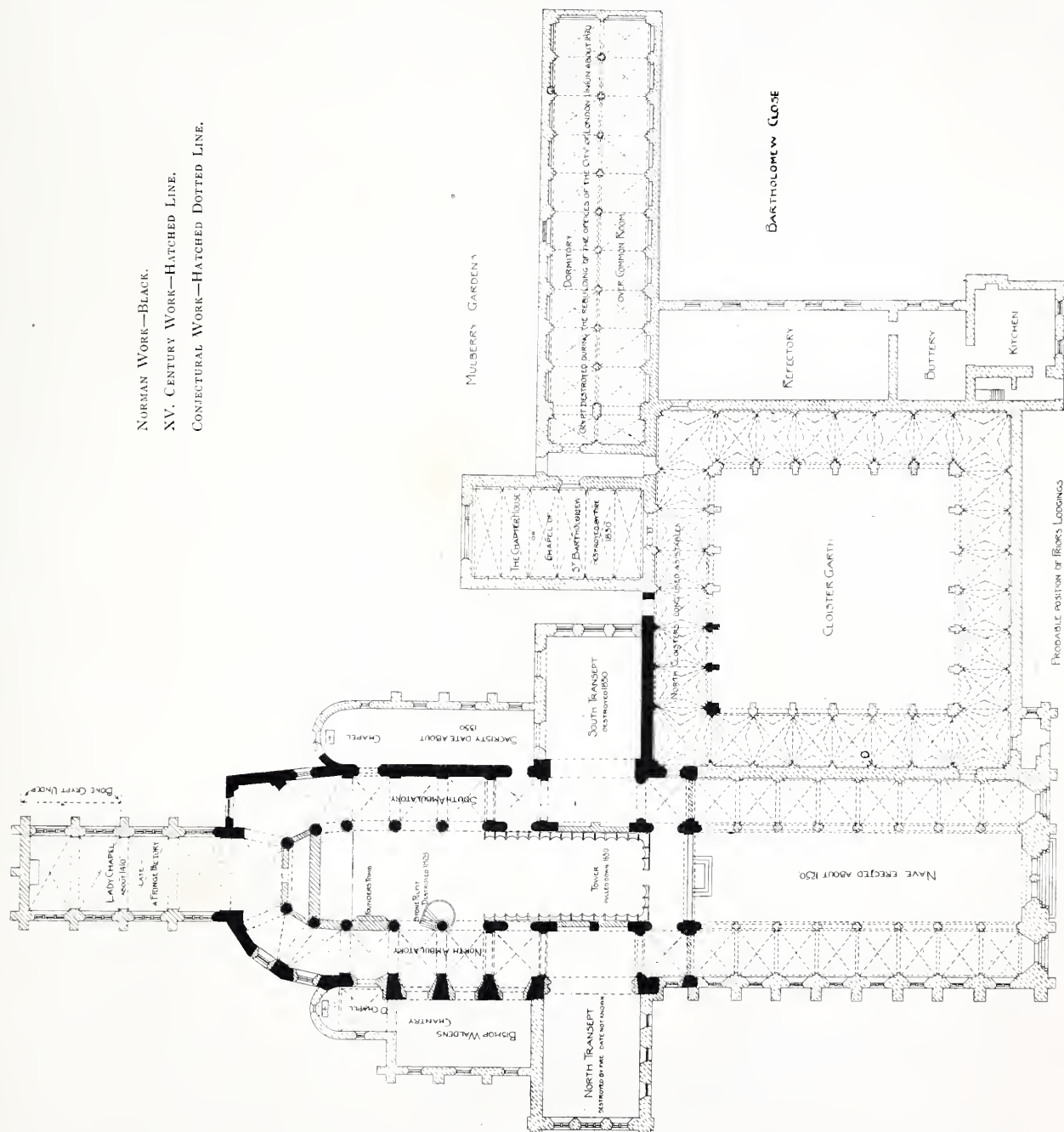
The following is a translation of the Charter of Rahere just referred to:

Be it known to all the faithful that I, Raherus of St. Bartholomew's, which is in Smithefield, Prior, and the whole convent of our Church, have granted as a benefice the Church of St. Sepulchre to Hagho the clerk so long as he shall not enter the rule of another order to the end of his days. Moreover know ye that the aforesaid Hagho shall every year tender to the use of the canons and of the poor in the hospital fifty shillings; at the feast of Saint Michael twenty-five shillings; and at Easter twenty-five shillings. In the year of the Lord's Incarnation eleven hundred and thirty-seven, the second year moreover of the reign of Stephen in England. These were the witnesses: Haco, the dean; Hugh, canon of St. Martin's; Walter, brother of William the archdeacon; Tybold, the canon; Ralph, the master; Gilbert, the priest; Robert, of St. Mary's; Algar, the priest; Godfrey, son of Baldwin the treasurer; Roger Black; Alexander; Odo; Geoffrey Conestable; Richard, the priest; Burdo, the clerk; Geoffrey, of Oheli.

Another very valuable seal directly connects the early history of the Church with Roman times. On the reverse of this one is a small impression having the inscription "Sigill. hospitall. S. Barthol." surrounding a representation of an eagle with slightly expanding wings, curving beak, and spreading tail, and feathers delicately engraved. The seal itself is undoubtedly of English make, but the eagle is Roman, and the outline of the gem from which it was taken is still distinct. It is con-

jectured to have been by a Roman artist, perhaps someone contemporary with the Cæsars, and is supposed to have been brought back by Rahere himself from his pilgrimage. It therefore had seen quite eight centuries of time when it was first used in the seal, and for four centuries it has been jealously cared for in the Hospital. On the reverse

sitional in date at the east end, developing as it went westward, after the manner of Romsey Abbey, into the pure Early English of the present entrance doorway. Judging by the scale and detail of this existing portion, which was the entrance to the Monastic Enclosures, the original west front must have been of considerable size and beauty, and



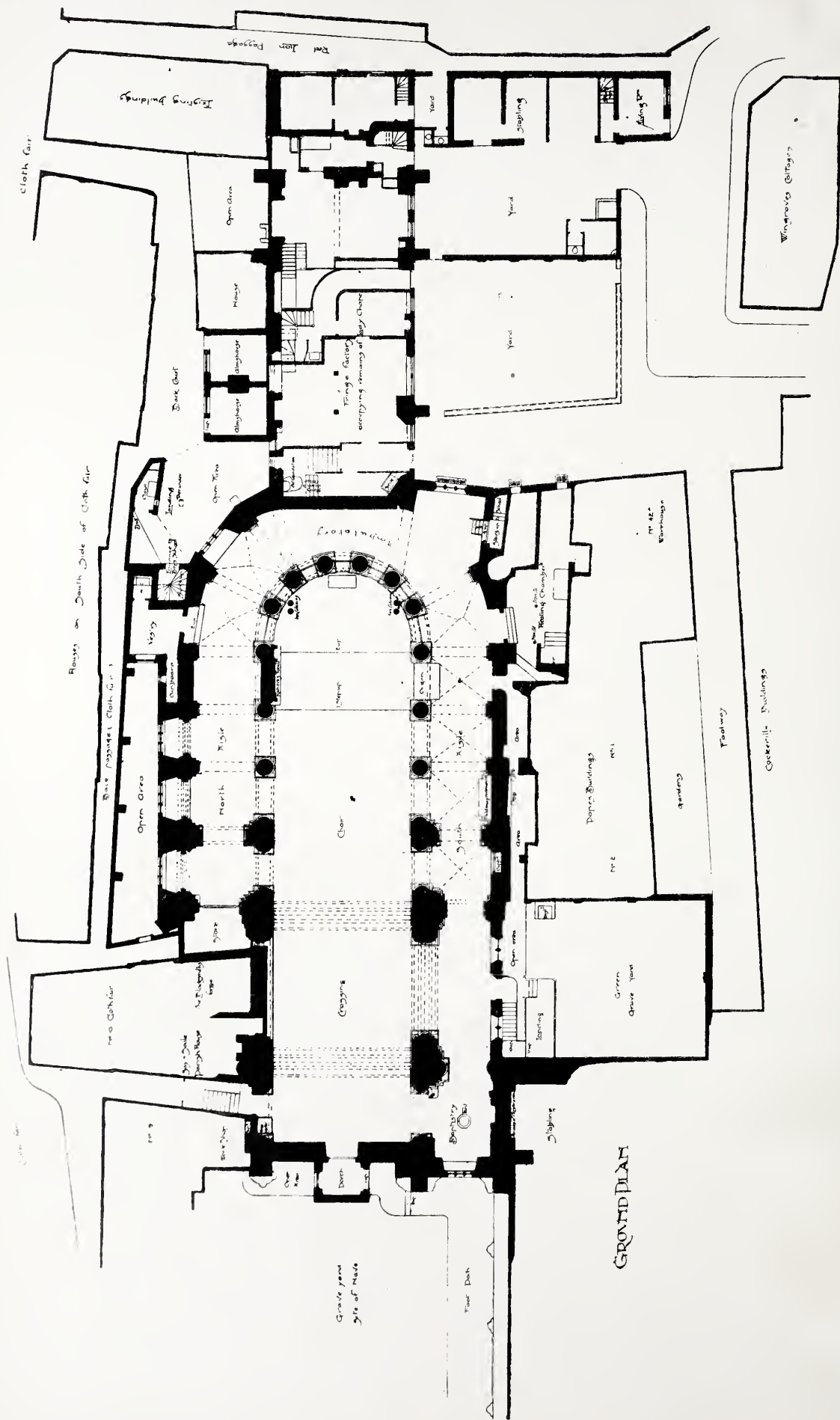
CONJECTURAL RESTORATION OF BUILDINGS EXISTING IN PRIOR BOLTON'S TIME.

of all later seals the counterpart of this ancient relic is found.

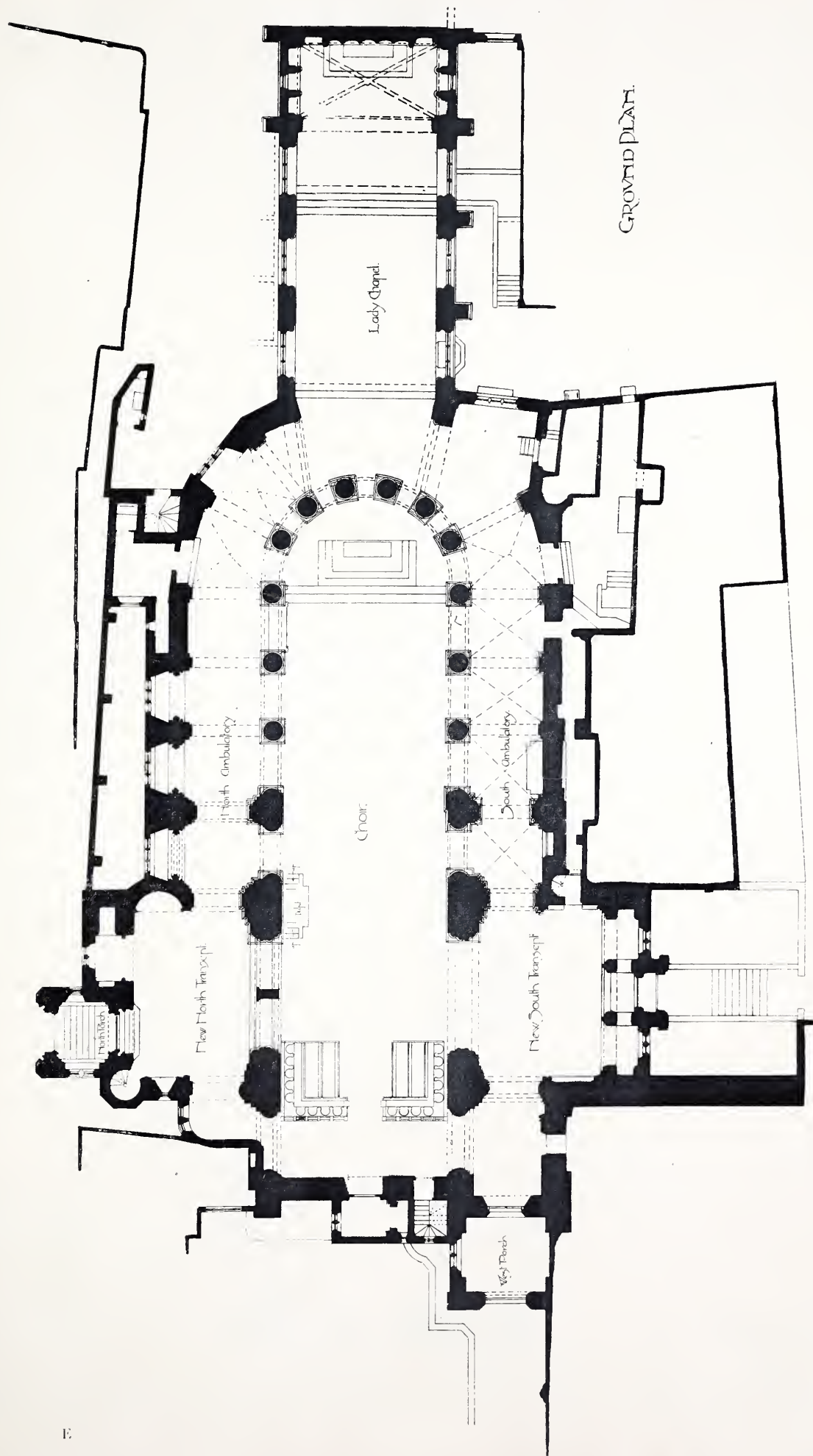
The Church as it stands to-day consists of the choir, the crossing, and transept, together with a portion of the first bay of the nave. This latter formerly extended nearly as far as the western entrance in Smithfield, and was probably Tran-

consisted in all probability of a large central entrance to the nave with smaller aisle entrances on either side.

The founder's work was confined, with one exception, entirely to the portion of the Church east of the crossing, and consequently consists of the four bays and aisles of the choir to the com-



PLAN (1885) BEFORE THE RESTORATION BY ASTON WEBB.



PLAN AFTER RESTORATION BY ASTON WEBB.

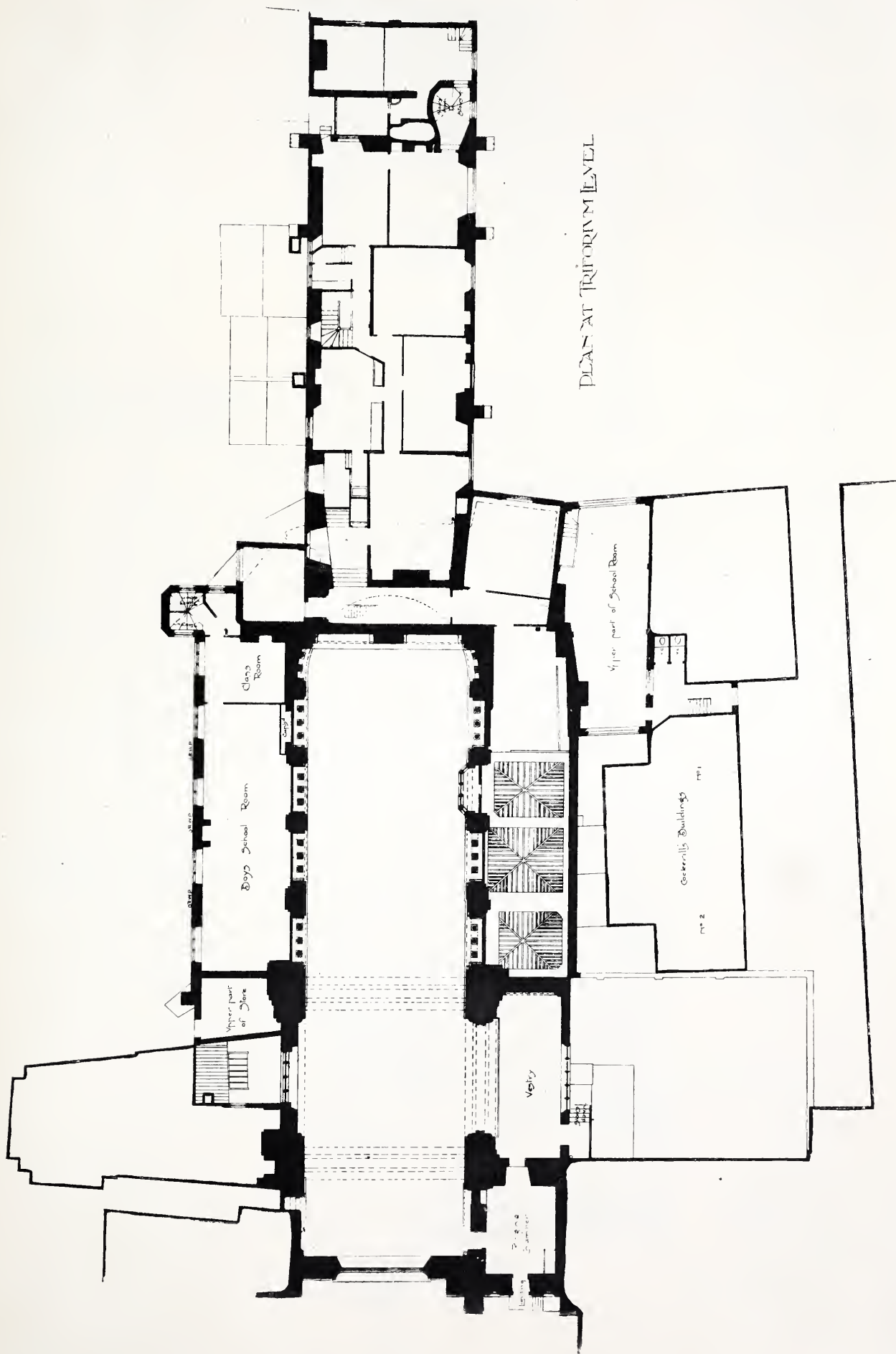
mencement of the apse, and the apse itself, with its aisles, some of which were destroyed in later years. Those now left of his work are the first two on the north side and the first one on the south side, the vaults of the others have disappeared. The exception just referred to is the first bay of the south transept, which agrees in everything with the rest of Rahere's work and was therefore presumably his or that of his immediate successor, Prior Thomas, who carried on and completed the work commenced in the style of his predecessor. The whole of the choir arcade and triforium, so far as the string course beneath the clerestory, which is of later times, and the vaults of the aisles, were carried out by the first Prior himself, but there is nothing to definitely settle whether he designed the Norman clerestory and roof or to prove how this latter was constructed, except that the absence of vaulting shafts on the choir walls seems to indicate that it was a flat or slightly pointed wooden roof after the manner of the choir of Peterborough. This method of roofing the choir and naves of large Norman churches and cathedrals is the most usual one. There are exceptions to the contrary, of which the nave of Durham is a prominent and brilliant example, but as a rule it seems as if the courage of the Norman builders failed them when they were faced with the problem of covering a considerable space with a single vault, and they contented themselves with the safer, but, both in a constructive and artistic sense, far less satisfactory method of the flat wooden roof.

The courage with which the Architects of Aquitaine met and solved the difficulty of vaulting their wide and lofty churches is in striking and not very agreeable contrast to the similar work in our own country. Such magnificent specimens of the vault and the dome which the architects of Périgueux and Angoulême designed for their churches, modelled on Byzantine forms, which were borrowed of course from Venice, as Venice had borrowed from Constantinople, are both æsthetically and constructively the fit and logical roofs of such buildings as Saint Bartholomew's. It is only necessary to stand at the western side of the crossing—to imagine the latter with the dome of S. Peter at Angoulême, with the choir continued to the apsidal termination with a barrel vaulted roof as in the great Church of Saint Sernin at Toulouse, to be sure of this—and to feel keenly the great æsthetic loss the church suffers from the want of such a roof, the only really satisfying covering in Norman architecture. The flat roof here, as in other well-known examples throughout the country, is a jarring note, and is, perhaps, the only real blemish in Rahere's conception of the church. Indeed, it is difficult to believe, with such eloquent evidence of his artistic sense as the rest of his design affords, he could have conceived any other

termination to the interior than the vault. It is easier, and certainly pleasanter, to conclude that such was his original intention; but, either from want of means, lack of constructive skill, or of courage—which latter is the most probable—it was never carried out by his successor. The entire absence of vaulting shafts mentioned before is a damaging argument against this conclusion, although, of course, the springing of the vaults may have been from corbels only, or directly from the wall itself; there are instances of this in other churches of the same date. The springing of the east and west arches are, in fact, from corbels like this at present, but the eastern corbels are merely the capitals of the Norman clustered columns, the columns themselves having been cut away in later alterations, probably those of about 1410, in the Early Perpendicular days. But they suggest the way of finishing the springing of the vaults, if one allows the vaulted roof as a part of the original design.

There was evidently a lull in the building of the church during the latter part of the thirteenth and the whole of the fourteenth centuries, but when Prior John Morfield's successor, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, anxious doubtless to emulate the example of his great contemporary, William of Wykeham, at Winchester, undertook his scheme for the remodelling of the choir, he atoned for former apathy and did so in a most unfortunate and drastic manner. He not only destroyed much of the work of the preceding centuries, but in his own scornful and imperious way he closed the whole of the semi-circular apse off from the rest of the church, and built his square Perpendicular termination across the chord of it, that is, at the fourth bay east of the crossing. The unfortunate part of this scheme of remodelling in Early Perpendicular times (it occurred about 1410) is that the building was stopped before anything of importance was built, so not only was the Norman work destroyed, but there was nothing of much interest, save the design of the clerestory, substituted for it. This Prior of mediæval times, working in an entirely different spirit, wrought almost as much havoc at St. Bartholomew's as a certain nineteenth century prototype of his has caused at the Abbey of St. Alban's, but with a difference, and that difference is an artistic one. For whilst there are enough remains at St. Bartholomew's to be sure that this Prior's conception of the East End was on fine lines with the characteristic detail of the day, at St. Alban's we have something which is worse than nothing at all. The church ruined would have been preferable to its mutilation, inasmuch as there would have been nothing to offend.

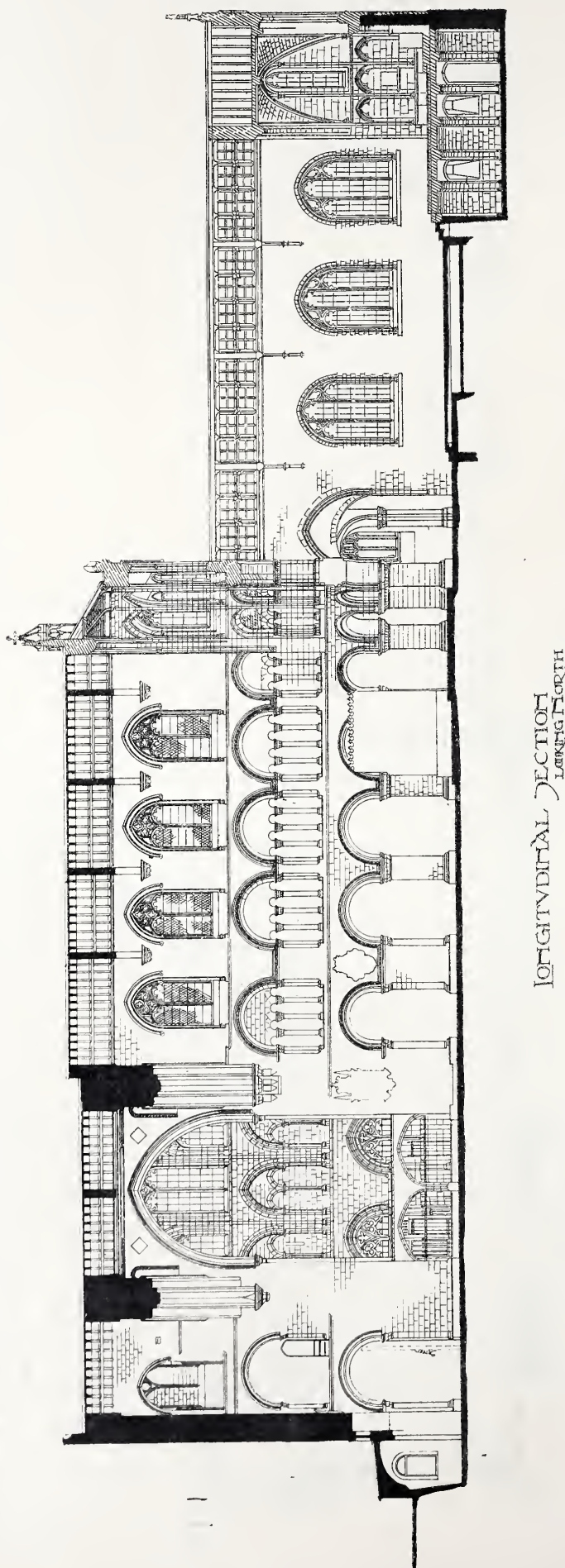
If the scheme of re-modelling the church, undertaken and carried on by the Priors in the early



PLAN AT TRIFORIUM LEVEL.

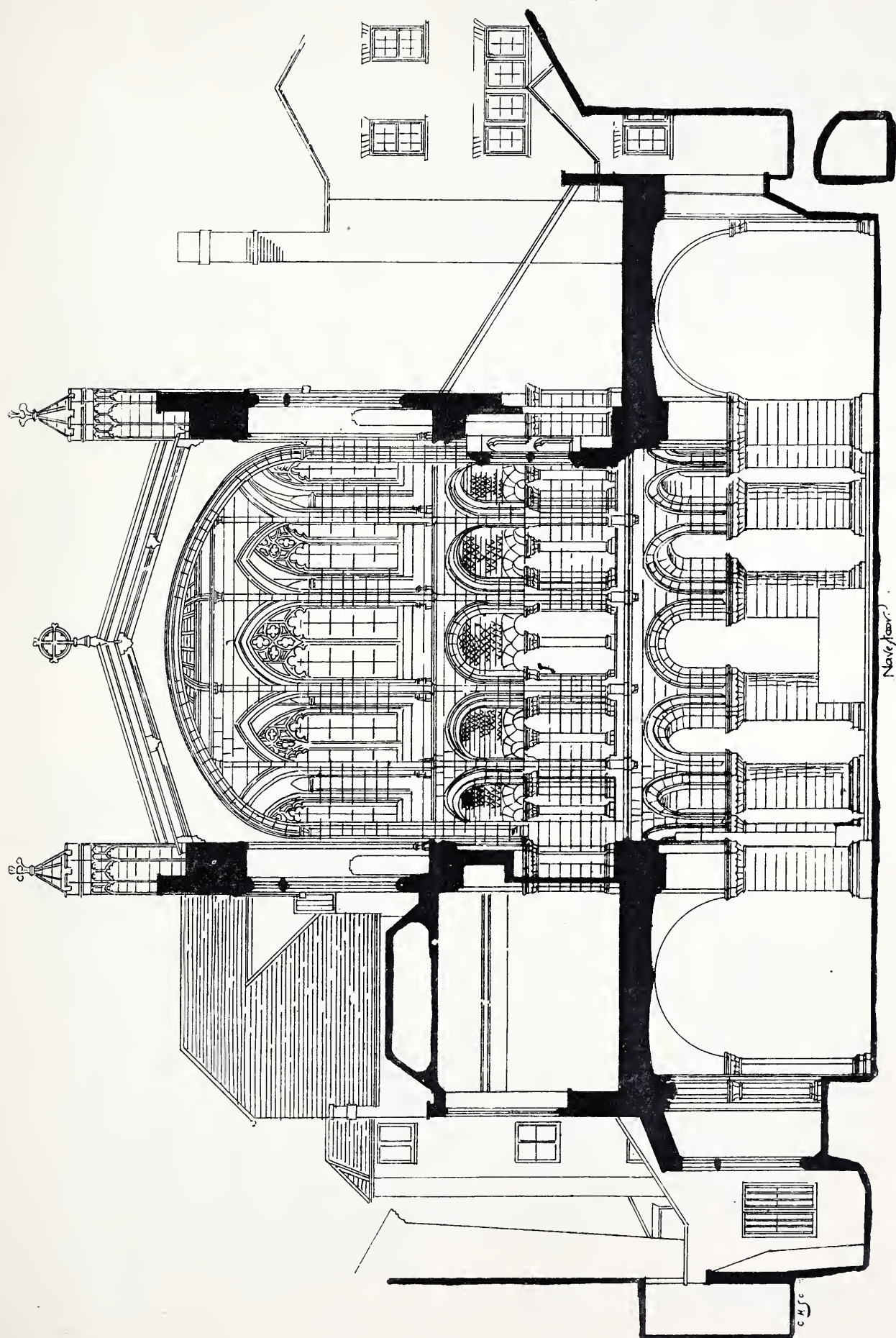
part of the fifteenth century, with all the enthusiastic love of the work and zeal of their religious convictions, brought with it, as it undoubtedly did, such damage and ruin of the older work, it at least left behind much evidence of the artistic feeling and constructive skill of the time. The most important work of that period is the Lady Chapel, which was built upon the site of the earlier one; and although this in turn was destroyed at the dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII., enough remains have been discovered, not only to prove the original design to be of interest and beauty, but also to enable the recent restoration to be carried out on exactly the old lines, both in plan and in detail.

The side chapels with Bishop Walden's chantry were also built about this time, the Norman clerestory of the choir was removed, and the present one substituted, the original roof was taken down, and replaced by a characteristic high pitched wooden one. Considerable alterations were also made to the tower at the crossing, which was taken down and rebuilt, evidence of which remains to-

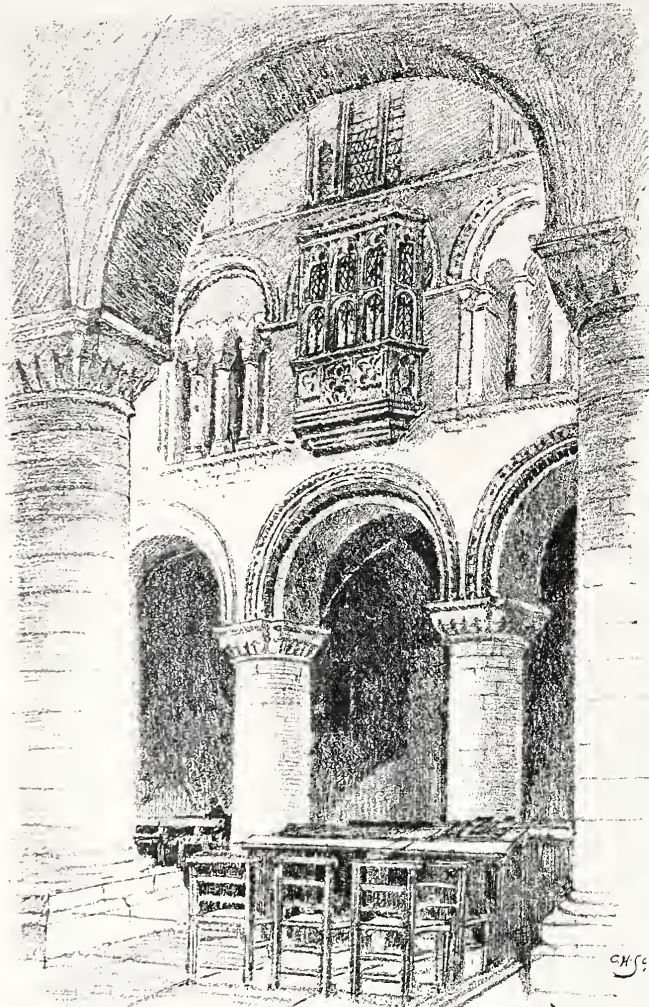


day. It was probably at this time the Norman shafts on the south wall of the crossing were cut away, and the cushion capitals left as corbels, which has produced an effect unique in its way. Of the four arches at the crossing, two are perfectly round—that is, semi-circular—whereas the other two at the intersection of the transepts, are pointed. The reason for this is clearly seen, for the north and south sides of the tower, being much narrower than the east and west divisions, it became necessary to carry the arches of the former to a point in order to suit the oblong plan of the intersection, and also to allow the upper mouldings and lines to range with the corresponding members of the round arches.

The cloisters, which belonged to the Perpendicular period, together with the whole of the monastic buildings and the Lady chapel, were sold at the time of the Dissolution to Sir Richard Rich, the then Speaker of the House of Commons, who, as Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, was head of the Royal Commission for dealing with confiscated abbey lands.



TRANSVERSE SECTION, LOOKING EAST, THROUGH THIRD BAY OF CHOIR AS RESTORED.



PRIOR BOLTON'S WINDOW
IN THE NAVE.

PRIOR BOLTON'S
WINDOW IN THE NAVE
FROM A SKETCH BY
C. E. MALLOWS.

For the sum of £1000 or thereabouts, he bought the entire priory and precincts known as S. Bartholomew's Close, and with it all the rights and privileges of the prior and his predecessors. Amongst these privileges were the two curious clauses, that the parishioners were not to serve on juries, and could appoint their own constables. He converted the prior's lodging into his town house, and lived there some time whilst he was, as Baron Rich, Lord Chancellor of England. On his death in 1539, Queen Mary granted the church to the Black Friars, who, however, had but a short reign, and the buildings again came into the possession of the family of the Rich's. The latest alterations and additions of importance were those made in 1520 by Prior Bolton, to whose genius is due that striking and picturesque feature of the choir, the oriel window in the third bay of the south aisle, which, if he had left no other record behind him than this fragment of Late

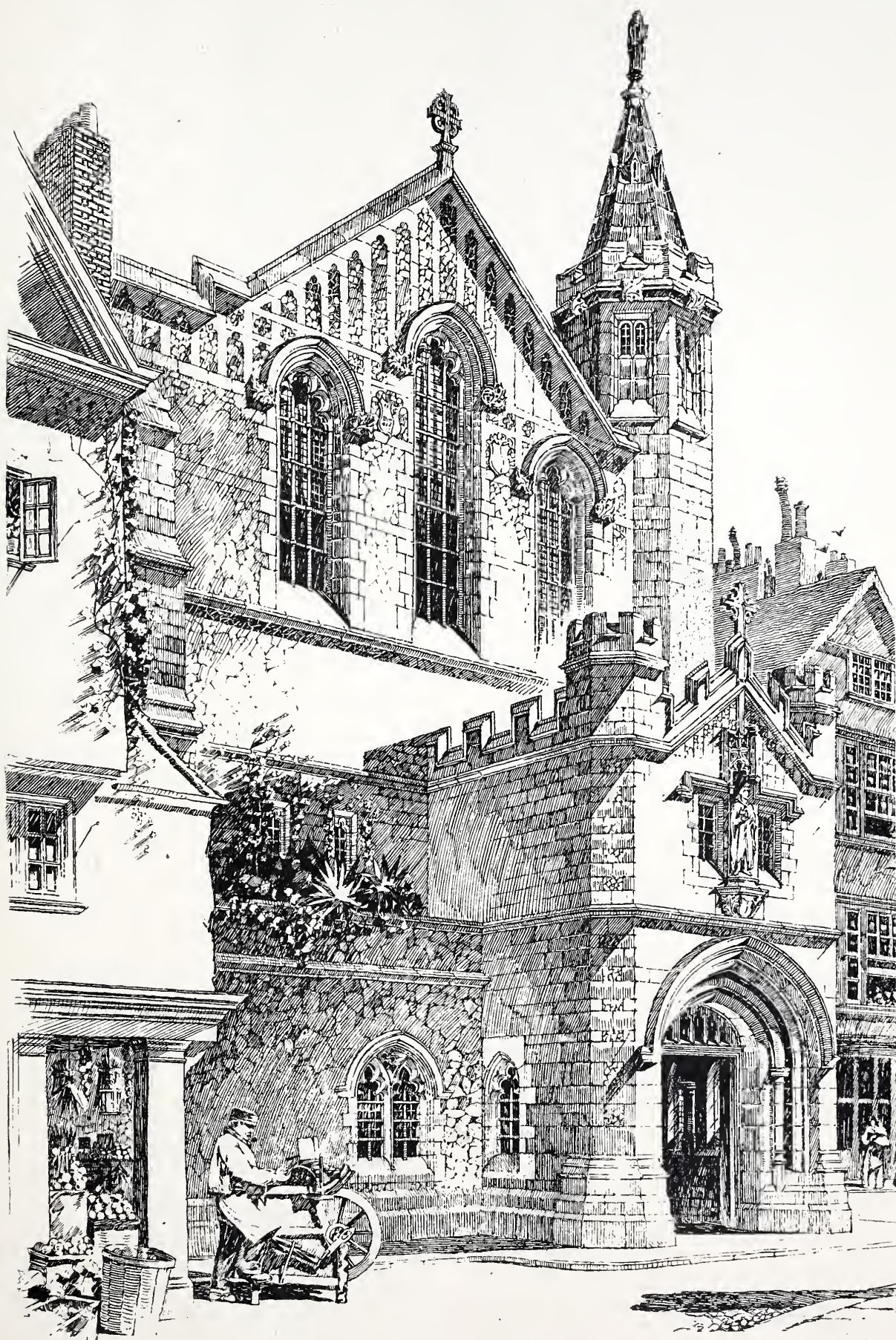
Perpendicular work, deserves the abiding gratitude of all artists. The use of this window, which belonged to a room in the prior's house, was probably to enable the service of the church to be watched without entering the building; and, from the fact of it being nearly opposite the founder's tomb, it may have been built with especial relation to the services held in Rahere's memory. Windows similarly arranged exist at S. Alban's, S. George's Chapel, Windsor, and elsewhere. Another addition of Rahere's time is the door in the east end of the south ambulatory, which in all probability led into the prior's lodgings. The rebus of Prior Bolton, that of a "bolt" passing through a "tun," is carved on the centre panel of the oriel, and also in the spandrels of the door. He was the predecessor of Robert Fuller, the last prior who surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1540.

The restoration of the church can be broadly divided into two distinct periods. The first is that which was commenced in 1789 by George Dance, the Architect to the Hospital, and which is better described as destruction, and continued, but in a more sympathetic way, by Philip Hardwick in 1823; and continued again after a lapse of forty years, when the church had fallen into a



PRIOR BOLTON'S DOOR.

PRIOR BOLTON'S
DOOR
FROM A SKETCH BY
C. E. MALLOWS.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT: NEW NORTH TRANSEPT.

FROM A DRAWING BY C. E. MALLOWS.

bad state of dilapidation, by Professor Hayter Lewis and Mr. Slater in 1863. All care and thought—from the point of view of their day—was taken to leave the original work untouched as far as possible. In this last restoration the floor was lowered to its present level.

The second period of restoration is that (on entirely distinct and different principles from its predecessor) which was commenced in 1885, and has been continued, at intervals, down to the present day. The first portion undertaken in this last restoration was the apse, which of course included the removal of the fringe factory. This latter extended across the east end entirely from the first bay, and at the level of the string course above the arcade arches, and formed a flat ceiling over the altar. The wall over—which was a portion of the fifteenth century square termination—was carried by an iron girder supported at each end by two cast iron columns. It is unnecessary to point out how such an incongruity as this destroyed the interior effect of the church, and yet, when the scheme of restoration included its removal, it was sharply criticised as modern vandalism, and as an unreasoning desire to destroy the beautiful. It is to be hoped, however, that even architectural critics have been educated to a point beyond this sort of talk within the last ten years.

The continuation of the triforium in the apse is exactly in accordance with the intention of the Norman builders. Enough remains having been discovered in pulling down the fringe factory to determine the nature of the work, both in design and in detail, and to allow the central arch to be wholly built of the old Norman stones. The original last bay on either side of the apse provided the necessary information as to the height and shape—the curious elongated stilt—of the remaining arches, which were found in fragments built in the fifteenth century walls.

The restoration of the arcade of the choir is by Professor Hayter Lewis. The four-centred arch across the chord of the apse springs from the jambs of the original fifteenth century windows of the square end, and has been purposely built in order to mark the former plan of the choir in Perpendicular times.

The continuation of the clerestory is also according to tradition, with an individuality of its own; which quality of the work is illustrated in the slender vaulting shafts introduced between the bays.

The restoration of the south transept followed, and was commenced in 1885, and that of the north transept several years later, being only completed in 1893. The first bay of the south transept exists practically as it was in the time of the first prior, the other bays and the whole of the south front being new.

Nothing remained of the north wall of the other transept, which latter was for generations used as a blacksmith's forge. The fine arcade, dating about the beginning of the 15th century, was buried deep in the earth, and the upper portion was entirely hidden by the smithy. The furnace was against the first of the arches, the stones of which are still discoloured by the smoke.

The porch under the tower is the latest work undertaken westward, and the Lady chapel, to which much has yet to be done, the latest work of all. The estimated cost for the completion of this portion is about £1000.

Finally, with regard to all this recent restoration, as a whole, a sentence is only necessary to point out the guiding principle which has been jealously followed from the beginning in 1885. That principle has been to keep the New distinct and separate in character from the Old. No attempt has been made to make the modern work look ancient, but rather to make it speak clearly of its building in our own days, and yet, at the same time, to be in harmony with the work of the 12th century.

As to the success of the application of that principle, the building best speaks for itself.

The monuments are many, and, with scarce an exception, in an unusually good state of preservation. Amongst them are examples of all styles of architecture, from the most important, that of Rahere's tomb in the fourth bay eastward of the choir, down to a modern arrangement from Euston Road. Rahere's tomb, as the date of the work testifies, is several centuries later than Rahere's time, although the figure of the founder itself is supposed to be earlier, and by some sculptor who, if not a cadet of Rahere's, at least knew those who had seen him. Rahere died on September 20th, 1143, and, according to Dr. Norman Moore, who has written so ably upon the subject of this church, this effigy was placed upon his tomb by his successor, Thomas of Saint Osyth, who was prior until 1174. The face bears evidence of being more a portrait than the usual conventional face of the time. The whole monument is a fine and pure example of Late Decorated or Early Perpendicular. The little monks kneeling on each side of the prior and the angel at his feet are particularly good examples of the sculpture of that day. The effigy represents the first prior with shaven crown, and in the habit of a canon of the order of Saint Augustine. For the man who founded S. Bartholomew's Hospital, and through it relieved so many millions of the sick and poor of London, the following passage, at which the books of the little kneeling monks are open, is singularly appropriate: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the Garden of the Lord. Joy

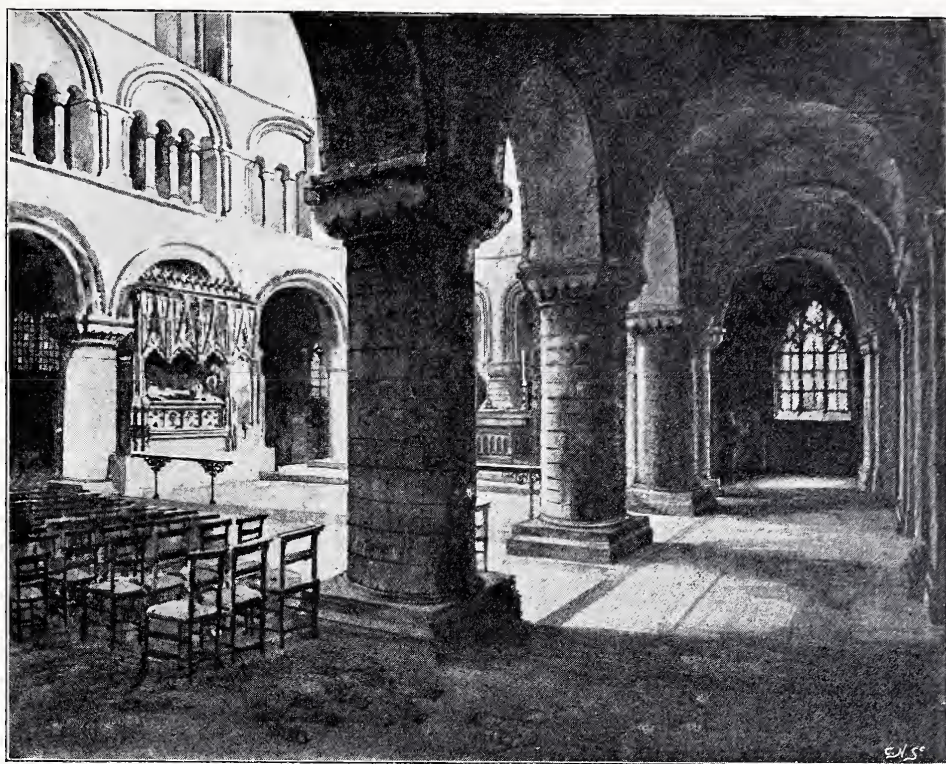
and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

Another important monument of much later times is that in memory of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was, as a contrast, a strict Puritan. Instead of the usual figures, characteristic of such tenets, there are six shields, arranged as a border around the centre black marble inscription. These shields tell of his alliance with several famous and illustrious families. The whole effect of the gilded work in the mouldings and the marble panellings is rich to gorgeousness. It is a typical specimen of English Renaissance, perhaps more interesting as a specimen of that style than beautiful as a work of art. This monument originally was in the south aisle of the choir, in the bay opposite to Rahere's tomb, and was removed to its present place in 1865.

Many of the other monuments are curious specimens of the work of the various times, and a few have very interesting inscriptions, notably that tablet west of the great tomb last described, which has an unusually quaint description in English of "Capt John Millet, Mariner, 1660."

To name and describe in detail all the tombs in the church would require and deserve a separate article, but there is one other which must be especially mentioned, inasmuch as it records the longest life in the history of the Church. The inscription reads to the effect that near this place lies the body of James Master, of East Langden, he married Joyce, daughter of Christopher Torner, of Milton Ernest, Bedfordshire, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. He was the son of Richard Master, who had Ann, daughter of Sir James Henden, of Dean in Kent, to wife, and she died on January 30th, 1705, aged 99 years and six months, and lies interred in this place, having in the course of her long life witnessed the death of the Royal Martyr at Whitehall, and seen the whole of the quarrel between the King and Parliament.

The Normans in England never produced a



SOUTH AISLE OF CHOIR.

FROM A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY F. L. GRIGGS.

better example of their art, or a more typical English specimen of Romanesque, than this eastern fragment of Saint Bartholomew, which stands to-day, in general effect, much as it left the hands of its founder. The dark and sombre greyness of the interior is the same. There are traces remaining of an original colour scheme, so it is safe to assume decorative effect in colour was intended. The art of Norman times was really the art of architecture, and was wholly independent of the sister arts of painting and sculpture, which, as they existed in those days, are better described as crafts, akin to those of the metal worker or goldsmith; architecture then was the mistress of them all. She has never, in the history of Christian art, created a style so perfectly expressive of its purpose as this, or one more self-reliant. Norman interiors are complete in themselves, they are architectural in the best sense of the word, and rely in no way upon any of the subsidiary arts to complete their ultimate æsthetic effect; for the carvings of their capitals—I am speaking of the purely Norman times, not of Transitional work—and the flutings and incisions of their columns, as at Durham, can in no sense be described as sculpture; they are architectural forms pure and simple, and nothing else.

The architecture of the succeeding centuries—and especially that of the Decorated period—on the contrary, depends to a very great extent upon the decorative value of the sculpture to assist its æsthetic end. The Angel Choir of Lincoln and the

transept of Westminster would be ruined, in an artistic sense, by the removal of their sculptures. This cannot be said of any purely Norman building in Britain, although it may be true of contemporary, or earlier, work abroad. It is for this reason that the work succeeding the twelfth century always

resource in design and in detail, the notes of simplicity, which form an important chord in the harmony of the Christian faith, are wanting. One is more disturbed and fascinated by the wonders of the architecture than sobered and impressed by the grave, solemn, and peaceful feeling which should



ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT. NEW WESTERN PORCH
BY ASTON WEBB.

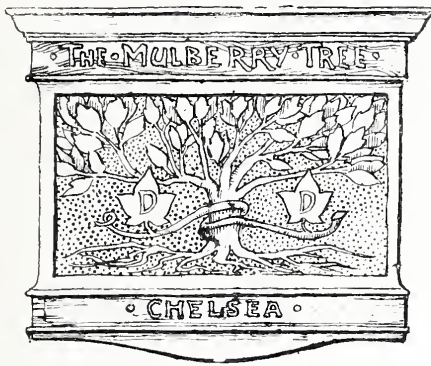
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY C. E. MALLOWS.

seems somewhat less religious in effect. The Norman work conveys the idea that the enthusiasm of its builder was more earnestly directed to the expression of the nature of the faith delivered to them, than to the desire, so evident in the work of their successors, to build in magnificence and beauty. This first, and to the glory of their religion afterwards, quality is more evident still in the later Debased style of the fifteenth century, where, in spite of the amazing, even bewildering,

mark the interiors of churches inspired by the faith of a simple creed. Nowhere is the eternal nature of that creed better expressed in stone than in the work of Rahere and his contemporaries. Nowhere, save in Westminster Abbey, is one more conscious of the awful grandeur and sublimity, or of the sweet strength of the Faith which is built upon a Rock, and against which the storms, the tempests, and the furies of unbelief will ever beat in vain.

THE WORK OF NELSON AND EDITH DAWSON, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS: BY THE EDITOR.

WITH such an experience as may be gained by serving articles in an architect's office, and spending many subsequent years as a painter



of pictures, Nelson Dawson came to the conclusion that there was as much artistic enjoyment in metal work as is generally supposed to be found only in the more "Polite Arts." One remembers that they were once so foolishly called. To sit down in one's studio or craft-shop to think out some more or less ingenious treatment of metal—say iron or brass, for an electric light bracket or other domestic work—has, it is true, none of the enjoyment of the landscape painter, who spends profitably unprofitable days wandering in the brown alleys of remote fishing villages waiting for harmonic combinations of cloud and sea and shore.

The designing of a finger-plate or of a weather-cock or even of a silver ornament for woman's wear, will hardly reach such a point as this, yet Mr. Dawson would feel free to say that at times it comes near it. In his old house in Chelsea—where there is a pleasant garden—his wife and himself have chosen each a workroom—Edith Dawson for her enamelling, Nelson Dawson for his drawing—and both rooms look out and away over the garden, over a large old burial ground to an old red-roofed building beyond, from which comes the hum of

children's voices all day long, and beyond that again to where when one is tired with work, at the end of day, one sees the gentler sun. Her room, with its enamelling furnace in one corner, and shelves set out with many a pot of vitreous colour and other accessory necessary to the work, is on a level with the Mulberry Tree top that gives its name to the house; while the draughtsman's workroom, on the ground floor, is easily distinguishable by the lesser neatness—a matter which is remedied from time to time by feminine incursions and alarms. It is here they do their own and personal work. The workshops are in a street close by—surrounded by the studios of the Chelsea painters and sculptors—so close that they are able to watch the progress of their work. No design of theirs is repeated, and you have the satisfaction of knowing you possess something that is yours alone, not to be found in the houses of Mrs. Afternoon-Tea or Mr. Heavymeal.

It is a truism that any standard of art work is only to be maintained by the doing of a limited amount. The Dawsons dare not employ many workmen, because it would not be possible to keep in touch with these or their work. The workmen are never hurried—piece work is absolutely unknown; yet it is fair to state clearly on this point that those who help in the workshops generally succeed in carrying out the work in the estimated time. In this matter it is the Dawsons' ambition to draw round



THE STUDIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



CUP IN BEATEN COPPER AND ENAMEL. PURCHASED BY H.M. THE QUEEN.
BY NELSON AND EDITH DAWSON.

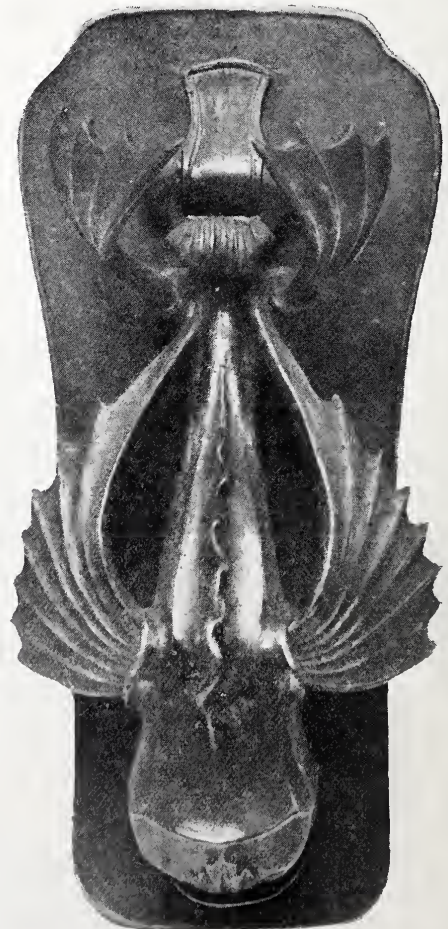


"art goods." To be exclusive and high priced is just as popular (once you have impressed the moneyed race sufficiently that you are exclusive and high priced) as to be cheap and promiscuous. For Demand likes to be exclusive and high priced also, and is for ever clamouring to be so regarded. The Art and Crafts Revival has been a wayward child, not above being petted by pretty, gilded toys. It would be idle here to mention instances, to ascribe responsibility, or to mourn over the

them a few of the best of craftsmen, and only a few, so that together there may be formed a small group in which there shall be no master, except he that can do the best work; a little scheme of labour in which, while all have a desire for prosperity's share, none shall be led by the wish to become rich. This may be considered as ideal, and impossible; but what has been the result? The Dawsons have had for a long time to refuse work, having more than they can do.

There is a conservative aspect, it is true, to the question of orders, as well as a radical one. The comparison has, of course, nothing to do with party politics. The conservative attitude may be either exclusive and high priced, or eclectic and indifferent. But the radical attitude is the one of success and repeated pattern, clever commercialism, and a big establishment in Oxford-street. The democracy of trade strikes a still lower note in the huge emporiums of Tottenham Court-road, and there is a danger in the art possibilities of the day; a danger that, striking with the sledge-hammer of opulence, breaks all modesty of effort, all simplicity of endeavour, under foot. Nelson Dawson rebels at this, though other men have rebelled before, and have succumbed. It is difficult to *create* a demand, but it is more difficult to fight against it, once made. A demand seizes you in its iron grip, shouts for what it shunned: *Vox populi*. And Art is the weaker vessel, say what you will, save for a few ascetic souls, when money woos. This is a bald fact, and it would be feminine to refuse to face it. But there is just one Anchorage, or, a better simile, the Cloister, left for those who will not be deified, or sacrificed on the altar of Demand. It is wherein you work quietly and simply in calm and circumscribed limits, keeping no "shop," throwing out no octopus-like sheds, scrolling no archaic lettering (in gilt, to pander to the all-pervading worship) over the orthodox plate-glass windows, revealing the gradual debasement of

trading uses through which great names have been trailed. But everyone who knows his freely thumbed alphabet at all, with a sprawling pollex on the letter A (for Art), knows what cant, what chicanery, what clap-trap have threatened alike Architecture and Painting, Sculpture and Design, in the last decade. It is the regrettable of all races that the desire to win over-rides the desire to run well, and it has been



DOOR KNOCKER IN BRONZE
BY NELSON DAWSON IN
ROYAL ACADEMY 1896

open for the outer world to see artists divesting themselves of all those traditional garments of reticence and regard in order to win the Golden Apples of appreciation and applause. The artist, another Atalanta, may lose his race in picking up that fruit, which is without essence or fruitfulness, devoid alike of ripeness and of seed.

The Water-Colourist in England picks up few golden apples. For these are not to be found by the wayside, nor do they drop from the largess of what Art-loving public there may be. Rarer still do they delay him Atalanta fashion. The breadth and vigour of Nelson Dawson's sea-pieces; their opaque heave of deep blue water; their spray; their salt: the twilit simplicity of Edith Dawson's cottage homes; their straggling sweetness; their idealised roof trees; their hallowed thatch; found their resting place on the walls of The Mulberry Tree. The Evening Primroses of Mrs. Dawson's impressionistic brush might well be a little allegory; opening to full beauty only to those who have eyes to see amid the general dark. Mr. Nelson Dawson has a quaintly



"EVENING IN A WORCESTERSHIRE VILLAGE," FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY NELSON DAWSON.



A COTTAGE, FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY EDITH DAWSON.

humorous story to tell of the neglect of water-colour work, with a plea, too, against the manifest overcrowding of all Art by the dilettante and the amateur; his view is that art requires the decimation of a plague, and, indeed, when one considers the vast crowd of those who are entering the Art Schools of the country, it would appear that such visitation must

be inevitable. The only mart that will stand the Supply, and yield Demand, is that of Craft. It was at the end of much strong and sincere Painting that Nelson Dawson turned to the Art possibility of the Smithy, rather than to the Art improbability of the Studio. He has never regretted it, save in that lingering sense in which one looks back to the vanishing point of a dead hope with the fondness for the first ideal, which is to a man of temperament what a first-born is to a woman. And there has been this compensation, that whereas what was once daily bread, has become a luxury, an atmosphere, and a delight; what was once an endeavour, has become a relief; and Nelson and Edith Dawson know no gladness

equal to that of escaping from the shadow of the Mulberry Tree for a flight to the bold and rolling wolds of North Yorkshire, where Nature makes cups in the land so that the Earth may drink; or for a skim over the North Seas, with a keen wind and

—somehow you remember—is the end of the world. All the greying, purpling lights of after sundown, all the embaying shades of darkening trees, all the stellar beauties of these night flowers, all the fluttering feet of tired children, respond around and about this Cottage grown from English ground.

In a quaint room of the old house in Chelsea, a room where a ship in full sail hangs above your head—a ship in copper and iron—and a quaint contrivance in steel and art green serge protects the hearth, Nelson Dawson fell warm upon the pseudo-art of the big emporium and the cankering influence of the plate glass window. The things were incompatible. How could Art be *manufactured*, to begin with, and where was the true Craft in the myriad duplications of a once pleasant bit of Design? The love of experiment, of research, the quiet, extended patience—what had become of these? Holding a pair of clasps, with all the shades of sapphire and opal in their exquisitely translucent enamel, set in dark silver, what more natural than we should set upon talking of the old arts of glass staining and enamelling, with the distinct hope,

now, of their gradual revival? The Dawsons have spent indefatigable time upon enamelling, and they have almost re-secured that magnificent and lasting vermilion which has been the despair of craftsmen. Their blue, too, is rich-toned, opulent, and velvety; their green transparent and subdued; and they have obtained a peculiarly



PLAQUE OF CLOISONNÉ AND OPAQUE ENAMEL IN STEEL SETTING
AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

breaking spray, in a smack with brown sails, with a gleaming, glinting harvest from the Dogger Bank sprawling the decks.

There is the same breadth of handling in the water-colour sketches of both; in his a masculine freedom and vigour, in Mrs. Dawson's a sense of Colour which is rich and speechful, capable of exquisite tenderness, with, always, a dominant love of flowers. The flowers are redolent of old gardens, of the innocent strength of Nature left alone, not hustled or hurried or guided; her hollyhocks are of the finest because they luxuriate, you can see, where Nature has clustered them; how many years, one naturally asks, have these hollyhocks grown in this corner by the old brown thatched barn, with its ochre and greening plaster? It is their rampant delight that they grow; they are as lusty as country children. The hollyhock has not done with the world! *Floreat!* "Evening Primroses" is more subtle, in colour, in composition, in suggestion. The possibility of age is in the cottage; not only in the cottage but in its occupants; of many feet having trod that surreptitious path. The Evening Primrose blooms at the end of the day. *Oenothera odorata*. The harvest

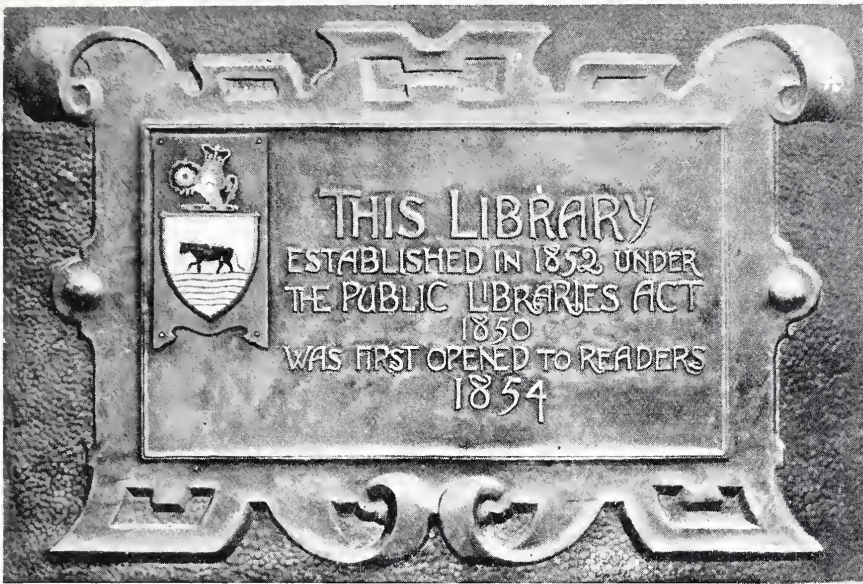


LID OF CASKET IN BEATEN STEEL AND ENAMEL IN THE SALON, PARIS.

fine, granulated medium, which holds the colour at the full with a sense of bloom and brimmingness that reminds one of a gem. After all, most gems are crude and self-centred. The emerald is but as grass; the ruby brutally resplendent. What comparison is there, too, between the diamond and a



"HOLLYHOCKS," BY EDITH DAWSON
FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING.



TABLET FOR FREE LIBRARY, OXFORD.

BY NELSON DAWSON.

dew-drop in the sun? Only the opal is a worthy inspiration to the enameller, with its fire and lustre, its fleecy cloud and milky innocence; its pale blaze; its glint of Spring beneath the Snows. It is this effect of opalescence, above all else, above even the singleness and purity of colour, that makes the Dawson enamels so subtle and charming; they have clothed flowers not only with their colours but in their own habits of growth: for example, their enamelled crocus has that short-lived incurved courage we so admire during the months of filled dyke and peck o' wind. To be deep, mysterious and subdued, has been expressed as the real mission of stained glass; but this might well be text, also, for the enameller, only you would add sweetness to the trinity. Yet the Dawsons found more eyes to admire than shoulders to wear these enamelled clasps and things. An enamel of so liquid a gentian blue that its lustre would come to you across the opera—a Ceylon sapphire without that sapphire's ignorance—had yet no hastening charms for the upper crowd. It is possible, now that Her Majesty the Queen has seen beauty in the little cup in beaten copper and enamel, securing it for herself, that others will desire such crafty dainties for their own rooms. But the public has a long way to travel or to retrace before it will sacrifice its impertinent and perky electric push for such a Knocker as that in bronze, with all the age of the sea in it and all the sea's grim humour, or such an one as hangs by its chain, with a knob bold and echoing enough for a Monastery, on the Dawson door. Yet such originality of design might

even serve a utilitarian and peace-evoking purpose in late rallies from Clubland: each man being guided by Dolphin or Syren, Gargoyle or Saint, to his own door. Has not Craft, therefore, its uses? That there is nothing for Design but what can be found in Nature, is an aphorism that will break no bones. The Dawsons go to the country for their forms, just as they did (and do) for subjects in the water-colour days. Swans with inter-twined necks making a curious knot—"I will play the swan and die in enamel," one might paraphrase a well-known line—

altogether a delightful bit of *cloisonné*; or the peacock, cock and hen: the hen *regardant* of his splendid show, a bit of humour as well as a bit of colour; or the heraldic box, with arms upon it, for the family papers or the heirlooms; the emblem of the oak, the enamelled shields full of strong antique colour, all take us away to the traditional pleasaunces and manor houses of our country, to those half senses of courtliness, stateliness, and repose, we have well-nigh lost.

The simple and dignified potentialities of iron are more Saxon of speech than, say, the Impressionistic School of Painting. It used to be the boast of British eyes that the race saw things in a plain way and truthfully; that the race spoke plainly and truthfully with that downrightness which, in Art, is best signified and expressed in the smithy or at the forge. Elemental expression is, after all, the language of the heart. And the highest Art, by its

CASKET IN STEEL AND ENAMEL IN THE SALON, PARIS.
BY NELSON AND EDITH DAWSON.

close association with emotion, has always recognised this. Craft and Design are, therefore, by their very genesis, in intimate kinship with the grander, because elemental and emotional, forms of expression, and it is good to note, in these ampler days, that the *littleness* of a thing no longer belittles it; that a casket may be as complete as a picture and as exquisite; that a *grille* or a piece of *repoussé* has its part in Domestic Art, and may be made as necessary to the home—if not to the mere house—as the roof-tree itself. The cast iron era of Domestic Design is not by any means over, but the reign of rigid slate roofs and foundry fenders

bareness which reduce certain work of the hour to what may be described as the bare bones of ideas. And if the object of Art is either to tell a true thing, or to adorn a serviceable one, the Dawsons may claim that they have regarded that text—a golden text, and one which immediately detects the mischievous and meretricious. You may take your treasure of Cellini's or your Sheraton cabinet to test the truth of this text. You may apply the axiom to one branch of Art—that of Painting—and find yourself seriously dismayed. Painting is so rarely engaged in telling a true thing; its serviceable value is even more to seek. And this has been the outcome of



A FISHING BOAT. FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING, BY NELSON DAWSON.

was, as we see it now, a reversion, after a long period of mediæval craft, to a savage type.

There is the element of dual regard and delightful co-operation in the work of the Dawsons. The collaboration is somewhat rare in national domestic life. That they have managed to make such inter-dependence practical, as well as, in several ways, ideal, is, in itself, one of the grateful surprises the Mulberry Tree has under its shade. Painting together, not different so much as diverse; Designing together; the masculine mind upon the forms of metals, the feminine upon the embellishment and ornament of metals, the Dawsons have produced many pieces of Craft which are quaint without conceitedness, and reticent without the pawkiness and

the forced and long-continued playing of the particular note in Art represented by Painting, by the feverish haste to give the public *pictures* instead of beautiful things. One recalls with a smile that Painting is the most unreal of all Arts; that upon so worthless a material as canvas, so perishable a material as paper, the Painter gives us the counterfeit of a real thing; that his facility must ever be that of a master in the art of the Apparent. The Art of Building justifies itself by the very stones with which you build. The Art of Design is absolutely the expression of itself, in wood or copper, plaster or bronze, and of the material used. It gives you a casket, and you know that it *is* a casket; it gives you a mosaic,

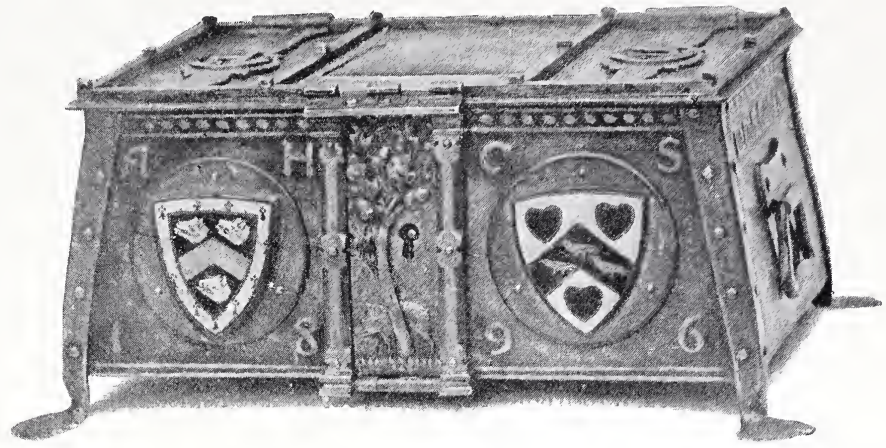


"EVENING" PRIMROSES."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING
BY EDITH DAWSON.

and you can detect at once the honesty of the mosaic, its anatomy; it gives you an oak chest, and how true a thing an oak chest is; how serviceable it is. And what can you have nearer our text than that? Grant your oak chest adornment, and what is there higher?

If Art, as a whole, has ever to grow into imperative touch with the community, it will be by the insistence of Design, not of Painting. The Painter must not exercise such rude shoulders; he must be taught that the Architect, the Sculptor, the Metal-worker, the Wood-carver may be of equal aim and of truthfuller purpose, for not even Middle-class England now believes that Art has its Alpha and Omega in Burlington House.

Such craftsmanship as the Designers of to-day can give us, as they choose, will penetrate to the hearthstones of our country in time, and even where a modesty of means exists, impelling engravings and gravures upon the walls—the counterfeits of counterfeited Nature (however brilliant their Colour; original resourceful the brushwork)—it may be reasonably and easily possible to expect that an iron dog or an overmantel, a book binding or a cradle, a bowl, or a piano panel in silver bronze, a settle, or a bracelet upon a woman's arm, may signify that recognition of the Crafts which will lend a halo to the home such as the home has not known since the golden chain of beauty snapped, at its weakest link, in the sixteenth century. Nelson



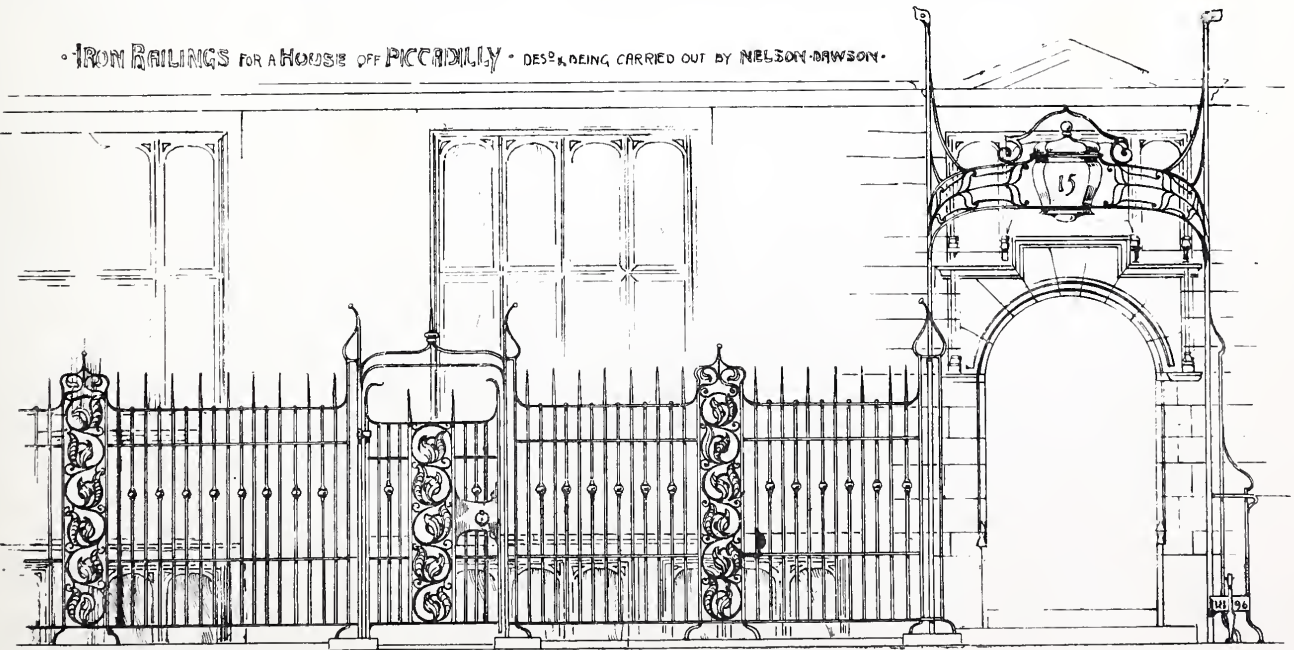
A CASKET IN STEEL AND ENAMEL.

BY NELSON AND EDITH DAWSON.

and Edith Dawson have already given the *cachet* of Craft to no inconsiderable number of such homes, and there are others equally worthy in the guild.

The Dawsons are at the moment occupied upon the ornamental metal work of three large and important buildings: Dog grates, Entrance gates, Electric fittings, Door furniture, nothing unregarded. The casket in beaten silver and enamel is for the Worshipful Company of Plumbers, and was designed and executed by Mrs. Dawson, Nelson Dawson, and their workmen—excepting the little group of St. George, which Mr. Pomeroy modelled. This, with the door-knocker in bronze, and two water-colour drawings—one on the line—represented them at Burlington House in the Academy of this year; the casket in steel enamel which was exhibited last year is now in the Paris Salon. Nelson Dawson was for some years a member of the Royal Society of British Artists. He is still a member of the New English Art Club. They both are members of the Arts and Crafts Society, and he is also associated with the Art-workers' Guild.

• IRON RAILINGS FOR A HOUSE OFF PICCADILLY • DESIGNED BEING CARRIED OUT BY NELSON DAWSON •

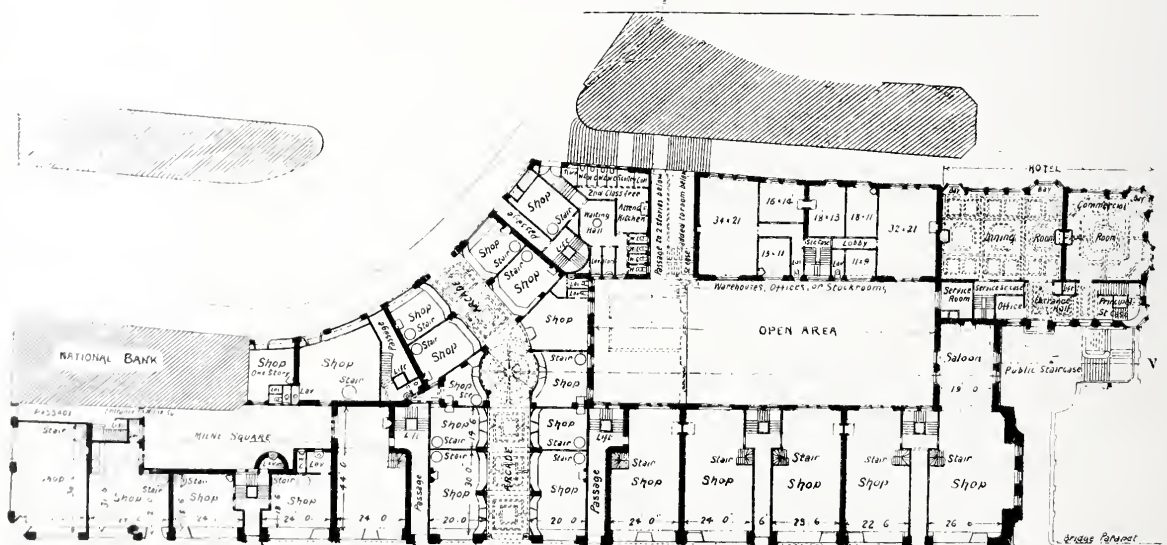


THE COMPETITION FOR THE RE-CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS: NORTH BRIDGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

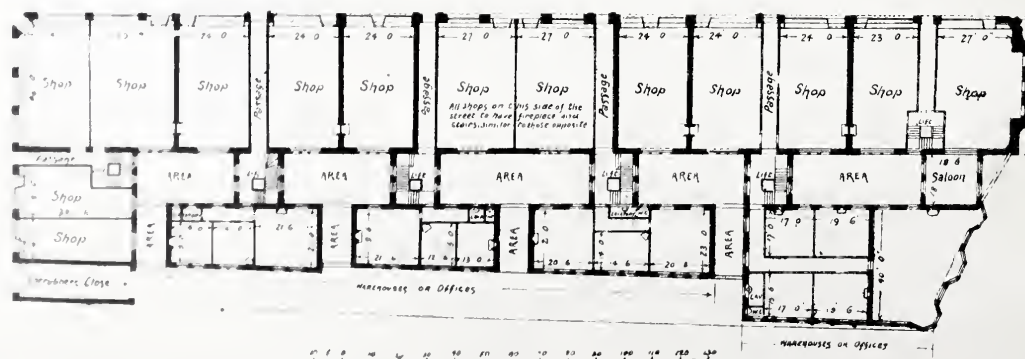
No English Architect who attempts to solve the problem of providing an important and satisfactory addition to the Architecture of Edinburgh can be accused of anything approaching want of courage. The difficulties, and, indeed, the dangers, attending any such effort are enough to frighten away all but the bravest, or those who are not troubled with the possession of a keen artistic sense. It may possibly be due to the proper appreciation of such difficulties that the recent competition for the re-construction of North Bridge Street produced so few competitors and so disappointing a result. We should have thought that the possibilities offered by such a site as this—probably a like opportunity will seldom, if

ever, occur again—would have attracted the enthusiastic Scots by the score, but we find, all told, the total number of competitors* was fifteen, and that the English and Scots were represented exactly in the proportion of two to one, a proportion which has been retained in the distribution of the premiums.

It is not a very satisfactory sign of the times, or maybe it is a sign of something unsatisfactory, that when the result of an important competition, such as this, is announced, we find the names of those we usually associate with all that is best in nineteenth century Scottish Architecture conspicuous only by their absence. We had hoped to see some of the architectural genius of modern Scotland, the result of which is so apparent in the streets of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and elsewhere (our readers who are familiar with these cities will know the buildings to which we refer, and their Architects,



GROUND FLOOR PLAN - NORTH BRIDGE STREET LEVEL



PLAN OF MESSRS. SCOTT AND WILLIAMSON'S DESIGN.

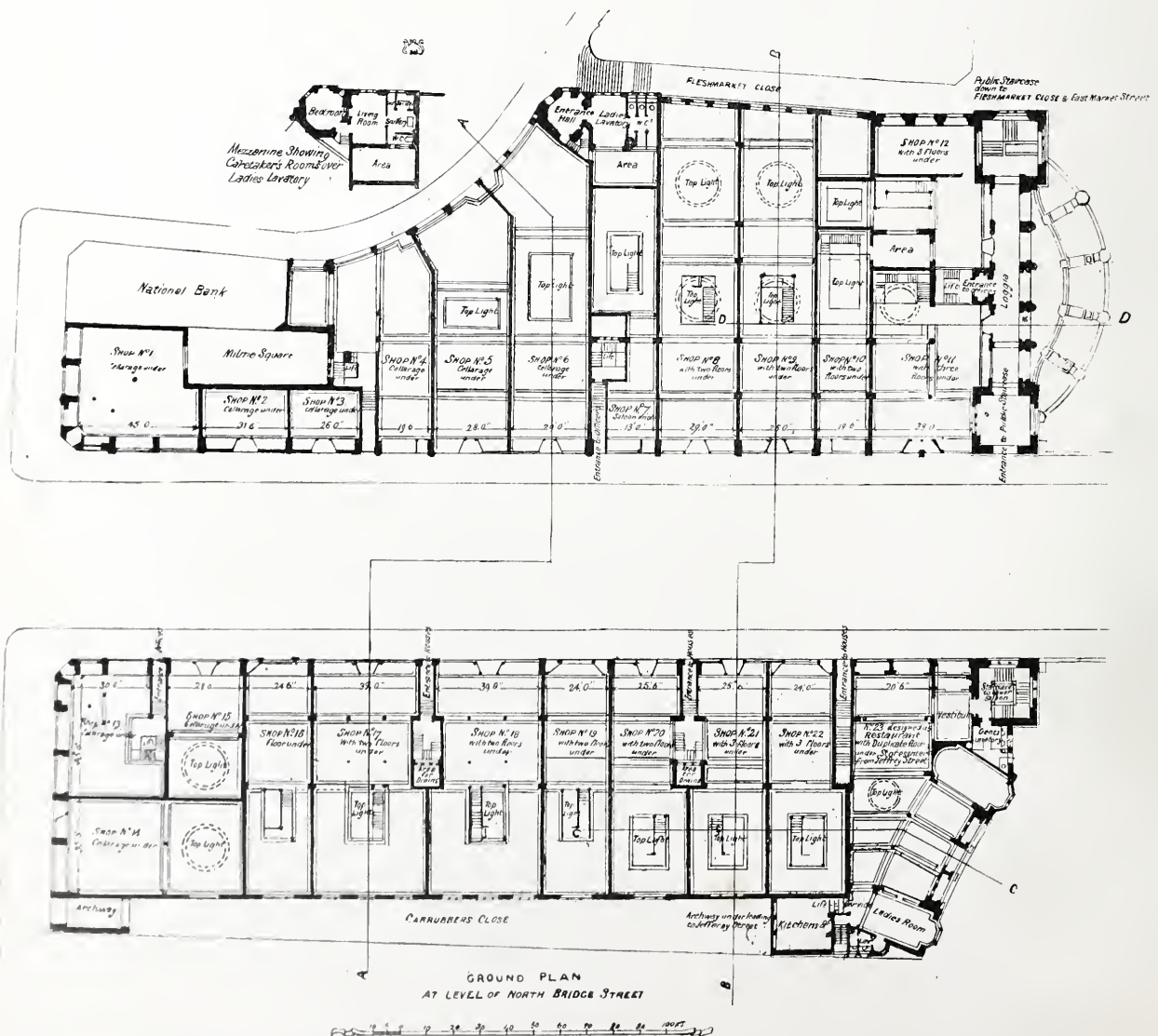


NORTH BRIDGE STREET RECONSTRUCTION, EDINBURGH: FIRST PREMIAED DESIGN BY MESSRS. SCOTT AND WILLIAMSON.

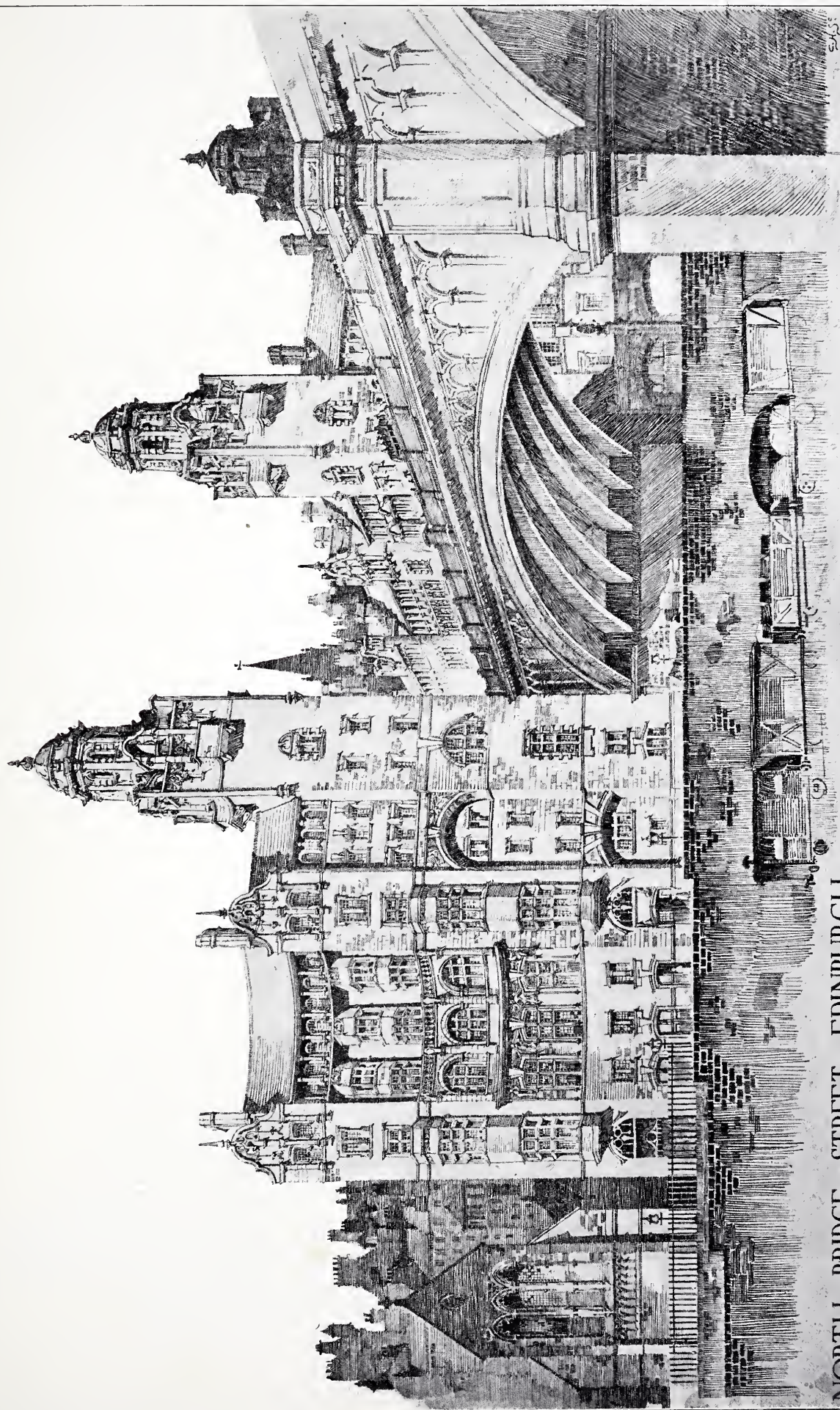
names), directed towards the solution of such a problem as this, a problem which appeals from an artistic point of view entirely to Scotsmen, and one which, we think, rightly or wrongly, can only be satisfactorily solved by them. The point of view at which an Englishman would approach the question must necessarily be more or less an exotic one, and in proportion as it is foreign to Scotland, so it must be wanting in harmony and sympathy to the City. Yet it is a curious contradiction to this idea that the design in the present competition which is most sympathetic and harmonious with its surroundings is the production of three men whose nationalities bear the same proportion to each other as mentioned above—that is, two Englishmen and one Scotsman have produced it.

We do not propose to enter into any of the commercial questions raised in the competition, questions which doubtless went a long way in determining the result, and which are entertaining only to those chiefly concerned. What is in-

teresting to all is the artistic side of it; whether or no Edinburgh—for which place we have a strong affection—is to gain or lose by this latest proposed addition to its Architecture. It is from this point of view entirely that we have carefully considered the merits of the three premiated designs, and we are induced to think that the order of the award would have been much more satisfactory if it read backwards. It can be taken for granted—we imagine no one would dispute anything so obvious—that any proposed addition to Edinburgh Old Town, especially at this particular point, should be sympathetic with its traditional Architecture, and yet should have something, however slight, in common as a connecting link with the "good gray stone" of the opposite side. We find the third premiated design best fulfils that elementary and necessary condition both in grouping and in detail. It is reticent as a whole, and if somewhat wanting in balance and coherence in parts, it attains a certain picturesque dignity



PLAN OF SECOND PREMIAED DESIGN BY MESSRS. GIBSON AND RUSSELL.



VIEW FROM THE N.E.

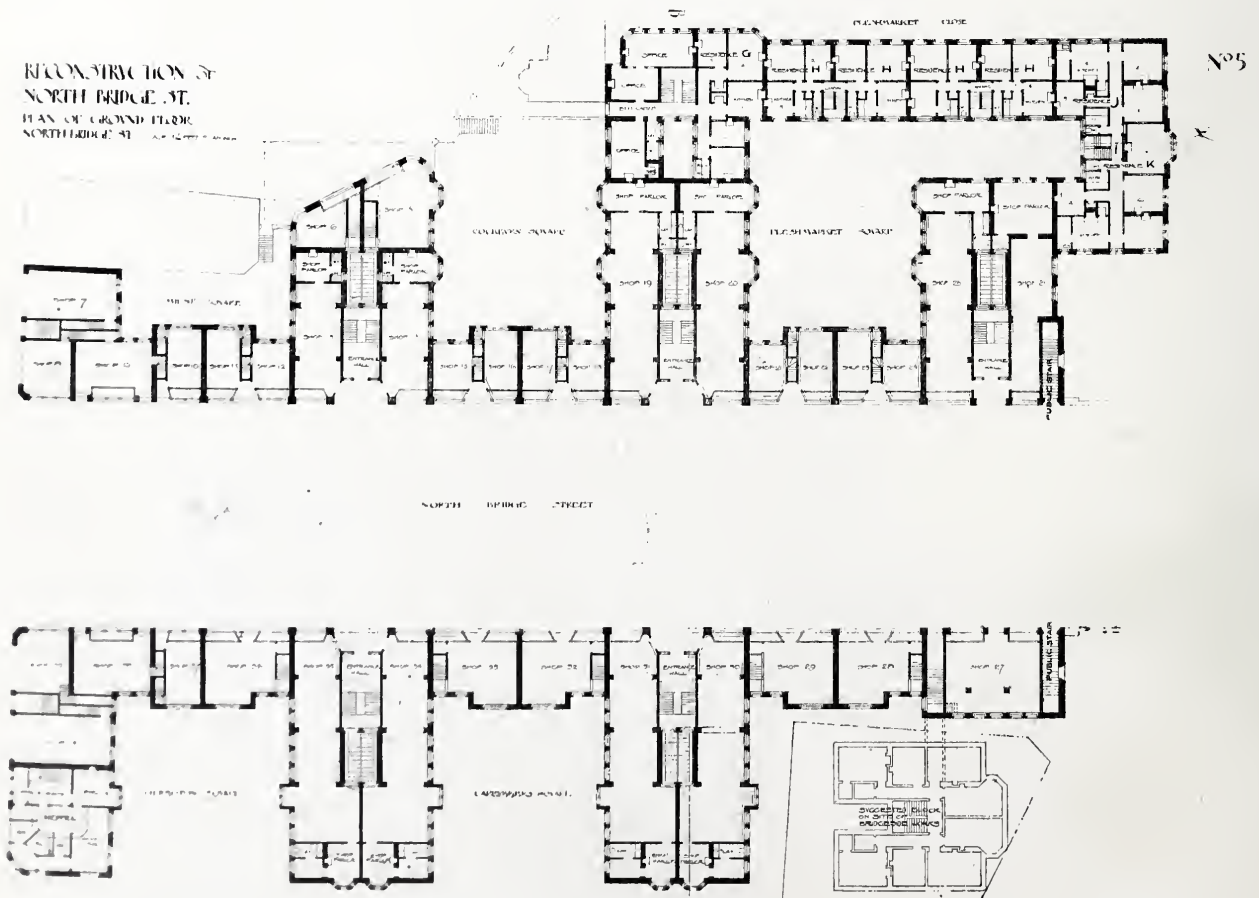
NORTH BRIDGE STREET · EDINBURGH
RECONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS

SECOND PREMIAED DESIGN BY MESSRS. GIBSON AND RUSSELL.

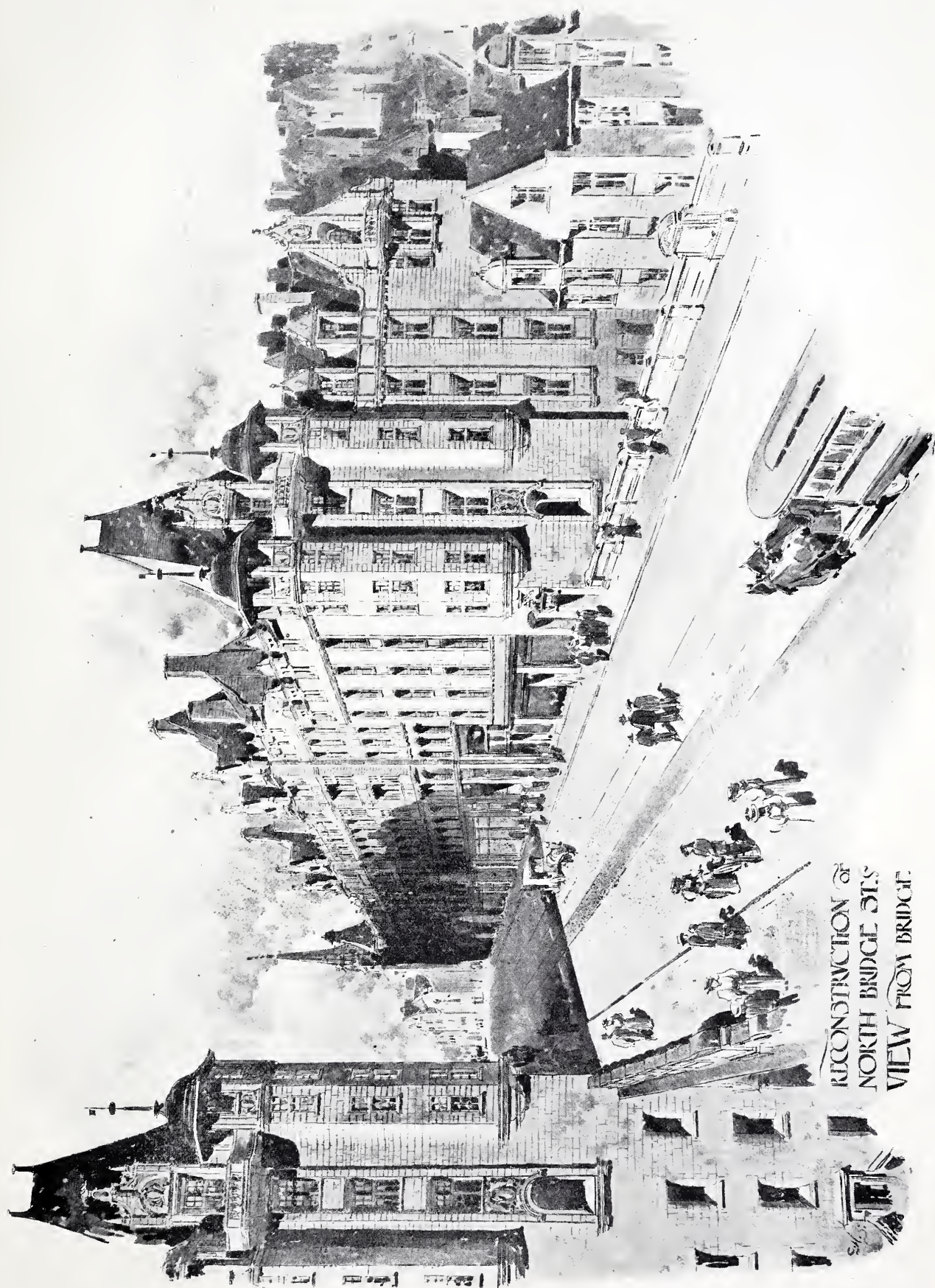
nearly, if not quite, in harmony with the old surroundings. Picturesqueness without dignity is hardly a sentence of praise, and yet it is difficult to withhold such a tribute to the design placed second. For a similar site in an English town, such a composition as this would be pleasant enough, but one cannot help feeling that the foreign type of Renaissance adopted is quite out of keeping here, and, however much we admire the exceedingly able disposition of parts in the architects' clever invention in detail, in which, perhaps, they have few equals, we are always conscious of the exotic nature of the group as a whole in relation to its position amongst the old work, and of the too striking contrast it presents to the new which it would face. If this design is so much opposed in general character to New Edinburgh, then the first premiated, with its balanced classic masses, possesses just the opposite quality of opposition to the Old Town, and, oddly enough, although the work of Edinboro' men, it has a stranger and a more marked foreign character than any of the others. We congratulate the Architects heartily on their success as a whole, especially on

the telling and balanced outline of the design on either side of the bridge. We only wish it had been treated in a manner more akin to the architectural traditions of their city.

The drawings in illustration of these designs are examples of three distinct styles of draughtsmanship. That illustrating the first premiated is of a type now fast fading away, and is a capital specimen of a good, clear, explanatory line drawing. The perspective of the second premiated, based more or less on recent magazine illustration, is a bright and crisp pen drawing, which does full justice to the design, and, with the exception of the foreground, makes a good picture. The foreground, with the funny railway train, is sufficiently amusing and reminiscent of early slate draughtsmanship to provide an element of humour, which is always welcome, whether intentional or not, in competition work, and which nearly always appears. The drawing of the third design is probably the most artistic of the set, and is remarkable chiefly for its freedom of execution and simplicity and directness of handling—in fact it appropriately illustrates the design, and we cannot give it better praise than that.



PLAN OF THIRD PREMIATED DESIGN BY MESSRS. LANCHESTER, STEWART, AND RICKARDS.



RECONSTRUCTION OF
NORTH BRIDGE ST.
VIEW FROM BRIDGE

THIRD PREMIAED DESIGN BY MESSRS. LANCHESTER, STEWART, AND RICKARDS.



ARCHITECTURE AS AN APPLIED ART.

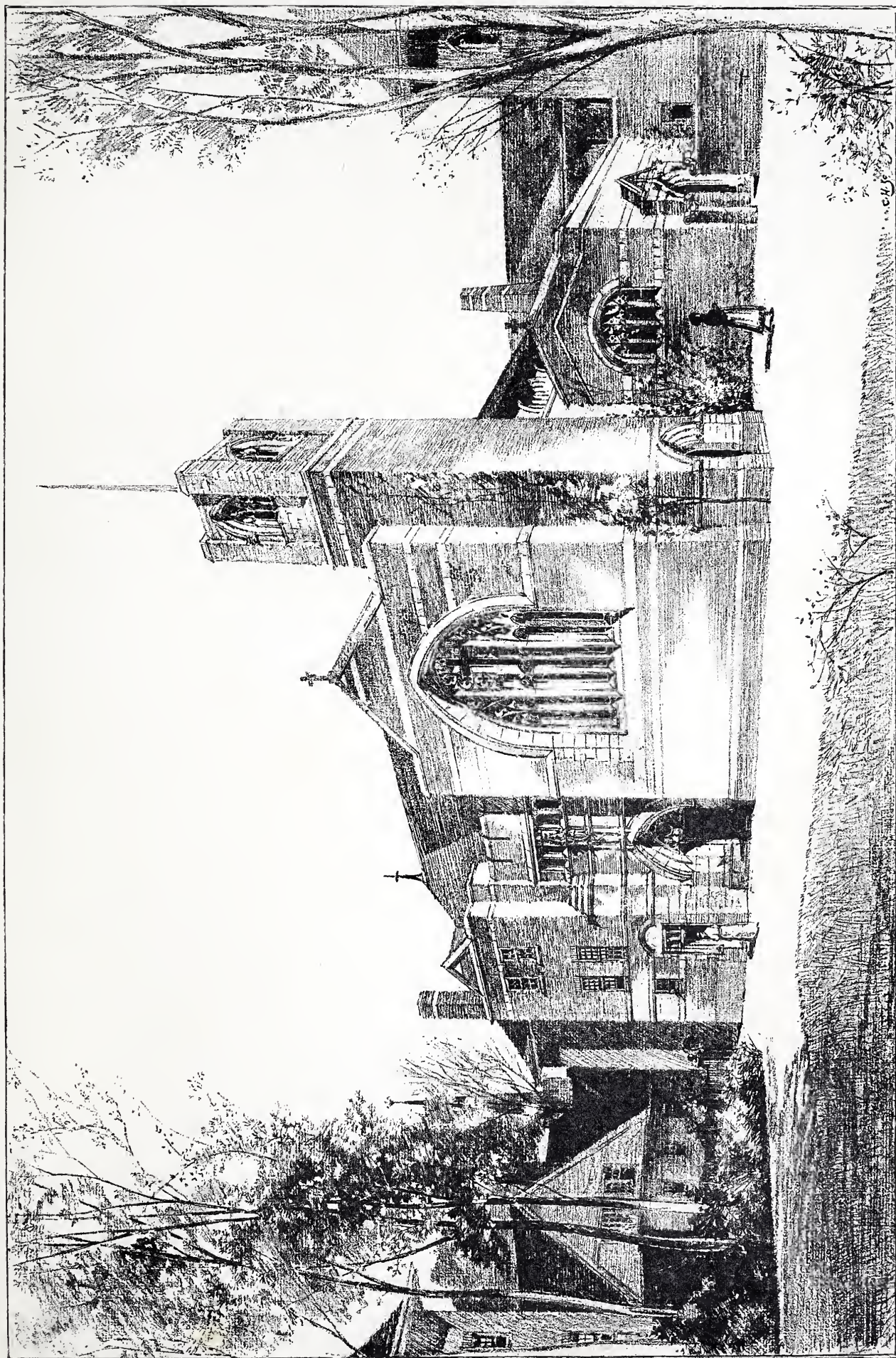
WITH regard to the claims, persistently made, that Architecture is one of the Fine Arts, I would suggest that we consider it as an Applied Art—an Art applied to works of utility. The old classification between “Fine Art” and “Industrial Art” is illogical and misleading. Every Art is *fine* if it assists in rendering the surroundings of our daily life finer; and every Art is *industrial* if it requires the work of more than one individual in its production. The better division is that of Pure Art and Applied Art. Pure Art, in which the work of Art exists in itself independently of any other object, and for the primary purpose of influencing the emotions, such as the group of the Laocoon, the picture of the Transfiguration, the oratorio of “Elijah,” the drama of the “Alkestis,” or the poem of the “Inferno.” Applied Art, in which the work exists independently of the Art, and the Art is applied for the primary purpose of adding beauty and pleasing the æsthetic sense, such as the terra-cotta festoons on the Pæcian Certosa, the painted Pilaster-ornaments at Pompeii, the Drum-and-bugle Music for Military-marching, or the “A-was-an-Archer” Rhyme that teaches the Alphabet. The Art that is termed Architecture, though the Mother-art and the Chief-art, being thus the result of Buildings-made-beautiful (Building + Beauty =

Architecture), must be considered as an Applied Art. It is well to clear the ground by this admission—an admission in one sense, but a great claim in another—the claim to be the Art, not of the few but of the whole; not the Art which can be shut up in a court-yard, or a rich man’s gallery, or heard only in a concert-hall, or enjoyed only in a theatre—but the Art that is outside and over all these—that is beheld of the people and understood of the people. This great embracing Art, that surrounds us—that we cannot escape from—that no one can selfishly hide from us—that is one of the best forms of the History of our race, the traces of which exist in an unbroken chain from the earliest historic times to our own—is our Parish; and it is on this great applied art of Architecture that we shall have, from time to time, somewhat to say.

H. H. S.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST, NIGHTINGALE SQUARE, BALHAM.

THIS is a characteristic example of Mr. Leonard Stokes’ work, and is also his latest contribution to Roman Catholic Architecture. The group consists of the Church in the centre, with a chapel on the south side for the convent, to which it is attached. The convent is distinct from the Church, though opening into it, so that the sisters can assist in the



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST, NIGHTINGALE SQUARE, BALHAM. BY LEONARD STOKES.

FROM A PENCIL DRAWING.

services. The Presbytery is planned on the north side, with the small schools belonging to the Church adjoining. These latter form the left-hand portion of the picture, and are distinguished principally by the large gable facing the south. The extreme simplicity of the exterior, the Architect tells us in one of his pleasant personal letters, has to some extent been dictated by the amount of money at disposal, and by the stipulation that any decorative effect in the design should be entirely confined to the interior, which will have the greater portion of the money devoted to it. We therefore look forward to Mr. Stokes' illustration of this portion of his Church with much interest. The materials are brick and stone for the walls, with grey green slates for the roof. The builder is Mr. J. T. Scott, 3, Blanford-street, London Wall, and he is now finishing the roof to the first portion of his contract, which, unfortunately, does not include all the buildings shown in the drawing. We have the architect's promise to publish in future numbers some further illustrations of this and other of Mr. Stokes' recent work. We hope, in a subsequent issue, to include some studies which have been especially made for this magazine, of his Church of All Souls, at Peterborough, which is perhaps the best of all Mr. Stokes' smaller Churches.

C. E. M.

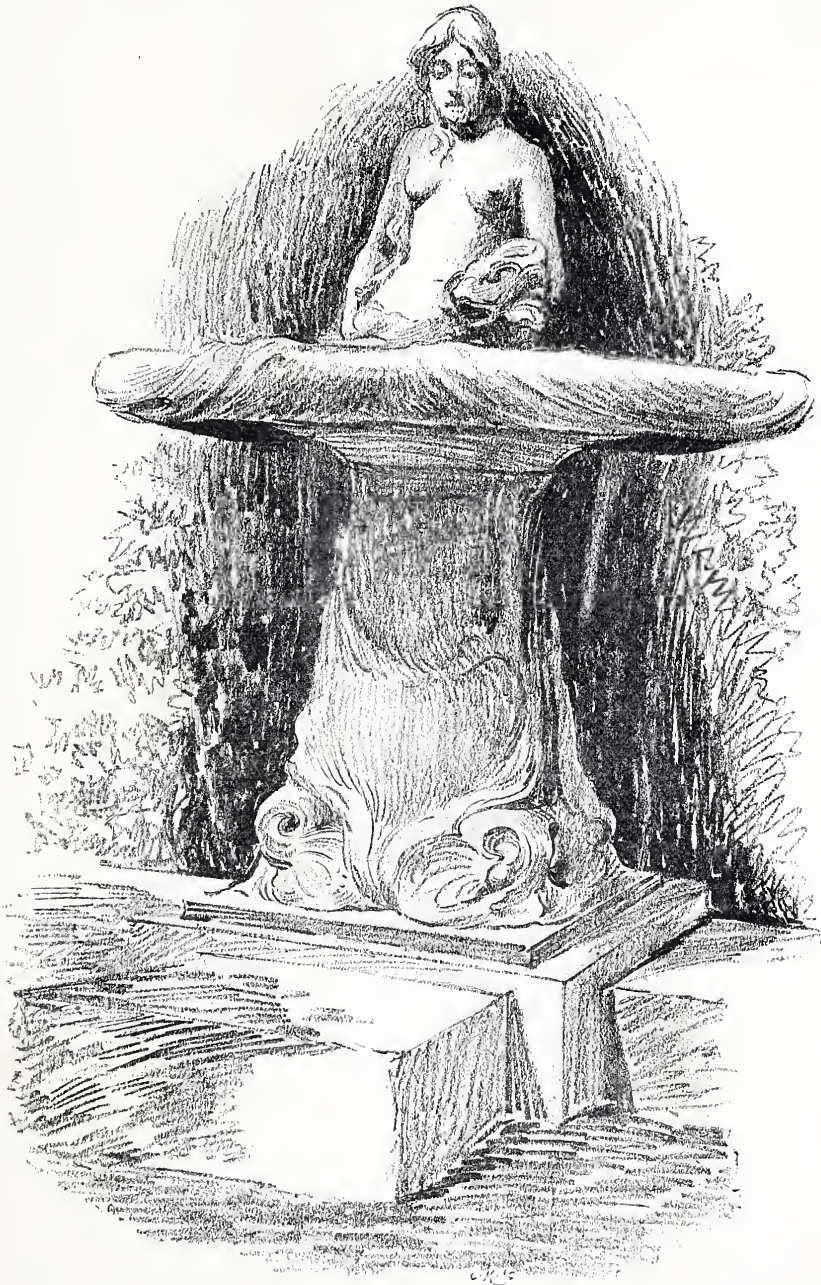
ON THE PATHOLOGY OF DESIGN.

STERNE tells us that before he sat down to write he always put on a clean shirt and his best silk breeches: this was no idle jest; the witty parson knew the importance of working under the most favourable conditions, and the nicety of his attire is reflected in the daintiness of his language and the polish of his style—no dowdy could have written as he did. We might grant the clean shirt, but no one would expect an architect to work in his best clothes; most of us have an ancient and easy coat, shiny indeed at the elbows from constant contact with the drawing board, a Coat, nevertheless, which we hold in affectionate regard, for, without it, we should consider ourselves but scantily armed to face the problems which we have to encounter; but this is not enough. Beside his cloak of investibility, his magic sword and winged sandals, the Perseus of nursery legend was invariably gifted with one further safeguard, unmentioned indeed in explicit terms, but directly implied by his success—perfect health—it is nowhere recorded in the pages of Grimm or Anderson that he was troubled by a cold, or that his nerves were unstrung. We moderns cannot, of course, expect complete immunity from ills such as these, but we can do much to lessen them if we

once appreciate the influence of our own physical surroundings upon our work. Above all things, let him who would design well, avoid worry and all that conduces thereto. We must all remain more or less subject to those "whips and scorns of Time" which weighed so heavily on Hamlet, at these it is useless to grumble, they will plague us from time to time be we never so careful, and indeed they will but brace up and invigorate a sturdy nature, for Time brings his revenges. It is the little worries, which might have been avoided, which gall us most. Who can sit calmly to his work while the small speculation which he confidently made in "Great Bunkers" is dwindling by sixteenths to par, or forget in the studio the embarrassment arising from excessive expenditure in the house? Another pernicious influence is an itching eagerness to put things straight, to join crusades, social or political. This may not be the best of all possible worlds, and England is probably still guilty of the faults which failed to estrange the love of Byron; but, the artist will be wise to refrain from endeavour to correct them. Think of the splendid isolation of Sir Christopher Wren through all the political turmoil and excitement of his time. Unrest of the mind will certainly show itself through the creations of the brain; the design of some men of great talent bears traces of the restless, nervous excitement, stirred up by controversy, and not yet soothed, when they set about their work. Our censors of the press and platform are never tired of reminding us of the depth of our fall, from the high perfection of the artists of the Grecian and Gothic periods; but let them pause for a moment, and contrast the physical surroundings of the architect monk of the thirteenth century with those of the architect citizen of the nineteenth. How can they expect the same quiet dignity and repose to show itself in the buildings of the latter, designed not in the calm atmosphere of the monastery, but in the turmoil of city life? What rest are they likely to find in the work of a man who has hurried from his breakfast to the train which rattles him to the office, where he is greeted by a batch of letters and sundry interviewers, all more or less disturbing—just to steady his nerves—before he can give his attention to Design. Even now the ecclesiastical work is, as a rule, better than the domestic, because it is almost always designed under more favourable circumstances. The site is handed over to the architect unfettered by those governing conditions which lead to wrangles over party walls and ancient lights, and the construction remains outside the bye-laws and restrictions which fetter the details of the town house, so that he can concentrate all his attention upon the design. Peace of mind is essential to that restful charm

which is so often lacking in modern work. There are experts who will, with considerable accuracy, deduce the character of the writer from the handwriting, and it needs no very subtle power to read from the building the character and temperament of its designer. You may see good sense in the use of the material, clearness of head in the simplicity of the plan, a well-balanced mind in the

an equal pleasure; yet the man is the same, his talent as brilliant, only it has been employed under less favourable conditions. Success itself sometimes carries with it a form of Nemesis. The Architect is distracted by the excessive demands made on his attention and time; he finds himself unable to give to his later work the careful consideration which won his early success, and his



DRINKING FOUNTAIN, HYDE PARK, BY W. R. COLTON.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. A. RICKARDS.

disposition of the masses, courage in the breadth of the wall spaces, imagination in the treatment of the skyline, wit in the contour of a moulding, and humour in an unexpected piece of carving, or miss some, or all, these qualities—as the case may be.

We speak of an Architect being at his best in some examples of his work, and feel a puzzled sense of surprise that, in another case, he fails to give us

best work is done on the threshold of his career. But if, on the other hand, he, the Architect, whether from strength of will or absence of temptation, escape this last disaster, his design, reflecting the firmer purpose and resolve which the lapse of time, well spent, give to his character, becomes, with the advancing years, more dignified, more calm. As he grows more self-reliant, he trusts less and less to

those quips and conceits which gave piquancy to his earlier work, and obtains his effects by a measured, peaceful solemnity, becoming to age and mastery.

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H. I.

ARCHITECTURAL TRANSLATIONS.

I AM of opinion that, in the interests of students, a strong protest should be made against the habit, when it exists, of publishers obtaining the services of incompetent translators for foreign architectural works. The fine work on Greek art, by Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez, had much of its sense obscured in the English translation, and hence much of its usefulness impaired. When it is compared with the admirable translations from former works of these authors by Mr. Walter Armstrong, the critic is placed in a position of much difficulty. Another work has been recently "translated," with a regrettable result. Three qualifications are necessary in order to translate a work: (1) a knowledge of the *original* language, (2) a knowledge of the *English* language, and (3) a knowledge of the *subject*. Especially is the third requirement necessary when the work is on a technical subject like Architecture; and if the habit of employing unclerical "translators" should become a serious evil, then the critic (on whom is laid the duty of pointing out the good and the bad) will have no option but to advise both student and public to let these bad "translations" severely alone.

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H. H. S.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S PRACTICAL SIDE.

MANY writers fail, I think, to do justice to the practical side of William Morris's character. As one who for many years sat with him on the Council of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, I do emphatically assert that one of his most distinguished characteristics was his practical nature. His allusions to himself as a "dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," were written in his early manhood, while still under the influence of the so-called Gothic Revival, and before his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered and chastened by contact with the world. Morris, early in life, in common with Nesfield, R. Norman Shaw, and other ardent followers of Pugin, abandoned the hope of reviving Gothic Art, and extended his admiration to all forms of Art—Elizabethan, Jacobean, Renaissance, call it what you will. That Morris was not wholly a dreamer of dreams is evidenced by his attempts to revive the almost extinct industries of stained glass, wood engraving, tapestry weaving, embroidery, type cutting, book-

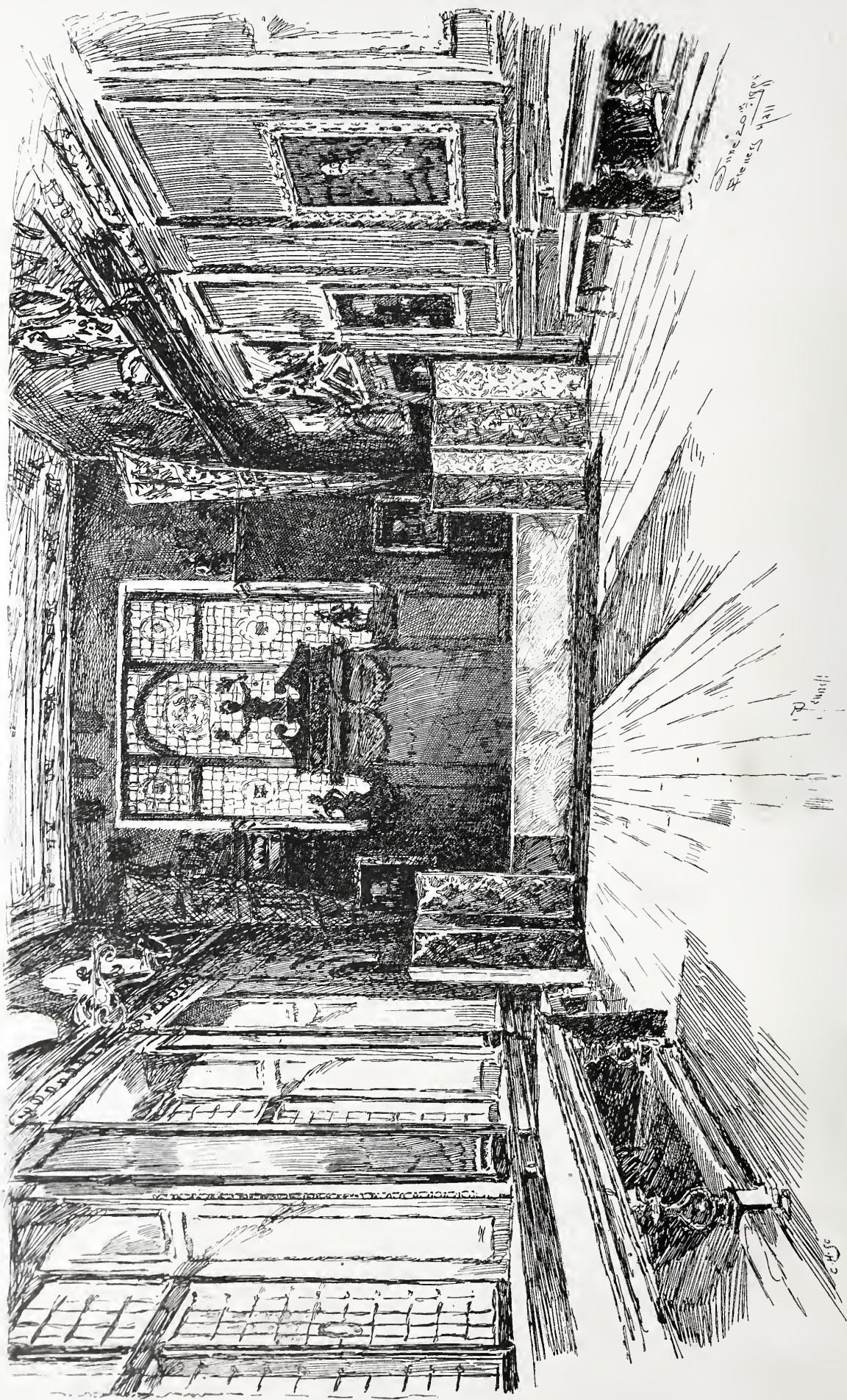
binding, and other arts, in all of which he achieved a certain amount of success, if he did not actually realise all he had hoped to accomplish. He very soon discontinued the manufacture of stained glass as an article of commerce, although assisted by some of the most eminent designers in this branch of art, being convinced that no good results could be obtained from the manner in which the manufacture was conducted, and in this, I think, he showed his common-sense and practical wisdom. His endeavours to raise the position of the workman, to give him an interest in his work, and to lift him from the condition of being "a mere machine of a machine," in which he was not unsuccessful, must be set down to his practical character.

J. H.

THE HYDE PARK DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

MANY opinions have been expressed by critics, competent and otherwise, upon the work of Mr. W. R. Colton, as exhibited in the fountain recently erected in Hyde Park. One of the incompetent captious ones had something so peculiarly ill-disposed to say about it that he must have been at some trouble to find words to convey his feelings. For my own part I think, and all those who have any claim to the artistic sense will say the same, Mr. Colton should be congratulated upon the design. Even if it be true that it lacks an Architectural note, there not being even a moulding of any kind, it is as near to Architectural treatment as he could well have gone. It should not be forgotten that the exigencies of its exposed position influenced in a great degree the design of the fountain. It was imperative that the design of the lower portions should be such that a little rough usage should not be of great consequence. Taking also into consideration its position near the Serpentine, the most suitable decorative forms for the basin and stem seemed to be those of flowing water. The upper portion being out of harm's way, the more delicate and important workmanship has been concentrated here, in the group of water-nymph and fishes. Our illustration is taken from a pencil drawing by Mr. E. A. Rickards, which shows the fountain in perspective, and gives an excellent idea of the strength and solidity of the base. People are apt to misjudge the size and scale of the work, but it is satisfactory to think that at last the County Council has awakened to the fact that it is no more difficult to obtain an artistic result, given a certain amount of hard cash, than an inartistic one. The more such creations are placed in the hands of competent artists the better.

A. B.



THE BREWERS' HALL:
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BREWERS' HALL: DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL: MEASURED BY ARTHUR STRATTON: LETTER-PRESS BY H. D. LOWRY.

THE hall of the Brewers' Company is another of the surprises of the City. To get to it you turn out

mean, "The Street of the Nobles," but there have been changes not a few since the days when Saxon was the popular tongue in the City, and, nowadays, the place is but a region of warehouses, much traversed by heavy drays, laden with unlively merchandise.

The gateway through which you enter the courtyard is an agreeable change. Two lofty Corinthian pillars stand on pedestals surmounted by entablature and carved pediment. The effect is distinctly handsome, though the narrowness of the street prevents your taking a proper view of the whole. That is the case with many of the things you would like to see in London.

The gate itself is refreshingly solid. You enter and pass down a short, wide, flagged passage, and come into the flagged courtyard, gaining at once a view of the

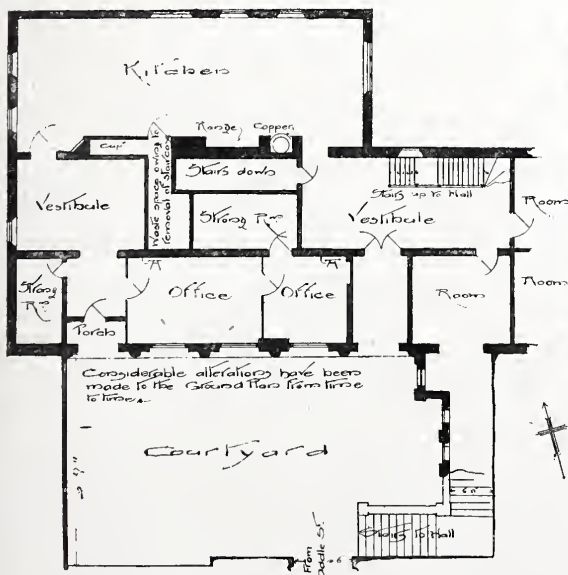


DETAILS FROM COURTYARD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. WONNACOTT.

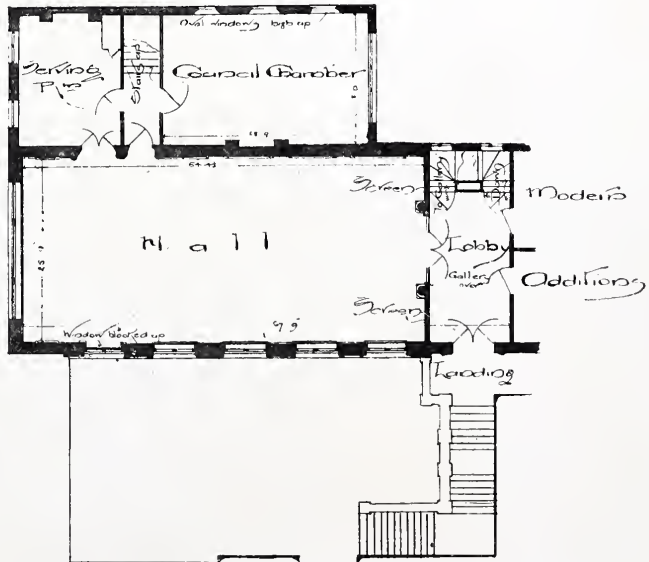
of Cheapside by Milk-street, and go along Aldermanbury to Addle-street. It may be that this was once what an antiquarian declares its name to

façade of the building. One of our illustrations shows the detail of this façade. There are five arches, the design repeating on either side of



PLAN.

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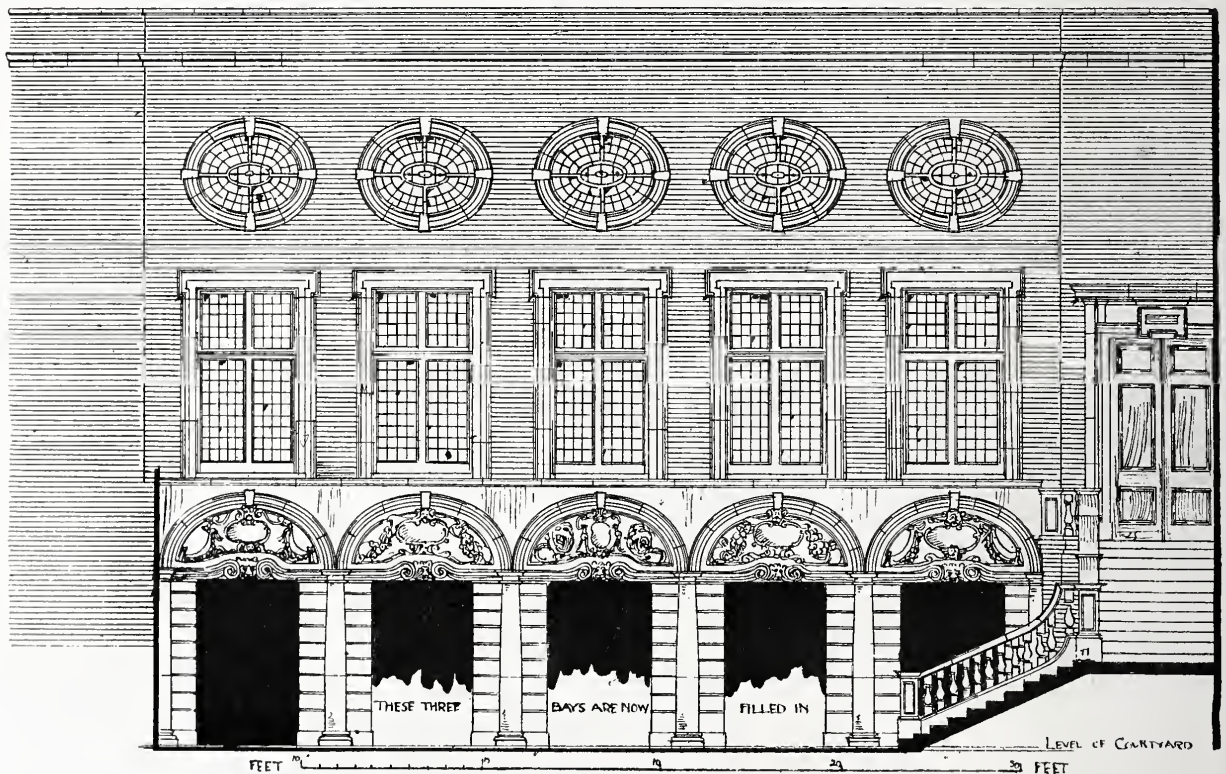
DRAWN BY ARTHUR STRATTON.

the central one. In the old days these arches were open, and formed a *loggia*. Since then, however, the need for increased office accommodation has caused a change, and the three central bays have been glazed and filled in.

The space thus inclosed forms the offices to-day, while the bays on either side are the ground floor entrances. Over that on the right a flight of stone stairs leads to the hall. That on the left leads to the entrance to the kitchen, and to the oaken staircase that takes you to the hall from the interior of the building.

To linger a moment in the quadrangle, the glazed bays are always more than half hidden from sight

There is nothing more characteristic about the halls of the City Companies than the kitchens. Usually, as here, they are spacious and fairly lofty, the floor being often flagged. Mentally you remember tales that have been told of the magnificence of dinners in the City. The kitchen of the Brewers' Company excites the imagination not less than those of other Companies. You feel that there is something lamentably amiss if it fall to your lot to visit it when there is not so much as the odour of cooking. Huge meals might be prepared here, and the whole place seems to be audibly protesting against its vacancy. Still, you will pause to look with no small interest upon



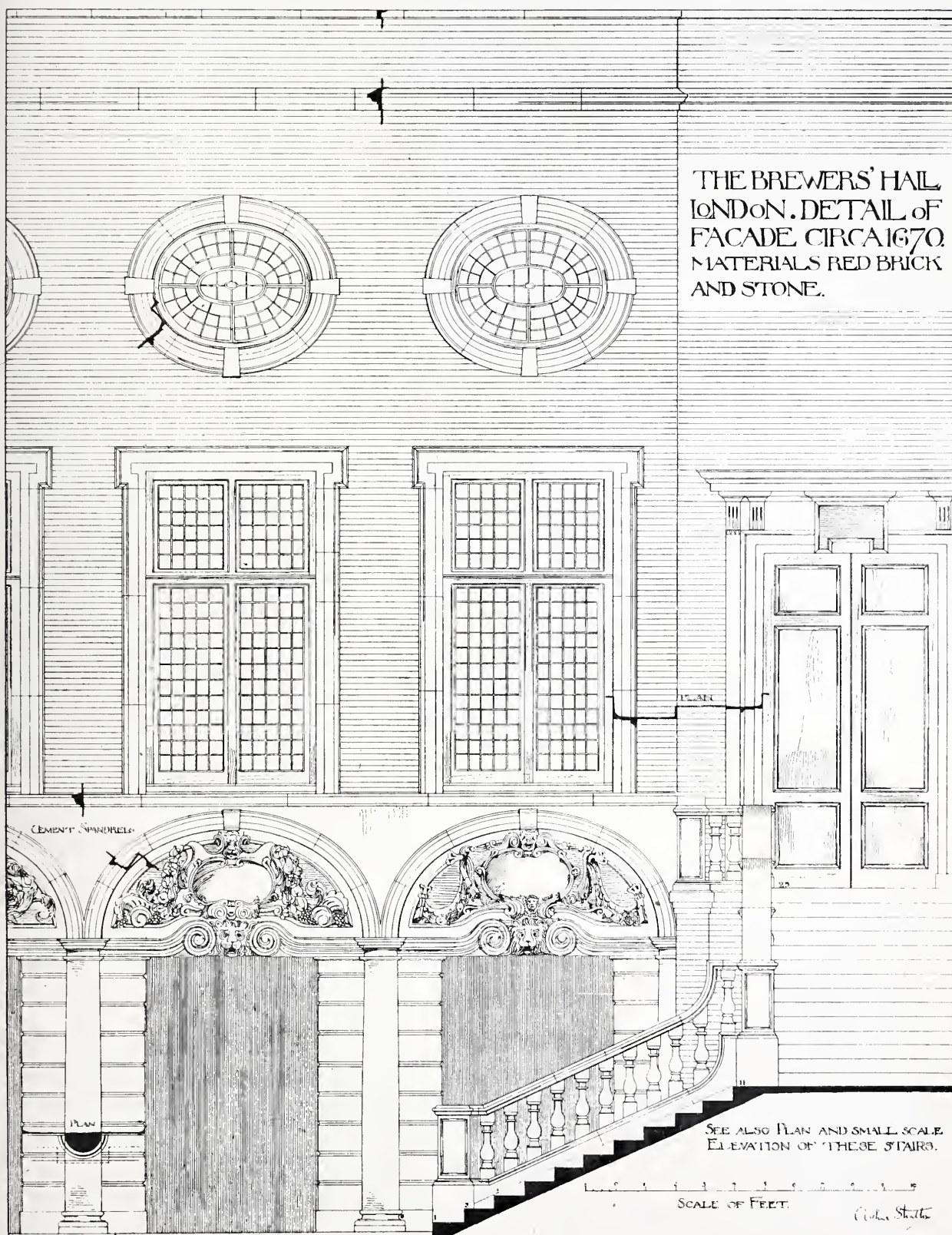
ELEVATION OF FAÇADE TO COURTYARD.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR STRATTON.

by big evergreen trees standing in huge tubs. The treatment of the lintels over them, and of the tympana beneath the three centred stone arches, is very characteristic, and was brought about by a desire to keep the floor of the Hall above below the level of the soffits of the arches. The lintels, with their boldly-carved scrolls and lions' heads are of oak, with the shields and ornament in high relief in stucco. The rest of the courtyard calls for little comment. It is all of the plainest red brickwork, and that of the façade is pierced with two tiers of windows. These give light to the Hall itself, and those of the upper tier are elliptical in shape. The whole plan of the façade is simple in the extreme; it is nevertheless effective, and that by sheer force of rhythmical repetition.

a very fine old leaden cistern, with curiously bulging sides.

Mounting the staircase you come to the Court Room. There can be few apartments in the whole of London that impress you more with a strange sense of dignified comfort and seclusion. You are in the midst of warehouses and other places where people are so busy that it cannot possibly occur to them to consider at any time whether they are quiet or noisy. You stand at the big window at the end of the room, and as you look out on a second courtyard, the residue of the Brewers' possessions, it seems that you have got right away from all those regions where noise is possible. Listen as you will, you can discover nothing to mar this impression of quiet and aloofness. The room itself is delightful.





SCREEN IN HALL.

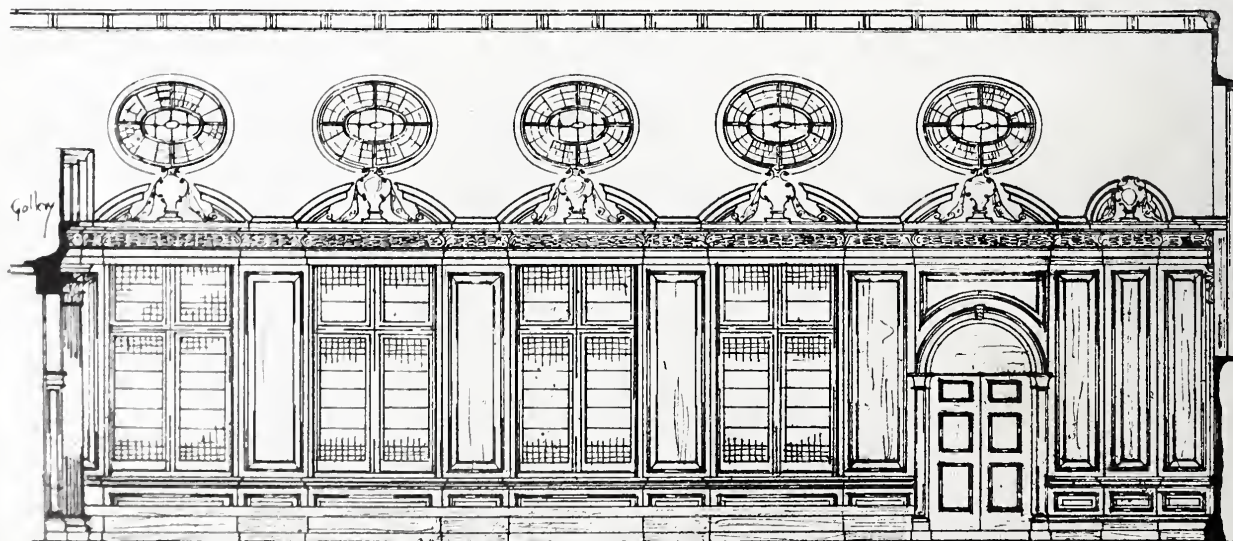
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. WONNACOTT.

There is much excellent wood-carving in these City halls, and the Brewers' are by no means poorer in this respect than many a richer and more important

Company. The fireplace is remarkably fine, and above it is inscribed, in large letters, that all may see, the name of him at whose behest the room was thus adorned :

THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SAMUEL
STARLING KNIGHT AND
ALDERMAN OF LONDON, A
WORTHY MEMBER OF THE
BREWERS' COMPANY DID WAINSCOTT
THIS PARLOUR IN THE YEARE
1670, THE SAID S^R SAMUEL
STARLING BEING THEN
LORD MAIR OF THE CITIE
OF LONDON.

The fireplace is a really exceeding fine one in a florid way, and it is entered by a very fine doorway, which is also rich in carved wood. It is certain that much of the work of this kind ascribed to Grinling Gibbons must have been done by other hands, since there are limits to the activities even of the greatest masters. None the less, the influence of the master often tends to righteousness, and there can be little doubt but that those who worked here were influenced by him. To the man who has a love for ships—the sort of love that the most of us can only get from books in this age of steamboats—this “parlour” will be especially delightful. The elliptical windows, high up in the walls, and the big oval table, give one the impression of being in the cabin of some magnificent ship of the old days ; and the table itself conveys the idea of a splendid old-world hospitality. To a generation



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF HALL.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR STRATTON.

accustomed to much evil-dining, an hour in that room—which, after all, is only the Court Room—should be a generous education. Before leaving it mention should be made of a

then razed to the ground. That is a commonplace in the history of the City Companies. But the present hall was built in 1670, when Sir Samuel Starling wainscotted the Court Room, and it is still in use. Most of the other halls, rebuilt about that date, have been again rebuilt in days more modern. The Brewers' Hall narrowly escaped destruction in the great Wood-street fire of 1883, but luckily the wind changed at the right moment, and by this act of Providence the place was saved. The great window at the end of the Hall was so damaged that it had to be restored, but, fortunately, it had been carefully sketched before this, and so it is now very much what it was of old. Here again you have quantities of excellently carved work, and portraits and coloured arms, stand out bravely against the dark oak. It is not a large hall, but it is certainly a handsome one.

As to the history of the Company, it is not much unlike that of others. The Brewers', however, if not among the twelve great Companies, can claim consideration as possessing records of greater antiquity than most of the others. Thus, although we do not know when and how the office of "Clerk" originated, we do know that it is first mentioned in 1418, when John Moxey, Clerk to the Brewers', is recorded to have died. Shortly after this, his successor, one Porland, was appointed, and granted "a free and quiet dwelling in the hall of the Company, commonly called the Brewers' Hall." The insistence upon the quietness of the place is not in the least to be wondered at. You can easily imagine that in those days

when London, as we know it, was not, the place was one of singular reposefulness.

The famous Dick Whittington seems to have been something of a thorn in the side of the Company. In 1422, having retired from the Mayoralty in the year before, he laid an information against the Company for selling dear ale. The Brewers' were convicted and fined £20, the Master being ordered to be kept in custody until the money had been duly paid. It would seem that Whittington was not above being bribed, and the Brewers' seem to have made up their minds that it was more than necessary to "square" a man who could make himself so choicely offensive. The fault of both parties stands on record against them to this day in

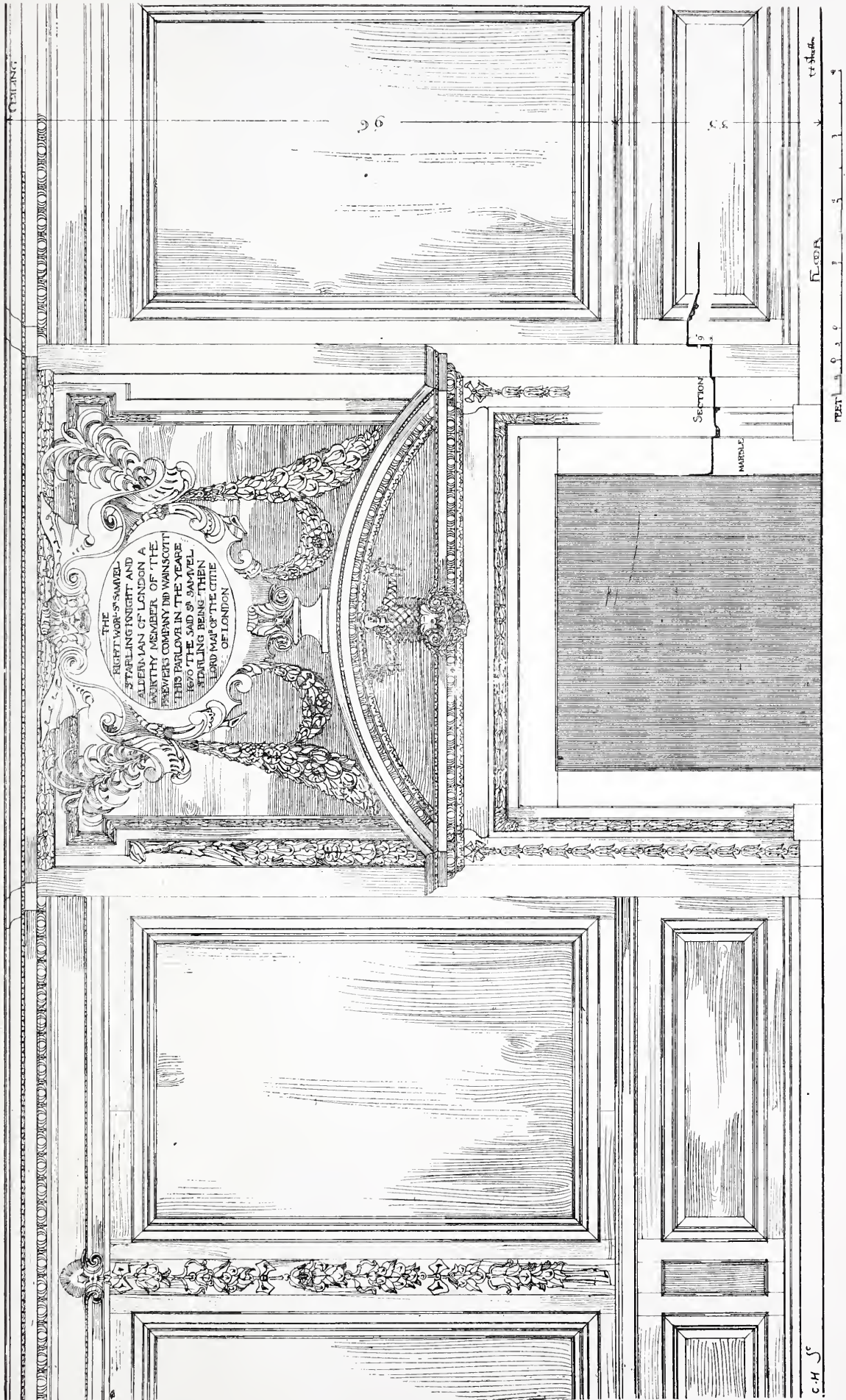


CHIMNEY-PIECE IN COURT ROOM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
W. WONNACOTT.

beautifully carved fire-screen, which is altogether in harmony with the rest of the apartment. The Brewers' have undoubtedly the best of reasons for pride in their Court Room.

You will remember that they are not of the twelve great companies, whose members elected the Lord Mayor, whose banners ornamented his procession, and to one of which he must himself belong. These are the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Taylors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners and the Clothworkers. But at least the Company may boast the ancientness of its Hall. Of course it had a Hall before the Great Fire, and of course this Hall was



FIREPLACE AND PANELLING IN COURT ROOM.

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY ARTHUR STRATTON.



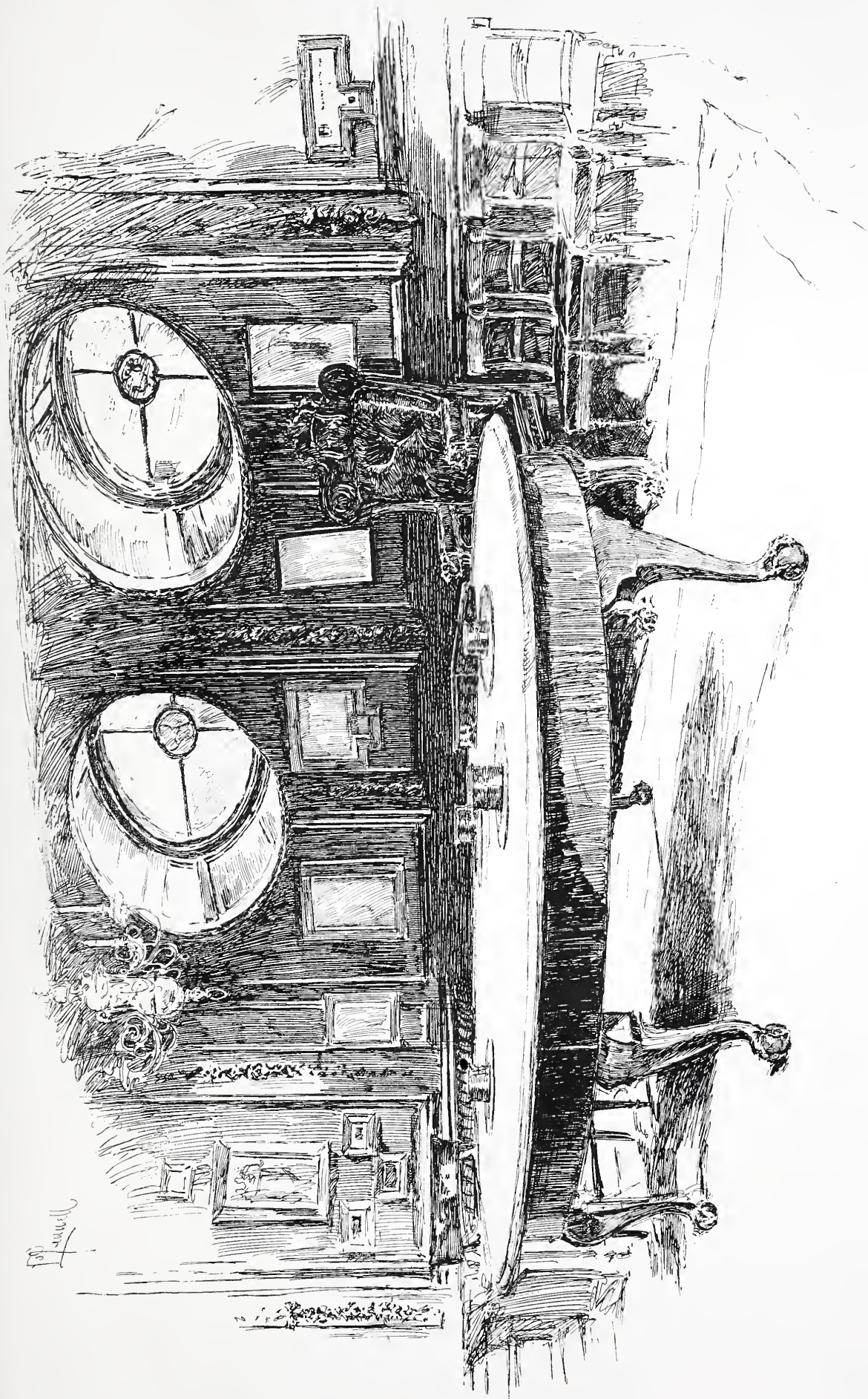
DOOR TO COURT ROOM.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

the books of the Company, there being entries that showed a debit of £7 3s. 4d. "for ij pipes of red wyne to Richard Whetyngton's butler," while to Robert Childe, his successor, no less than another sum of £13 6s. 8d. is charged "for gyfts to the Lord Maior." "A boar, price 20s., and an ox, price 17s.," were given to William Walderne, Lord Mayor in 1422, to "assuage his displeasure." Evidently they fed well in the City from the beginning. There is the account of a dinner eaten in 1419: it could scarce be surpassed for magnificence in modern days, and explains why such a kitchen was required:

First for 2 necks of mutton, 3 breasts, 12 marrow-bones, with portorage of a quarter of coals, 2s. 5d.; Item—divers spicery, 2s. 4d.; For 6 swans, 15s.; 12 conies, 3s.; 200 eggs, 1s. 6d.; 2 gallons frumenty, 4d.; 2 gallons cream, 8d.; Hire of 2 dozen earthen pots, 4d.; 1 quart honey, with a new pot, 4d.; Portorage of water, 4d.; 1 pottel of fresh grease, 8d.; 4 dozen pigeons, 4s. 4d.; 100 pears, 7d.; 11 gallons red wine, 9s. 2d.; 4 gallons milk, 4d.; White bread, 2s.; Trencher bread, 3d.; Payn cakes, 6d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ -bushel flour, 7d.; 1 kilderkin good ale, 2s. 4d.

The Company is not a wealthy one, but it annually dispenses large sums of trust-money. Among the minor guilds of the City, it holds an exceedingly honourable position.



COURT ROOM: BREWERS' HALL.
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WORK OF JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A. BY JOHN E. NEWBERRY: PART II: DOMESTIC.

I WOULD now treat more especially of Mr. Pearson's Restorations and Domestic Works; but before proceeding to consider these branches of the subject, mention should be made of a few of his more important churches.

Wentworth Church, Yorkshire, built for the Earl Fitzwilliam in 1872-76, is a good specimen of "Geometrical Gothic." It has a central tower and spire, and is built of stone throughout; the ceilings are vaulted in stone. New churches at Horsforth and Headingley, suburbs of Leeds, were commenced in 1874 and 1883 respectively. They are both

facéd internally and externally with Paddockhurst stone, a very pleasantly coloured material, which is said to withstand the action of sea air. The church, which is Early Geometrical in character, has lofty aisles, transverse arches across the nave, and massive open timber roofs of oak.

The Cemetery Chapel, Malta, illustrated on page 10, has been lately erected as a memorial to the donor's wife. It is quite different to any of Mr. Pearson's works, being in the Byzantine style. In plan it is sixteen-sided, with a porch at the west, and a chancel at the east. There are double circular aisles, the inner one having twice as many piers as the outer arcade. The dome, aisles, and chancel are vaulted in stone, the outer dome, at a higher level than the inner one, being also of stone built



HOUSE AT ROUNDWICK, SUSSEX, BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

stone buildings, with open timber roofs. Headingley Church is complete with its western tower and spire—internally it has a series of transverse arches spanning the nave, the walls above them supporting the upper part of the timber roof. This treatment Mr. Pearson has repeated with modifications at All Saints, Hove, and St. John, Redhill. Other important churches are those at Dalton Holme, Yorkshire; St. Alban, Birmingham; St. Agnes, Liverpool; St. John Evangelist, Upper Norwood; and St. Michael, Croydon.

All Saints, Hove, which has already been illustrated (see Part I.), will be one of the largest modern parish churches in England when completed. At present the nave, aisles, and south and west porches only are built, leaving the transepts, chancel, side chapel, vestries and tower to the future. The walls are

up in horizontal courses. Outside the chapel, and to the east of the altar, is the memorial tomb. The texture of the walling is somewhat smooth, but the photograph from which our illustration has been reproduced gives an idea of greater smoothness than is the case in the actual building, and fails to record the stone joints altogether.

The Catholic Apostolic Church, Maida Hill, Mr. Pearson's most recent London church, is also illustrated in Part I. by a pencil sketch of the west end, drawn by Mr. E. A. Rickards. It is interesting to visit this church after having been to the neighbouring one of St. Augustine, Kilburn, and to note the variety in treatment; here the whole interior is of a rich brown stone, Stamford and Weldon, and the lofty aisles and transepts produce a general effect of great spaciousness. The church is groined



LECHLADE MANOR HOUSE: THE ENTRANCE FRONT, BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

throughout, and has an apsidal termination. The side chapel is a gem of beautiful detail. In the illustration the caretaker's house is seen on the north beyond the church, behind it is a large room for meetings, and on the south side are the numerous vestries. The baptistery, an apsidal building projecting from the centre of the great western archway, is just visible in the sketch. Ultimately the tower and spire will be erected on the south side of the west front.

The churches mentioned are only some of Mr. Pearson's largest; there are numerous small ones scattered about England, of which Titsey Church, Surrey; St. Peter, Laverstoke, Wilts.; and Norley Church, Cheshire, might be cited as examples. Laverstoke is a flint church, with a central tower and spire covered with oak shingles. Norley consists of a nave, chancel, and north aisle, central

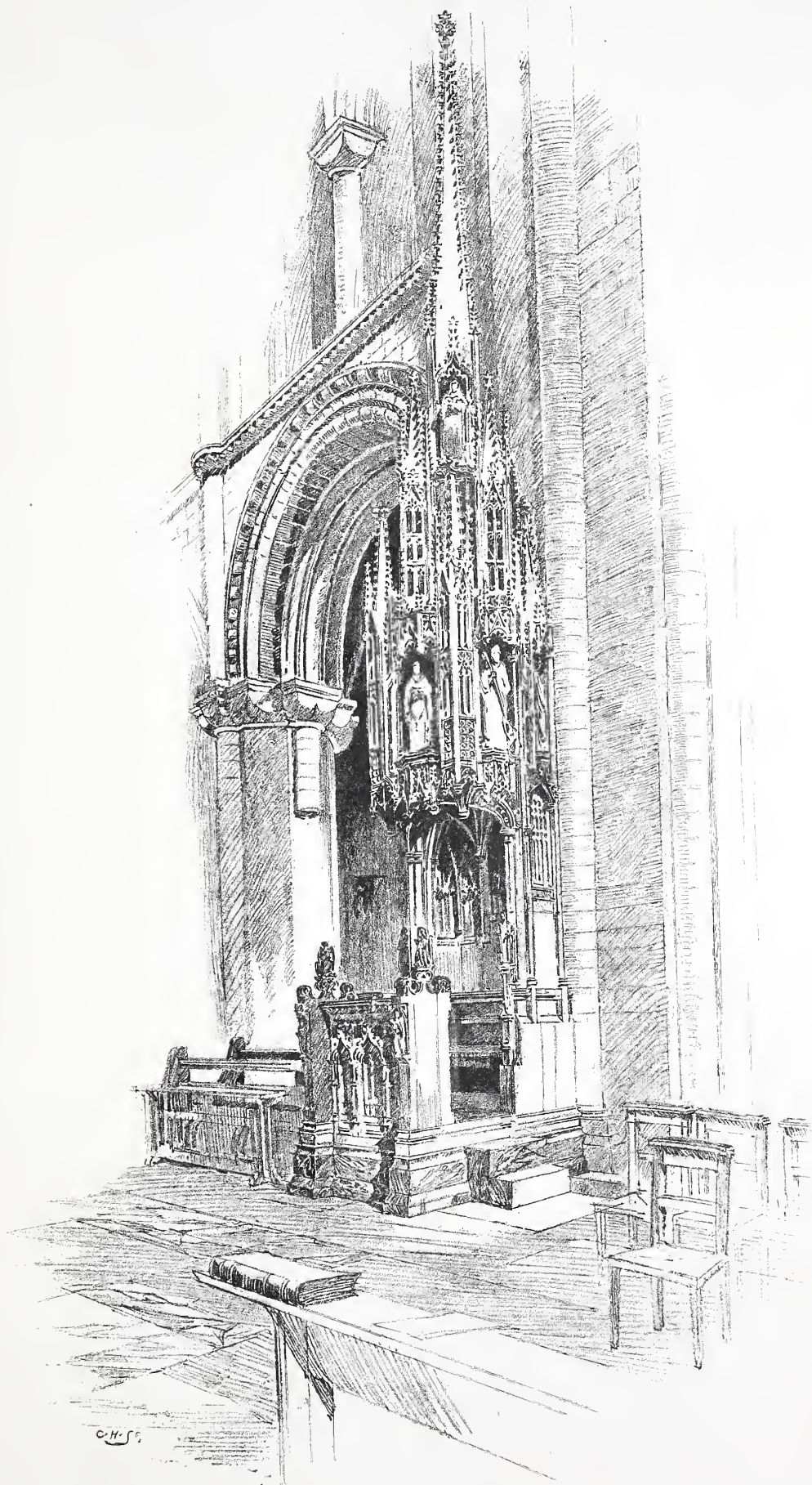
tower and south porch. It is built of stone, and is typical of a north country church. To describe even a few of Mr. Pearson's numerous restorations in detail would be much beyond the limits of this article, and brief notes of some of the more important can only be attempted.

Lincoln should head the list of Cathedrals, as it was the first entrusted to Mr. Pearson's care. The work has been wholly that of reparation, and includes the restoration of the groining of the north transept, taking down and rebuilding a part of the south-west tower, re-leading many of the roofs, the thorough repair of the chapter house, vestibule, and cloister, and extensive repairs on the north side of the Cathedral. At Peterborough, it was found necessary to take down the central tower and supporting piers, owing to serious settlements arising from bad

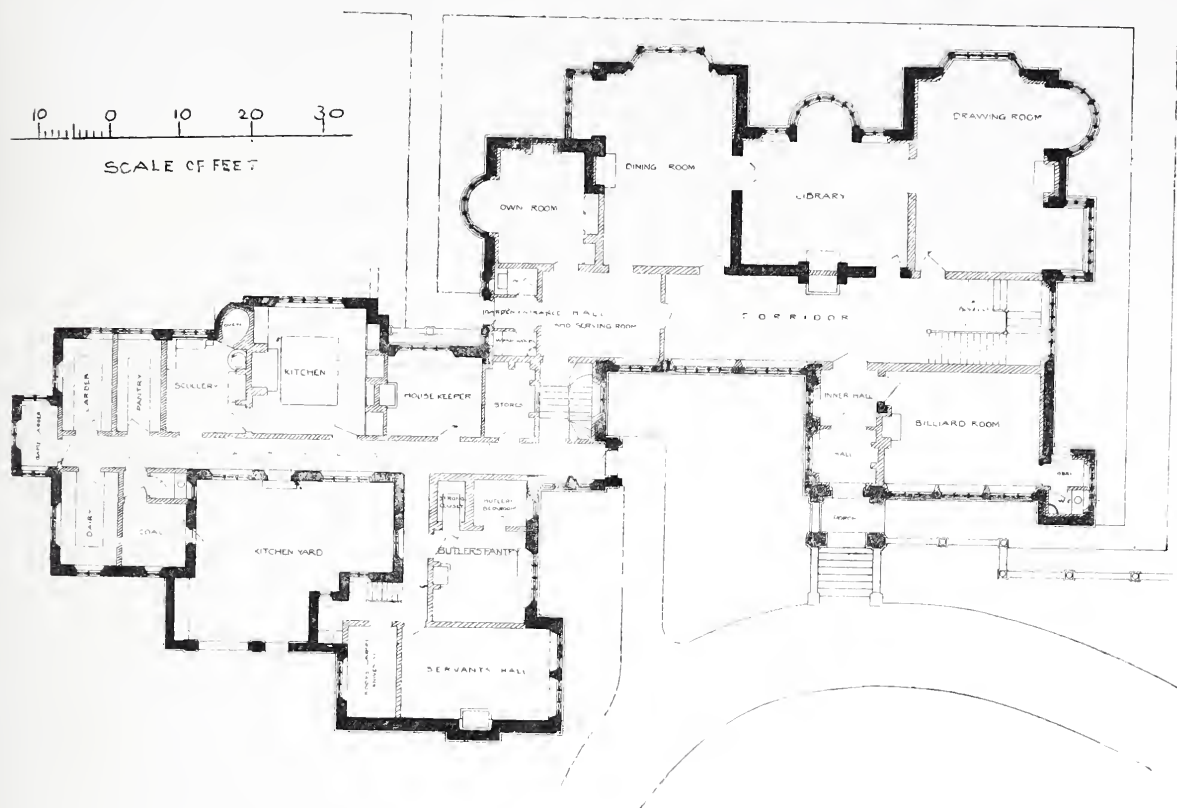


LECHLADE MANOR HOUSE: THE GARDEN FRONT, BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING.



THE BISHOP'S THRONE, PETERBOROUGH :
BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.
DRAWN BY C. E. MALLOWS.



PLAN OF LECHLADE MANOR HOUSE.

foundations. Here, as in all Mr. Pearson's restorations, every ancient stone was numbered and replaced in its original position. Readers may remember the controversy which arose as to whether the great pointed arches of the crossing should be replaced, or whether round arches, in harmony with the surrounding Norman work, should be substituted. The question was decided by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who advised that the pointed arches should be rebuilt. The re-arrangement of the choir has been lately completed, and our bird's-eye view of the sanctuary gives a good idea of the richness of the marble mosaic floor; an elaborately carved alabaster baldachino, inlaid with mosaic, has been erected over the altar; and the bishop's throne, canopied stalls, and oak pulpit complete a very beautiful series of ecclesiastical wood-work, which is excellently illustrated in the accompanying sketches by Mr. C. E. Mallows.

At Bristol, Mr. Pearson's work consists of the completion of the two western towers from Mr. Street's designs, the restoration of the fine "Early English" Lady chapel, and the north transept window. The central tower has been thoroughly overhauled and the choir re-arranged; the fittings for the latter have all been designed, but the marble floor and stalls are only carried out at present, leaving to the future the completion of an elaborately sculptured stone reredos, and a screen to divide the

nave from the choir. The northern walk of the cloisters, which adjoins Mr. Street's south nave aisle, has been skilfully restored, with ancient fragments of the original cloister used in the work. St. Augustine's gateway, at the west end of the Cathedral, has also been restored, the fine oriel windows over the arch, as well as the battlemented parapets and pinnacles, being replaced.

The beautiful Norman west front of Rochester Cathedral has been most carefully repaired under Mr. Pearson's direction, and the turrets completed. A stone screen has been erected here to divide the choir from the nave, enriched with a sculptured series of niches with figures of—reading from north to south—St. Andrew, King Ethelbert, Justus, Paulinus, Gundulf, William of Hoo, Walter of Merton, and John Fisher. At Exeter Cathedral, Mr. Pearson's principal works consist of rebuilding a portion of the cloister, and forming a chapter library over.

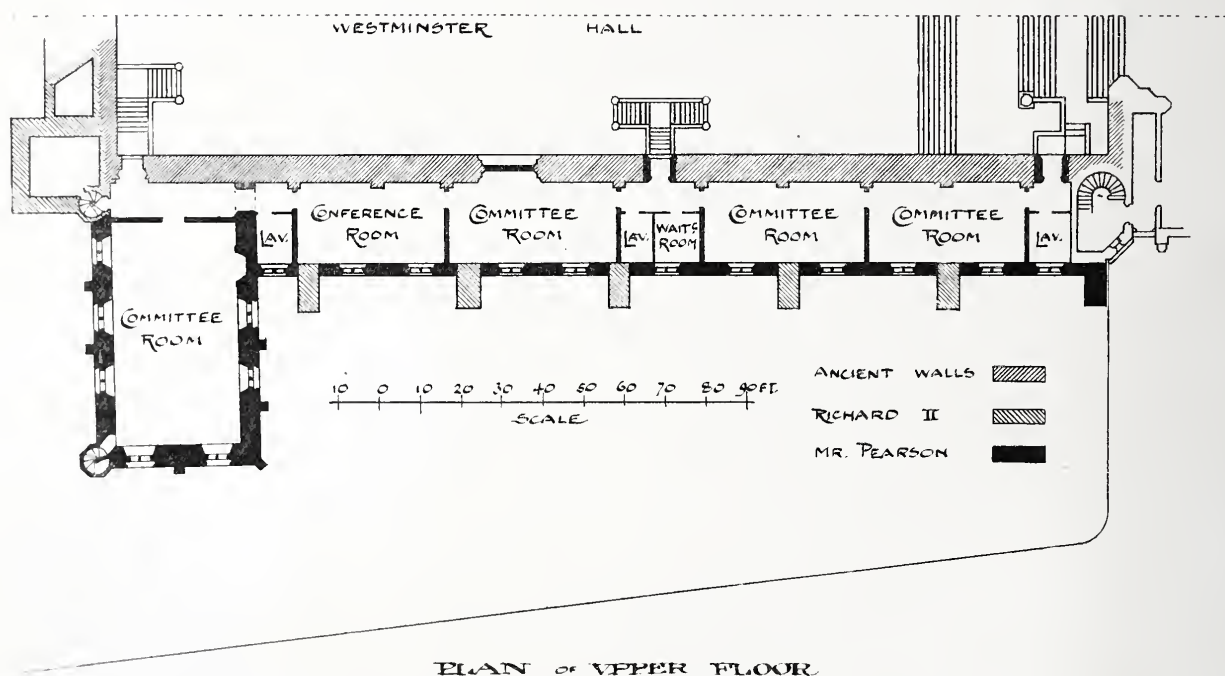
In London, the restorations of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall are well known. The principal work at the Abbey has consisted in completing the upper part of the great north transept, the three porches only having been taken in hand by Sir Gilbert Scott. Extensive reparations have also been made to the outside stonework and windows of the clerestory and triforium on the south side. The apse has been repaired externally, and its pinnacles restored.

Work has also been done to Dr. Bridge's house in the little cloister, and in Westminster School.

The restoration of Westminster Hall was the subject of a Select Parliamentary Committee in 1885, and Mr. Pearson's scheme was strongly opposed by some architects, who hold it wrong to attempt to restore or re-construct on the lines of buildings which existed in former days. But the committee, after hearing much evidence on both sides of the question, recommended that Mr. Pearson's original design should be carried out. The Report of the Select Committee on the Westminster Hall restoration is well worthy of study, and shows the immense trouble taken in the preparation of the design—over thirty plates are published therein giving the condition of the buildings at various

Treberfydd, in Wales, a good sized country house, somewhat after the manner of Haddon Hall or Compton Winyates, built in 1848. Following this was Quarwood, in Gloucestershire, a Gothic house with traceried windows, steeply pitched roofs, and many turrets. Roundwick, in Sussex, begun as a farmhouse, grew to be much larger, and will be seen by the illustration to be a picturesque building of stone, brick, and half timber work. The plan is cleverly arranged to suit the site, the principal rooms being grouped around a spacious hall.

Lechlade Manor House is illustrated by a ground plan, a view of the garden front from a water-colour drawing, and of the entrance front from a photograph. The plan shows that the house was an old one, the new work consisting of re-modelling



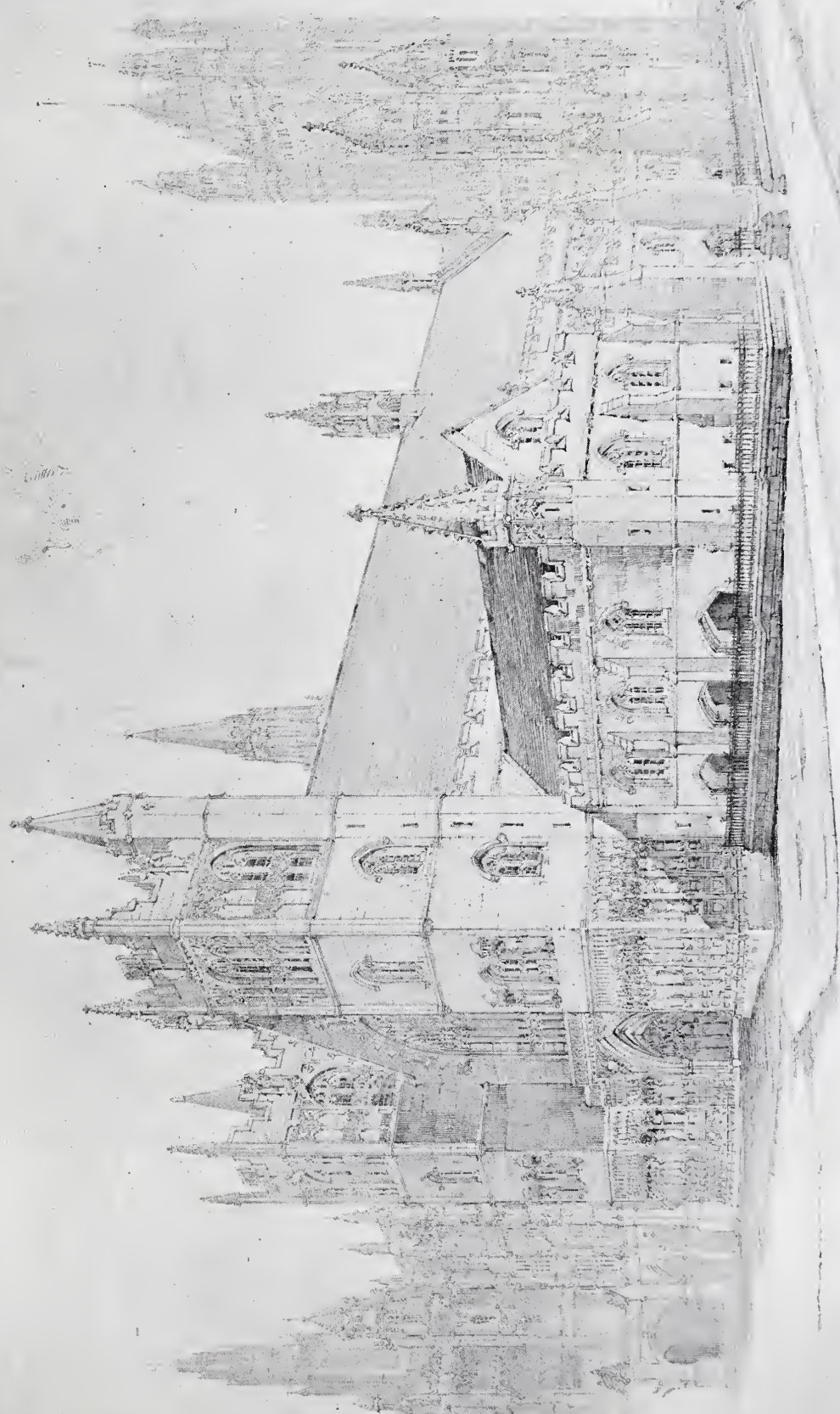
PLAN OF THE WESTERN BUILDINGS ATTACHED TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

BY J. L. PEARSON, R.A.

times from 1097 until the date of the report. The plan and perspective view which we publish show the extent of the new work, except that the northern towers flanking the hall have not been raised. It will be seen that the new work consists of a two-storied cloister, built between and under the flying buttresses, and a return building at the north, which has a groined ceiling below, and forms a carriage shelter, the spacious committee room above having a fine open timbered roof. The wood used throughout this new part is Burmese teak, and it is interesting to note that the stone (Ketton), which is weathering a beautiful colour, appears to be standing the effects of our London atmosphere very satisfactorily.

Mr. Pearson's domestic work, considered chronologically, should begin with the mention of

the interior and re-building the outside. An open porch leads to an inner one with a vestibule beyond, and this in turn gives access to a wide corridor extending the whole length of the house on each floor. The three principal rooms, which are picturesquely treated with bay windows and recesses, open out of this corridor or hall, and form one suite. The billiard room is kept apart, entrance being gained from the vestibule, or from a garden door outside. The business or "own room" is conveniently planned next the dining room, and near the garden entrance. The domestic offices are very complete, and are at a lower level than the main part of the house, thus enabling them to be subordinated to it. The principal staircase occupies one end of the corridor, and the back staircase leads out of the other. The exterior is a happy treat-



Edmunds & Co.

RESTORATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL.
VIEW FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

ment in stone, founded on a study of Elizabethan Architecture; warmth and colour being imparted to the whole by the red tiled roofs.

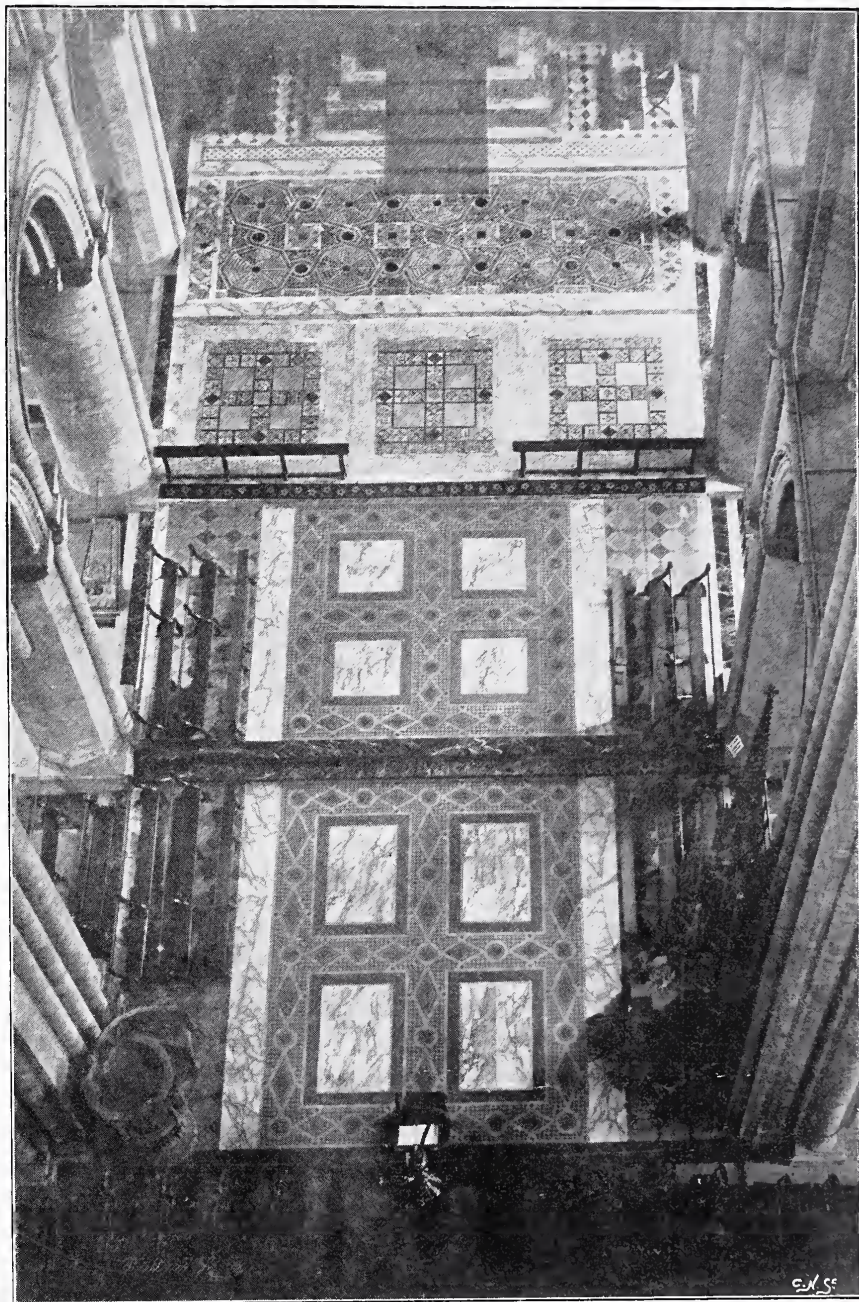
Westwood House, Sydenham, is not a new building, but has been completely re-modelled and extensively added to. As will be seen from the view of the garden front, the style adopted is that used in old French chateaux, and I believe is the only example of Mr. Pearson's work in this manner. It is very elaborately treated in gauged red brickwork, and no stone is anywhere employed. Internally there is also much beautiful work, a large music room being specially worthy of note.

At Cambridge, Mr. Pearson's domestic work may be advantageously studied, as he has made extensive additions to Sidney Sussex College, Emmanuel College, and the University Library. An illustration is given of the gateway to the quadrangle of the latter, which is an excellent example of the assimilation of old and new work, the archway and lower part of turrets being built in the 15th century, and Mr. Pearson's completion of the upper part and additions of the Library buildings on either side being done in 1890.

The office building on the Embankment for the Honourable W. W. Astor is a very important secular work. No expense was spared in the erection, and there is some very beautiful detail in the interior. The building is of Portland stone, the principal feature being Mr. Astor's own room, as it extends along the whole length of the front, and is treated with large mullioned windows and oriels. Internally the room is panelled in cedar, and has a fine open timber roof of Spanish mahogany, the chimney pieces are elaborately carved in cedar, and the floor is of polished mahogany. The library, which is at right angles to Mr. Astor's own room, is very sumptuously fitted up with satin wood bookcases and has a fine plaster ceiling and statuary

marble chimney-piece. The grand staircase, with its gallery and arcades around, sculptured figures by the late T. Nicholls, and varied treatment of choice woods, is also worthy of remark.

The before-mentioned buildings are only some of Mr. Pearson's principal domestic works. Mention

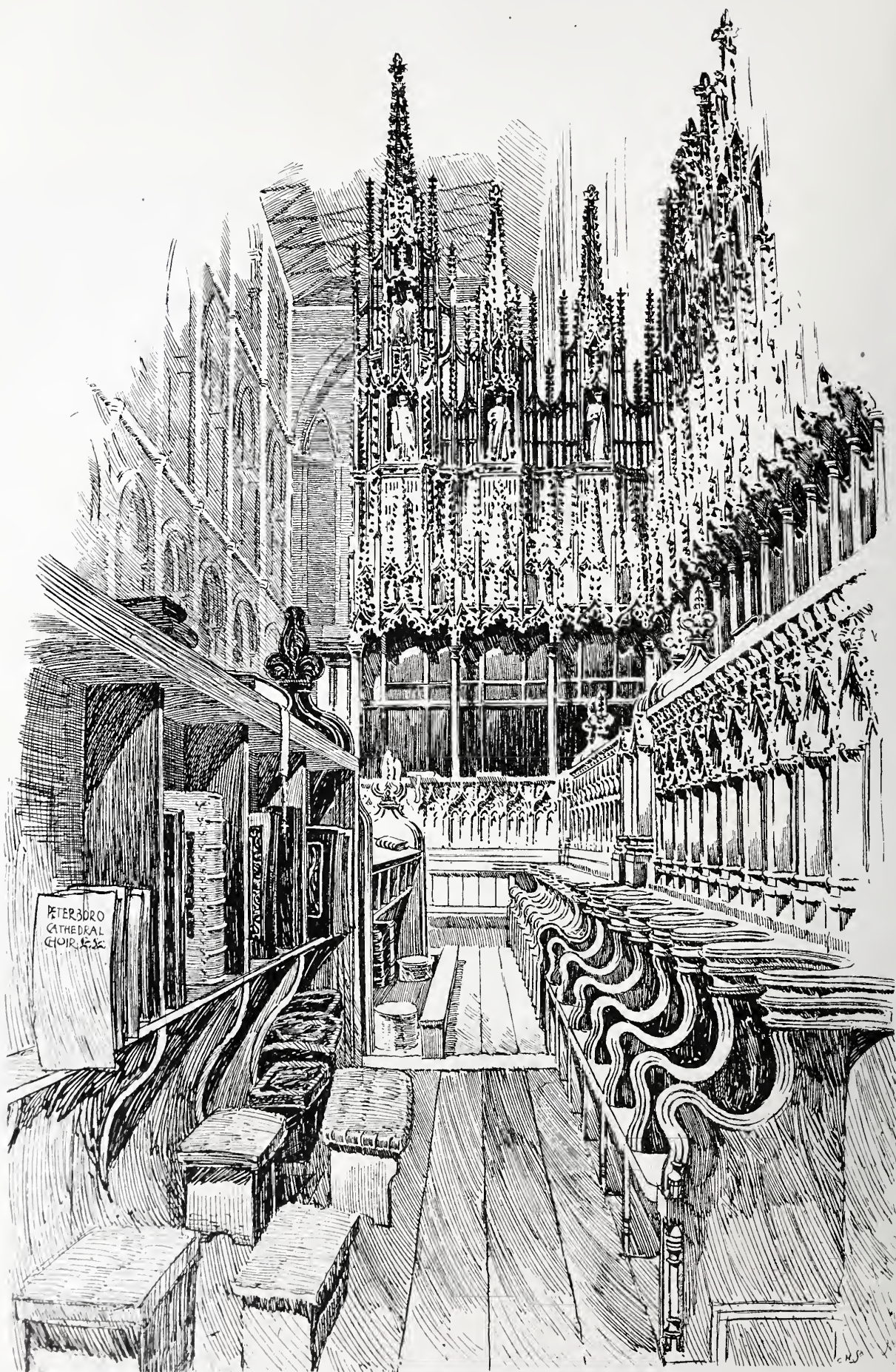


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SANCTUARY,
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

will be found of a few more, as well as of conventual buildings, in the list of his works overleaf.

Some of Mr. Pearson's more important works have now been briefly referred to, in all of which there is an individuality present that enables one who is conversant with his methods to recognise his hand. To describe this quality is most difficult, but, broadly speaking, I should say in all his works



THE CHOIR, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL, BY JOHN L. PEARSON R.A.

FROM A DRAWING BY C. E. MALLOWS.



THE GATEWAY, UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE. JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

a chief characteristic is simplicity of form and outline, great care being always taken not to interfere with it by inappropriate or coarse detail. This is particularly noticeable in his treatment of spires and turrets, where the outline is considered from every point of view. Another attribute of Mr. Pearson's buildings is, what must be described as the absence of hardness. It is no doubt due, to some extent, to his mode of finishing the stonework, for it is not rubbed perfectly smooth and set with very fine joints in the usual manner. His custom is to have the stone "dressed" on the face with a chisel, the joints are kept wider and set and pointed with a darker coloured mortar, thus accentuating the fact of the fabric being built up of separate stones. This treatment gives interest to a perfectly plain piece of walling, the surface having what is known among painters as "quality." The detail of Mr. Pearson's stonework is always interesting to study, as there is so much variety in it, and in the art of vaulting he is unsurpassed. However difficult may be the problem or intricate the plan, the result is always pleasing.

Reference can only be made to one or two examples of Mr. Pearson's treatment of decorative wood and metal work—such as the stalls in St. Augustine, Kilburn, and St. John, Red Lion Square, for early woodwork. The stalls in Peterborough Cathedral, and the Bishops' thrones there and at Norwich, as later examples, as well as the furniture of Truro Cathedral. The hinges on the doors of his churches are always good examples of real hammered ironwork. The screens in St. John, Red Lion Square, and Headingley Church are also typical. For work in the more precious metals, may be instanced the altar crosses for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Truro and Bristol Cathedrals.

Mr. Pearson seldom publishes any drawings, and, unfortunately, has not been an exhibitor at the Academy for it must be quite four years. A very large proportion of his buildings are therefore unknown to the majority, and it is thought that the following list of some of his works, arranged in their respective counties for easy reference, may be of interest.

In *Kent* are the restorations at Rochester Cathedral and Canterbury Cathedral (St. Anselm's Chapel), and works to the old churches at Willesborough, 1866; Frindsbury, 1882; Hythe, 1889; St. Paul, Maidstone, and East Farleigh. A mausoleum in the cemetery at Tunbridge Wells should also be mentioned, built of and standing upon a platform of granite, and lined with marbles and mosaic inside.

Sussex contains the new churches of St. Barnabas, 1882, and All Saints, 1890, both in Hove, with the vicarage; also St. Matthew, Silverhill, St. Leonards-on-Sea. New houses are to be found at Roundwick and Rustington. Mr. Pearson

is at present engaged upon works at Chichester Cathedral.

St. Stephen, Bournemouth, begun in 1883, and now being completed; and Highcliffe, 1889-96, near Winchester, are the new churches in *Hampshire*. Over Wallop Church was restored in 1865.

Parkestone Church, *Dorsetshire*, had its western part only completed by Mr. Pearson. Iwerne Minster, in the same county, was restored for Lady Wolverton.

In *Torquay* are two churches, All Saints and St. Matthias, the former being entirely new, and the latter a modern church remodelled. Restorations in *Devonshire* have been carried out at Exeter Cathedral and the churches of Dartington, Chagford, Swymbridge, Landscope, Atherington, and St. Pancras, Exeter. A new house for the Hon. C. Lawley was built at Exminster in 1889.

We have already referred to Truro Cathedral, and have only to add Devoran, in *Cornwall*, a private chapel five miles from Truro.

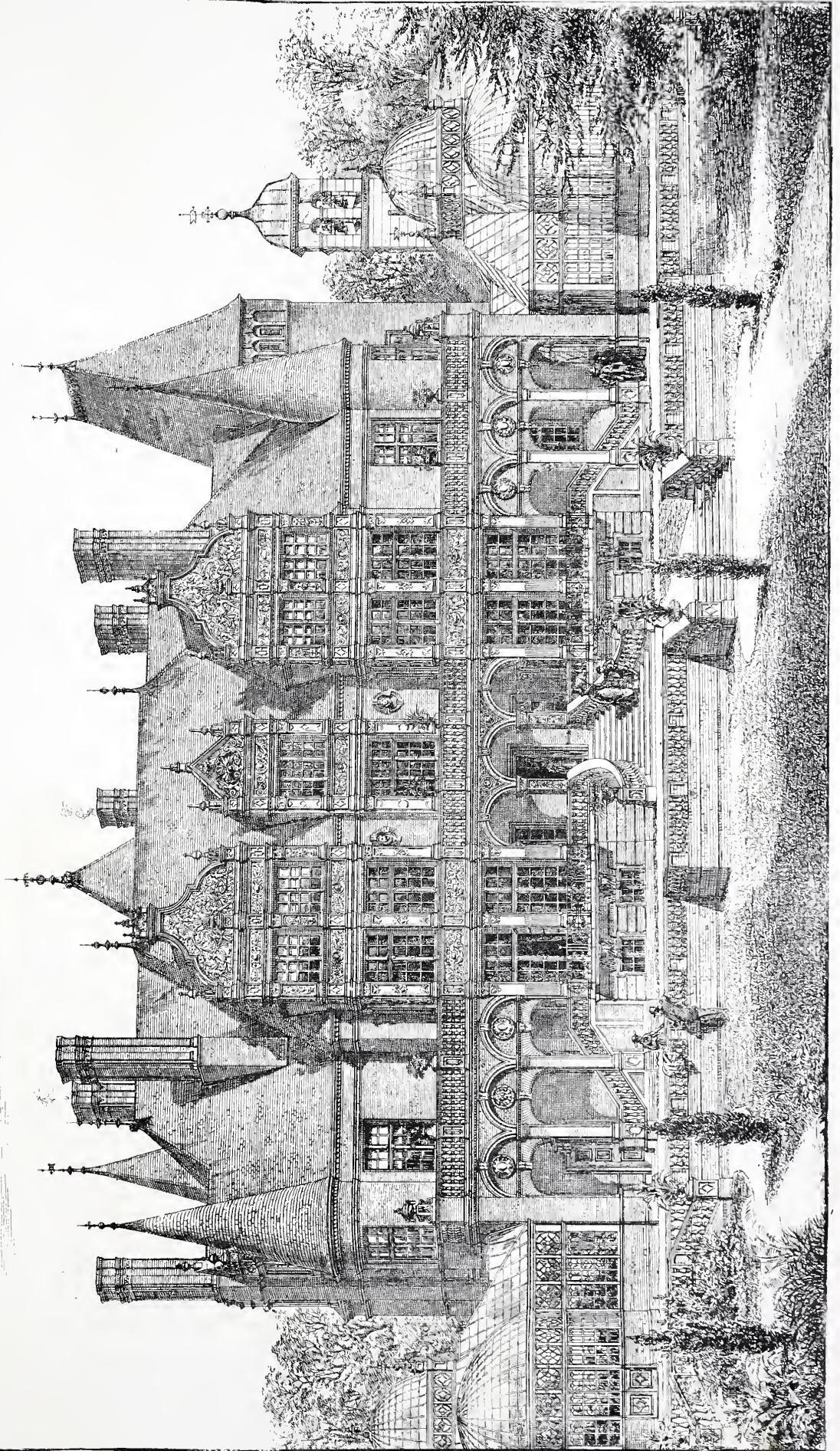
In *Somerset* will be found only one new church, Oakhill, 1860, and the restoration of Queen Camel Church, 1888.

The adjoining county of *Wiltshire* has new churches at Sutton Veney, 1866; Chute Forest, Porton, and Laverstoke; while the restorations are Idmiston, 1858; Charlton, North Newton, and Manningford Bruce, 1881. The latter, two miles from Pewsey station, is an interesting example of Early Norman work.

At St. Mary's Home, Wantage, in *Berkshire*, there are new buildings by Mr. Pearson; and at Ascot is a new church quite recently finished.

In *Surrey* are new churches at Weybridge, St. James, 1858, with additions at more recent dates; Titsey, near Godstone, 1859; Hersham, 1883; and the almost entire rebuilding of St. John, Redhill, 1891. There are restorations at Bletchingley, 1869; and Limpsfield, 1891.

London contains a number of Mr. Pearson's works. In or near it will be found the new churches of Holy Trinity, Westminster, 1850; St. Peter, Vauxhall, 1862; St. Augustine, Kilburn, 1871; St. John, Red Lion Square, 1874; St. Michael, Croydon, 1880; and St. John, Upper Norwood, 1881—the last four being all equally important. At Friern Barnet is the chancel of a new church, 1889; a chapel attached to the Middlesex Hospital was built in 1890; and the Catholic Apostolic Church, Maida Hill, in 1893. Of restorations there are St. Mary the Less, Lambeth, 1856; Pinner Church, 1876; Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall, Chiswick and Kingston Churches; St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; and All Hallows, Barking. Schools were built for St. Mary the Less, Lambeth; St. Peter, Vauxhall; and Holy Trinity, Westminster. Mention must also be made of the



"WESTWOOD HOUSE," SYDENHAM, BY JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

FROM A PEN DRAWING.

buildings at St. Peter's Home, Kilburn; Westwood House, Sydenham; the Canons' Houses, Westminster; offices on the Embankment, and extensive works at Carlton House Terrace, for the Hon. W. W. Astor. Studios for H. T. Wells, R.A., in Campden Hill; and for W. W. Ouless, R.A., in Bryanston Square. The porches of St. Margaret, Westminster, and font cover and sedilia in St. Andrew, Wells-street, are also Mr. Pearson's work.

Church restorations in *Essex* have been effected at Ashen and Braintree, in 1856, and a new house built at Great Warley, near Brentwood, and in *Hertfordshire* are the restorations of Ayott St. Peter, 1862 (since enlarged and almost rebuilt), and Pirton.

Buckinghamshire contains work at Eton College Chapel (the organ case 1888), new fittings in Aylesbury Church, and works at Clevedon for Mr. Astor, and at Freeland, in *Oxfordshire*, is a new church, vicarage, and school; and at Banbury a vicarage. In Oxford itself is the new chapel to the Convent, buildings at Cowley Hospital, and the figures and upper part of the reredos in New College Chapel.

Church restorations in *Gloucestershire* occur at Stow-in-the-Wold, 1846; Stinchcombe, 1853; Fairford (seating only), 1854; Nibley, 1859; the Mayor's Chapel, and the Cathedral, Bristol. Houses have been erected at Quarwood and Lechlade.

In *Herefordshire* Mr. Pearson has carried out some works of restoration to the Church of St. Katherine, Ledbury; and in the adjoining counties of *Worcester* and *Warwick* are new churches at Daylesford, 1859; St. Alban, 1879; and St. Patrick, 1896; the two latter being in Birmingham. The Church of Stoke Prior was restored in 1894.

Northamptonshire contains two finely restored churches: Ilchester, 1886; and St. John, Peterborough. The Cathedral has been mentioned elsewhere. In *Leicester* is the restoration of St. Martin's Church, and in *Rutland* that of Exton, 1852.

At *Cambridge* is the work to the University Library already referred to, the new wing to Sidney Sussex College, and additions to Emmanuel College, 1894. Ditton Church, in the same county, was restored in 1878. At Great Yarmouth, *Norfolk*, is the restoration of the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, said to be the largest in England.

Staffordshire contains a new church at Walsall, and an interesting restoration at Haughton. In *Shropshire* are the restorations of Shrewsbury Abbey and Cheswardine Church; and in the county of *Cheshire* are the new churches at Norley, 1875, Winnington, and Thurstaston, the latter being built for Mr. T. Ismay, who employed Mr. Norman Shaw to design his well-known house in

the same village—"Dawpool." Croton Vicarage is in the same county.

The churches of Babworth, 1858, and Saundby, in *Nottinghamshire*, have been restored; also Steetly Chapel, an interesting Norman building. Whitwell Vicarage, and Daybrook Church, near Nottingham, which has only been recently finished, complete the county.

The Cathedral of *Lincoln* has been already mentioned. Restorations in the same county occur at Lea, 1847; Stow, 1856; Cottesmore; Burley-on-the-Hill, for the Duke of Rutland; Eastoft; and Bracebridge, near Lincoln.

Yorkshire is probably the best county in England to study the development of Mr. Pearson's style, as he has done work in it from the commencement of his career to the present time. The new churches are Ellerker, 1843; Elloughton, 1844; Wauldby, 1844; Ferriby, 1846; Ellerton, 1846; Broomfleet, Scorboro', 1857; Dalton Holme, for Lord Hotham, 1858; Appleton-le-Moors, church and vicarage, 1863; Horsforth and Headingley, near Leeds, in 1874 and 1885 respectively; Wentworth Church; and vicarages at Clifton, near York, and Westow. The restorations are Bishop Wilton, 1858; South Cave, 1858; Bishop Burton, 1859; Hilston, 1860; Lasingham, 1862; Riccall, 1864; Hornby, for the Duke of Leeds; Hemsworth, 1864; Wooley Church, 1870; and Romald Kirk, 1894.

At Liverpool is the fine Church of St. Agnes, 1883; and in the same county of *Lancashire* is the church at Speke, 1881. With *Durham* and *Northumberland* we complete the list of Mr. Pearson's works in England, the former containing a new church at Darlington, 1888; and the latter one at Cullercoats, for the Duke of Northumberland.

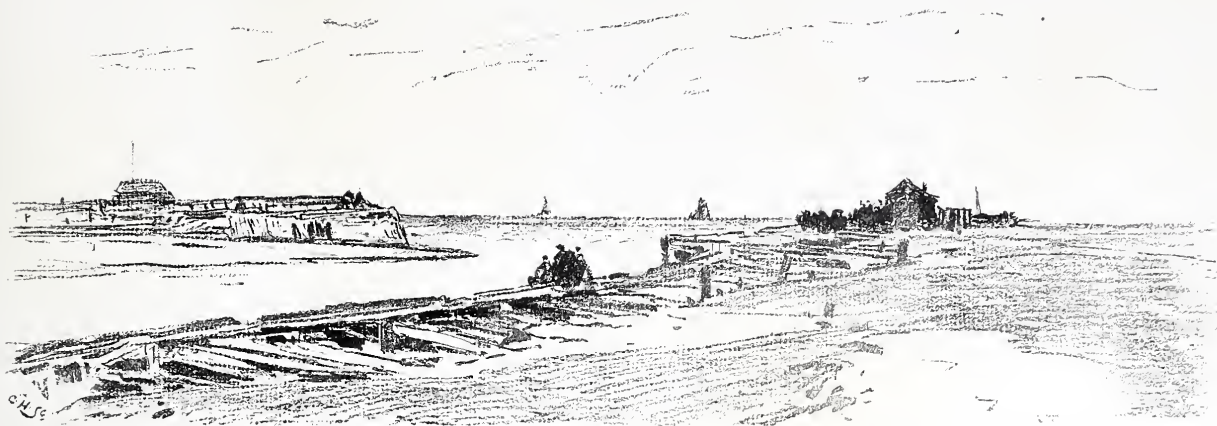
In *Wales* are new churches at Rhydydwym, 1860; Solva, 1875; Tretower, and Port Talbot, 1896; and there are restorations at Llangasty Talyllyn, 1848; Presteign, near Knighton; Llanbedr, 1896; and several others; also the mansion at Treberfydd in 1848. Kirkbraddan, in the *Isle of Man*, is a characteristic new church; and St. Matthew, Douglas, is now building.

Scotland contains the Glenalmond Infirmary, 1861; and the new Church of Holy Trinity, Ayr, 1888.

This list of works, which is by no means exhaustive, will give some idea of the nature and extent of Mr. Pearson's large practice.

In conclusion, I must express my indebtedness to Mr. Pearson for the loan of drawings and photographs, and for information that I should otherwise have been unable to arrive at. I also heartily thank Mr. John Codd for his very kind aid in supplying many of the facts and details recorded in these pages.

Walberwick - 26th Aug 95.
Geo. C. Haïté -



THE WORK OF GEO. C. HAÏTÉ, DESIGNER AND PAINTER: BY GLEESON WHITE.

INDIVIDUALITY is so curious and subtle an element that it may branch like a tree or strike one anvil, and that with a blacksmith's hammer. When one speaks of a man's individuality, one sums him up, as the phrase goes, forgetting that your total is but the addition of units, and that you must disintegrate your figures to check your accounts. You must take your man to pieces, or his work to pieces, in order to understand the power behind the blow, whether that blow makes for beauty or bloodshed. Mr. Haïté's strength makes for either, if you will interpret the latter figure for controversy. And the symbolism of Individuality can be carried further. It is the single-scented or the *pot-pourri* of character. This suggests gardens, and gardens Mr. Haïté grows with his brush. They are real gardens worthy of scents and of character. If anything, you would urge—any temperate critic would cursorily urge—that Mr. Haïté's work had too many sides; you are all round the garden; all round the landscape; morning dawns upon you; the sun sinks; the moon rises; the mists fall, the trees blossom—the fruit ripens; the river glowers—the river gleams. This is surely too bizarre. Individuality, branching like a tree, obviously. You express yourself so, and to your surprise and incredulity your artist rings *one* blow upon the

anvil in answer: Why should not a man attempt all? And, logically—but how far Logic is from Accomplishment—there is no negation to that war-cry for Art. But the breathless insistence either of power in Art or power in the elbow, has its consequences. There are dreaded words which are, or should be, as cursed as Mesopotamia is blessed. They have a singular echo in them, also, and something of David's stone in the sling. Of these words: Versatility and facility are arrow-headed. Nor is the British hauteur toward the man who can be versatile or facile confined to the layman.



FROM THE BRONZE MEDALLION, BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

For there is, perhaps, no quality which the average Craftsman distrusts so much as facility. And if such easy production be also somewhat fruitful, he is only too pleased to discredit it, not for lack of value, but merely because of its bulk. Although, at times, facility is a synonym for mastery, the great British public, with very few exceptions, distrust an impromptu effort, and prefer one that bears evident witness of long sustained labour. This is especially true where Art is concerned. Tell the man in the street that such a picture took seven years to paint, and he feels at once that its importance is raised. Indeed, one cannot help thinking that many picture buyers would be better pleased if a formal bill of so many hours work at so much per hour were delivered with the painting; for this would prove, from their own point of view, that they were getting good value for their money.

Consequently, to credit Mr. Geo. C. Haité with facility to an extent that for once justifies the use of the much abused word phenomenal, would be "praising with faint damns," and an unkind prelude to an appreciation, were it not that he has openly



DESIGN FOR MENU BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.



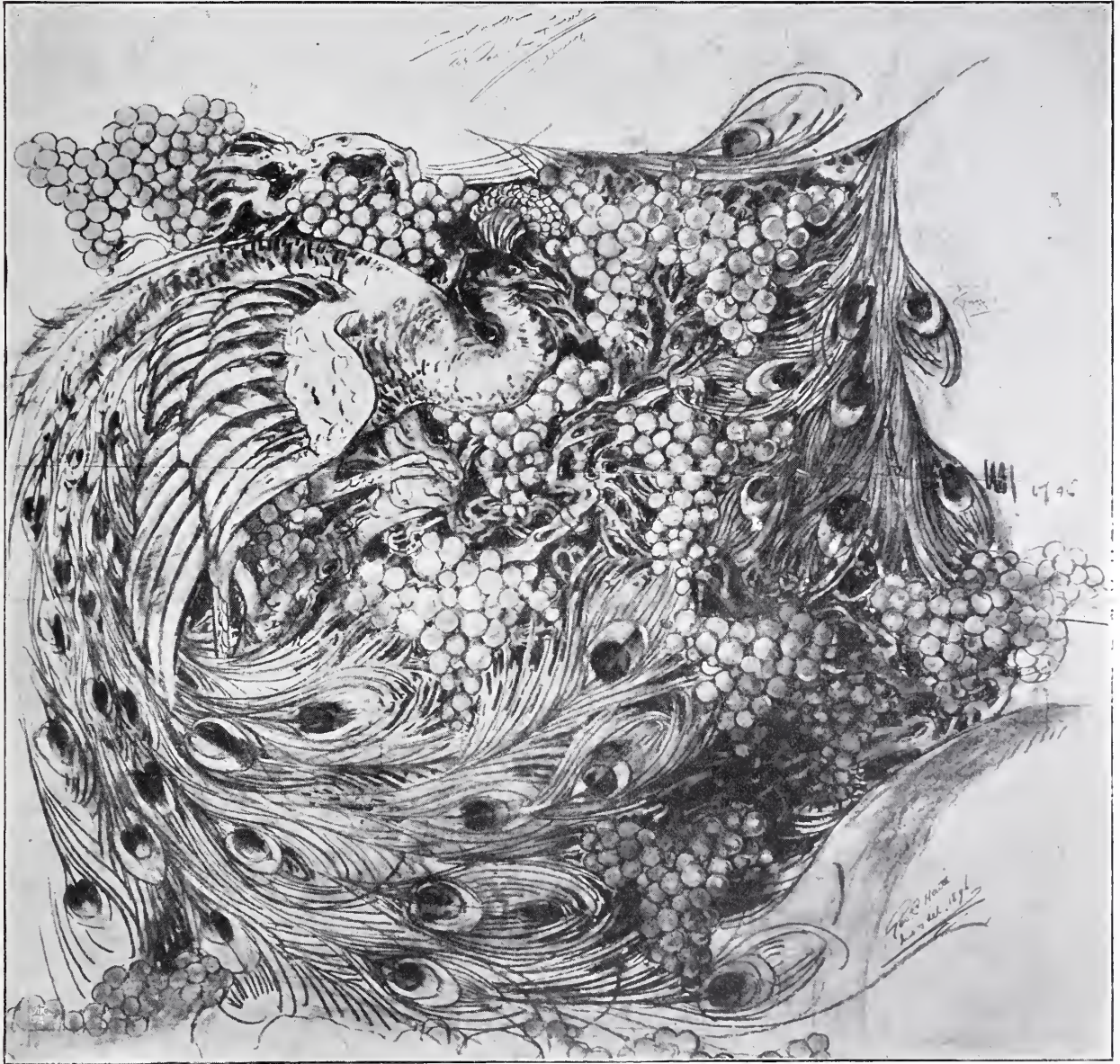
IRON DOOR FITTINGS DESIGNED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

proclaimed the fact, and filled a gallery with "two-hour" pictures, executed mostly at the Langham Sketching Club, of which he is the energetic president. For Mr. Haité's work is not what it appears to be, the result of sustained effort, but hot from the anvil. All the same, as hundreds—it would not be untrue to say thousands—of sketches, schemes, and designs which fill his portfolios, prove clearly, this rapid execution has been gained after years of serious study. Naturally, a facile manner produces things of unequal value, and the artist himself would be the last to appraise the work he turns off so lightly as a series of masterpieces. But with no wish to under, or over, estimate either the designs or pictures he has already made, it is sober fact to assert that no living artist could beat him in the matter of time—when he chooses to work at high pressure. It is also true that the question of time is absolutely non-important. It concerns no one, save the worker himself, how long he labours. It is the result, and the result alone, that is open to impartial criticism. But we must not forget that to distrust work because it was produced quickly is not more foolish than to believe that slow, laboured effort is always best. Neither one method

nor the other is more concerned with Art than are the personal details which are so often published of an artist's private whims, or his costume, his diet, his pastimes, or anything that is his. The work, and the work alone, belongs to Art, or not, as the case may be.

It is still more foolish to believe that the spontaneity which either Mr. Whistler or Mr. Phil May (to take two widely dissimilar artists) imparts to

mechanical production. A poem sings itself—for years, perhaps—before the poet writes it down. A fine effect of nature has attracted the painter time after time, and he has thought it out, and studied the delicate relations of colour and tone over and over again, before he finally commits his impression to pigments. Therefore, if we take "gestation" to mean the time from the quickening of the idea to its final utterance, the last fallacy may be based as



"PEACOCK AND VINE" SKETCH FOR WALL DECORATION BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

his finished work, is a proof that either the lithograph or the "slight" pen drawing was "knocked off in a few minutes." Another fallacy too often accepted as golden truth is that the lasting qualities of a work of art are in proportion to the time of its gestation. It is true that a thing done on the spur of the moment, with no forethought or pre-conceived intention, may die as soon as it is born. But a work of art is not made in the time devoted to its

fact. It is said that Mr. Sargent has painted several of his famous portraits in a single sitting, but the study which resulted in this masterly selection of essentials must be reckoned by years.

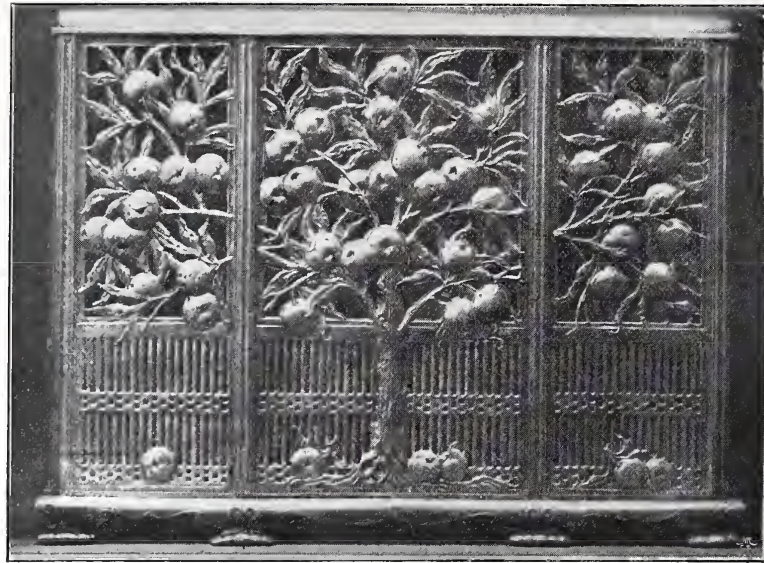
Let us be glad that the non-importance of time in this context is easily disproved. Were it otherwise we must accept the deadly-dull epic of a life's work as a masterpiece, and rank the Casaubons above the Macaulays. Yet the suspicion which the

brilliant essayist still provokes from many critics even to-day, shows how hard it is to justify a reputation based on facility. Your patient plodder may make a score of mistakes, and no one brings them

off," or built up with infinite care, and corrected over and over again before they took final shape. So, again, when you face a picture by Mr. Haité, this problem never vexes you; on the contrary, other qualities being equal, a landscape painter who works rapidly is, naturally, better equipped for transcribing fleeting effects of light and atmosphere. Two of the larger reproductions here show how very delightfully Mr. Haité catches, not merely the outward aspect of his subject, but at the same time its less obtrusive sentiment. Each again is obviously not a version of the subject which a coloured photograph might supply, but a personal selection of facts harmoniously composed to yield a picture which is quite another thing from a mere topographical view.

The one, "*A Venetian Fruit-stall*," aglow with colour and brilliant sunlight; the other, "*Twilight and Moonrise*," forms in every respect a contrast. You might guess that

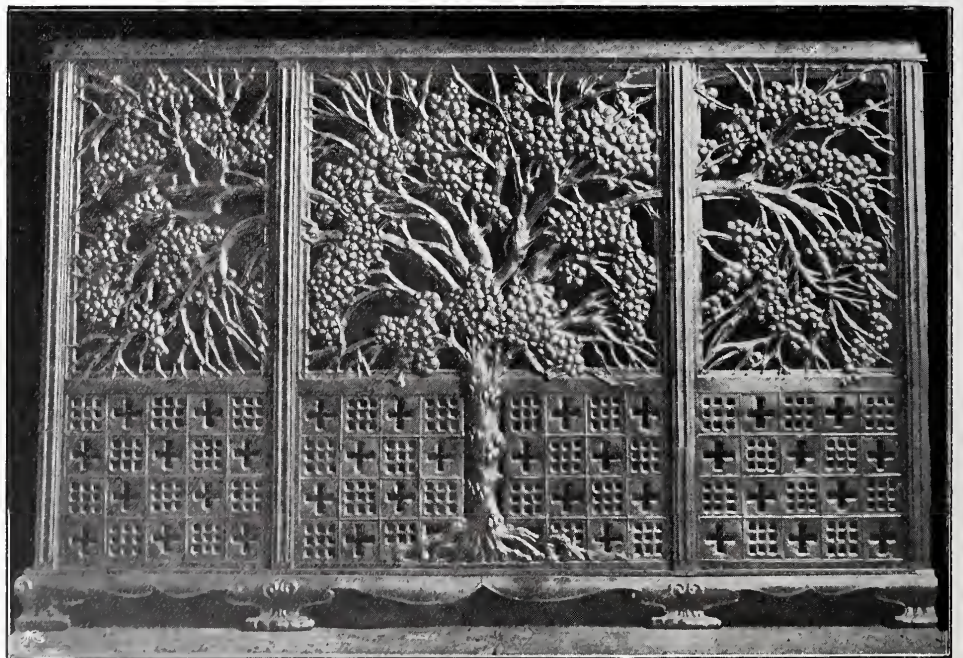
the artist was a designer from his choice of the Venetian subject, the decorative effect of the three repeating piers of the building with the hanging



COPPER GRILL, "AUTUMN," DESIGNED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

against his successes; but woe betide your crisp, rapid writer if he slips in his dates, or, by mere clerical negligence, writes "Tweedledum" when he meant "Tweedle-dee." Not even the easy grace of Mr. Andrew Lang's facile pen shall avail you then. A blunder set in brilliants is all the more conspicuous; and all your happy conceits, your pathos, or your profound thought, shall be at once declared tinsel because of the blunder. The dullest scribe who is as accurate as he is unreadable, shall find it more tolerable in the day of judgment than you.

It is because Mr. Haité's work requires no apology on account of the time he devotes to it, that this somewhat discursive chatter may be pardoned. You may live with his wall-papers and never once set yourself inquiring whether they were "knocked



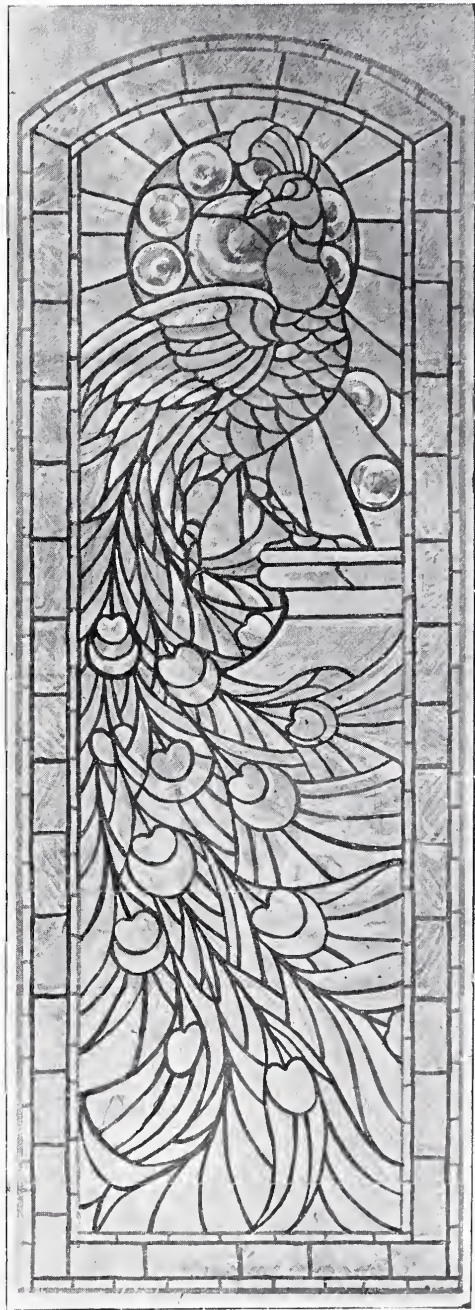
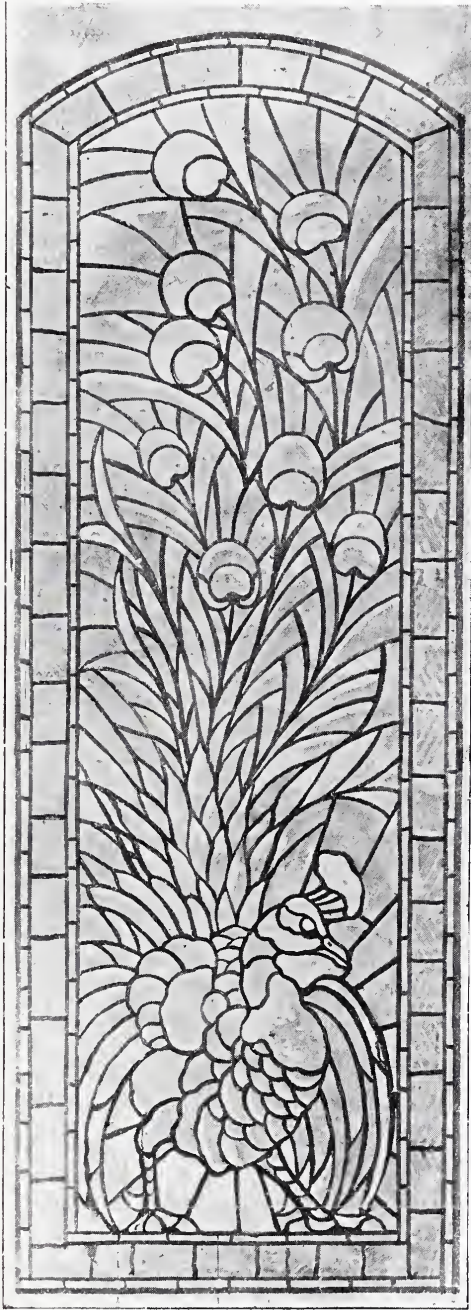
COPPER GRILL, "SPRING," DESIGNED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

swags of the awning, balanced as they are by the blank wall with a house towering above it to the left. It is foolish to discuss their colour in words, in each there is a fine colour scheme—the first in

brilliant, the second in lower tones, which represent the personality of the painter, and show no timidity on the one hand, or garish display on the other.

Two Langham sketches, "*On a Canal*" (barges by a bridge), and "*The Murky Ending to a Leaden Day*," are typical instances of Mr. Haité's vivid

—away from it—set down the impression they had received. Here, again, it is the result that proves the value; all the world has agreed that the Japanese achieved wonders in this mnemonic painting, but few have ventured to compete with them there. Of course, the pictures of Mr. Haité, as we see them in galleries, are neither



LEADED GLASS FOR PORCH, DESIGNED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.
7 FT. 6 IN. HIGH.

power of depicting landscape and out-of-door life from memory. Without unduly forcing the parallel, these sketches seem to me to be akin to the practice of Japanese artists, who, we are told, never painted their pictures direct from nature, but contemplated the scene or object for hours, and afterwards

painted from recollection, nor in two hours, but work done on the spot and done with all the enthusiastic sympathy for the subject that seems essential to make the spectator afterwards realise the beauties that attracted the painter.

Without breaking the attitude of reserve which



SOUTHWOLD CHURCH, SKETCHED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

seems in better taste when discussing the work of a comrade, it is impossible to avoid expressing the genuine pleasure that an hour or two spent in Mr. Haité's studio gives a lover of pictures. His love of lovely things is evident enough there, and not less certain is the mastery of dexterous manipulation which produces the result he desires. A picture of a farmyard with a threshing machine, another of a crowd by a sullen tossing sea, and a third of a fruit stall, each linger in memory, with a vivid impression of their delightful colour and harmonious truth, to an extent that very few of thousands of paintings one sees impress themselves upon you.

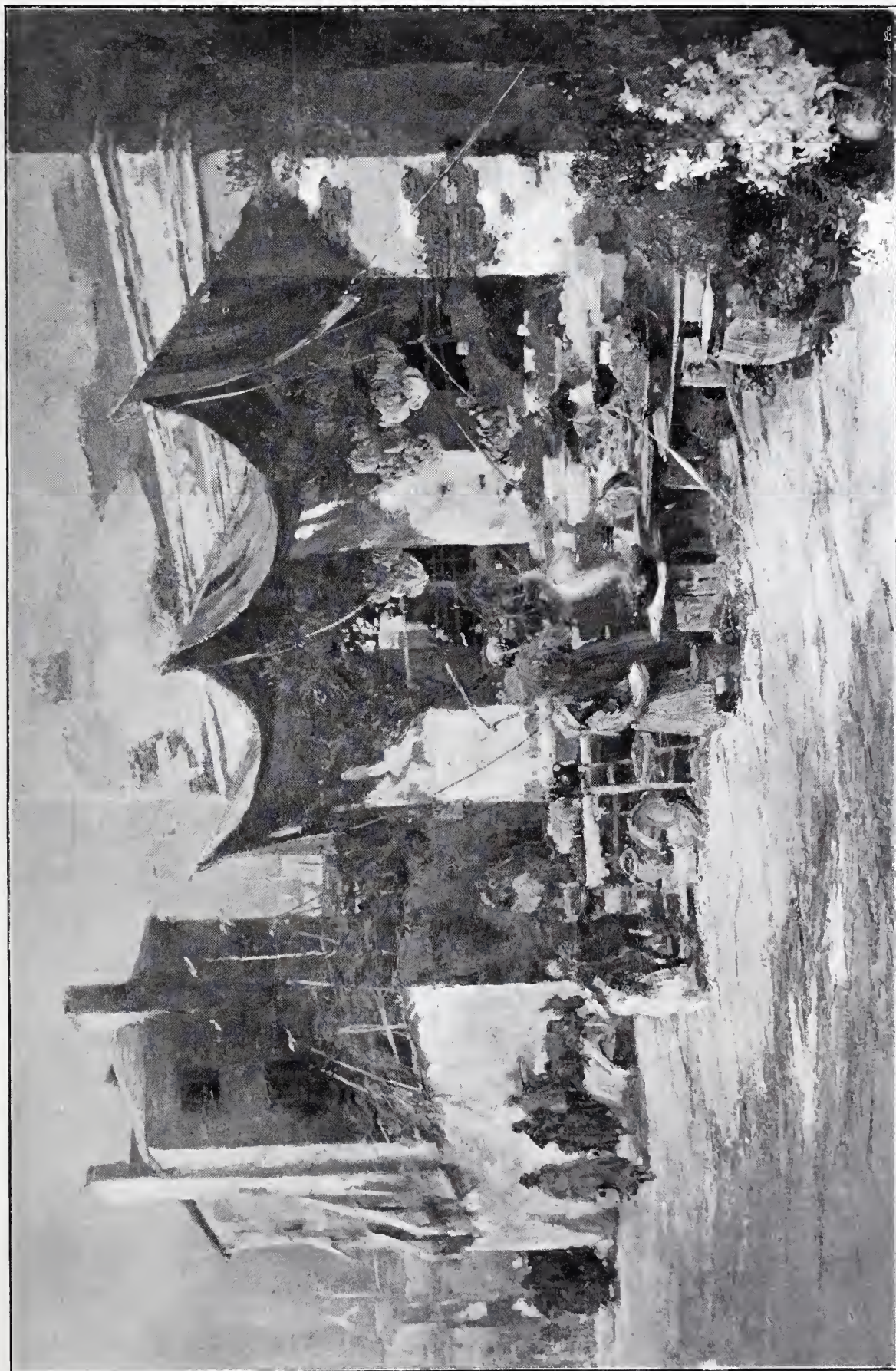
So, too, as you run over his portfolios of pencil sketches—now upon smooth paper silvery and delicate, now worked for composition in bold dashing line, and again entirely for "colour" effect in roughly indicated but surprisingly accurate masses of tone—you feel it is hardly fair treatment of the subject to leave these unseen things unpraised, and that the selection made, good as it may be, does no more than suggest the wide range of an accomplishment.

The full-page illustration of a farmyard is an excellent example of Mr. Haité's sympathetic use of the crayon, which should stand him in good stead should he ever experiment in lithography. Rapid and nervous as the lines are, you can but note the skill which has seized upon the essential features of a complicated subject, and, without omission of any essential, has given a record in as

few touches as possible. "*Southwold Church*" appears at first sight far more elaborately worked, but closer analysis shows that its tone is merely added to bring the tower itself into harmony, and prevent the diaper band above the big west window from asserting itself too strongly. The two scenes at *Walberswick* are delightful examples of fore-shores that have tempted many an artist's brush and etcher's needle before, yet Mr. Haité's version is quite his own, and, without ignoring the "line" which the etcher seeks, or the "tone" which is the water-colour painter's quest, he has given no little of both qualities without forcing the pencil beyond its legitimate power of expression. "*A Street at Deal*" shows no less sympathy with the contours and planes of houses; slight as the detail may be, each house in succession, as you examine it, explains its picturesque features without exaggeration.

But Mr. Haité as a painter—in whatever rank you place him—finds himself among others who are his peers; but when you consider him as a designer, then the number of even possible rivals is reduced to a very few; for each real designer, whatever be his nationality, must needs be strongly individual and intensely personal in his work. Therefore it is still more pleasant to discuss this aspect of his art.

And here one may note Mr. Haité's position as President of the newly-formed Society of Designers, a body which numbers among its members many of the chief contemporary designers. That Mr. Haité has been twice unanimously elected to this post is

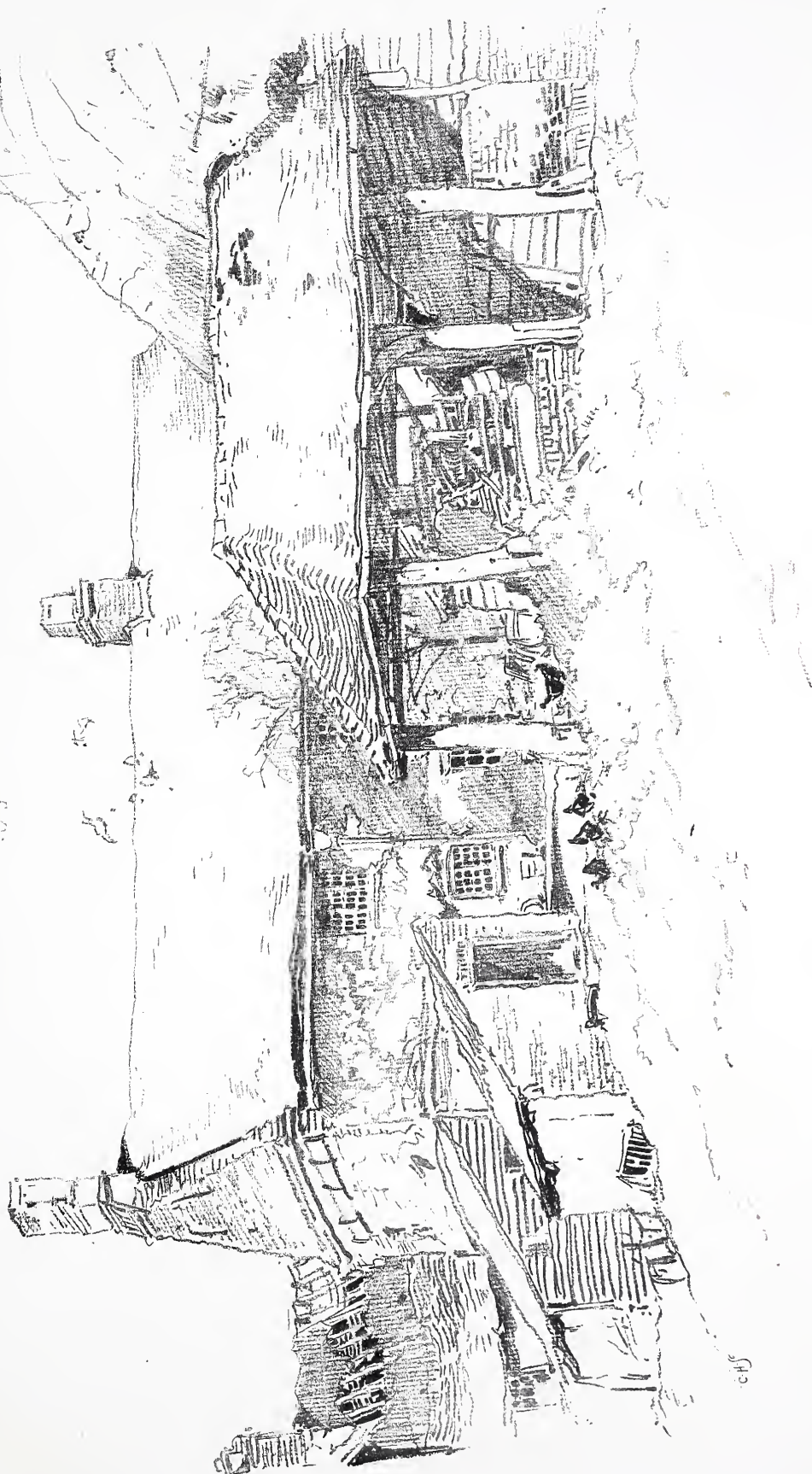


VENETIAN FRUIT STALL: FROM AN OIL PAINTING
BY GEO. C. HAITE.

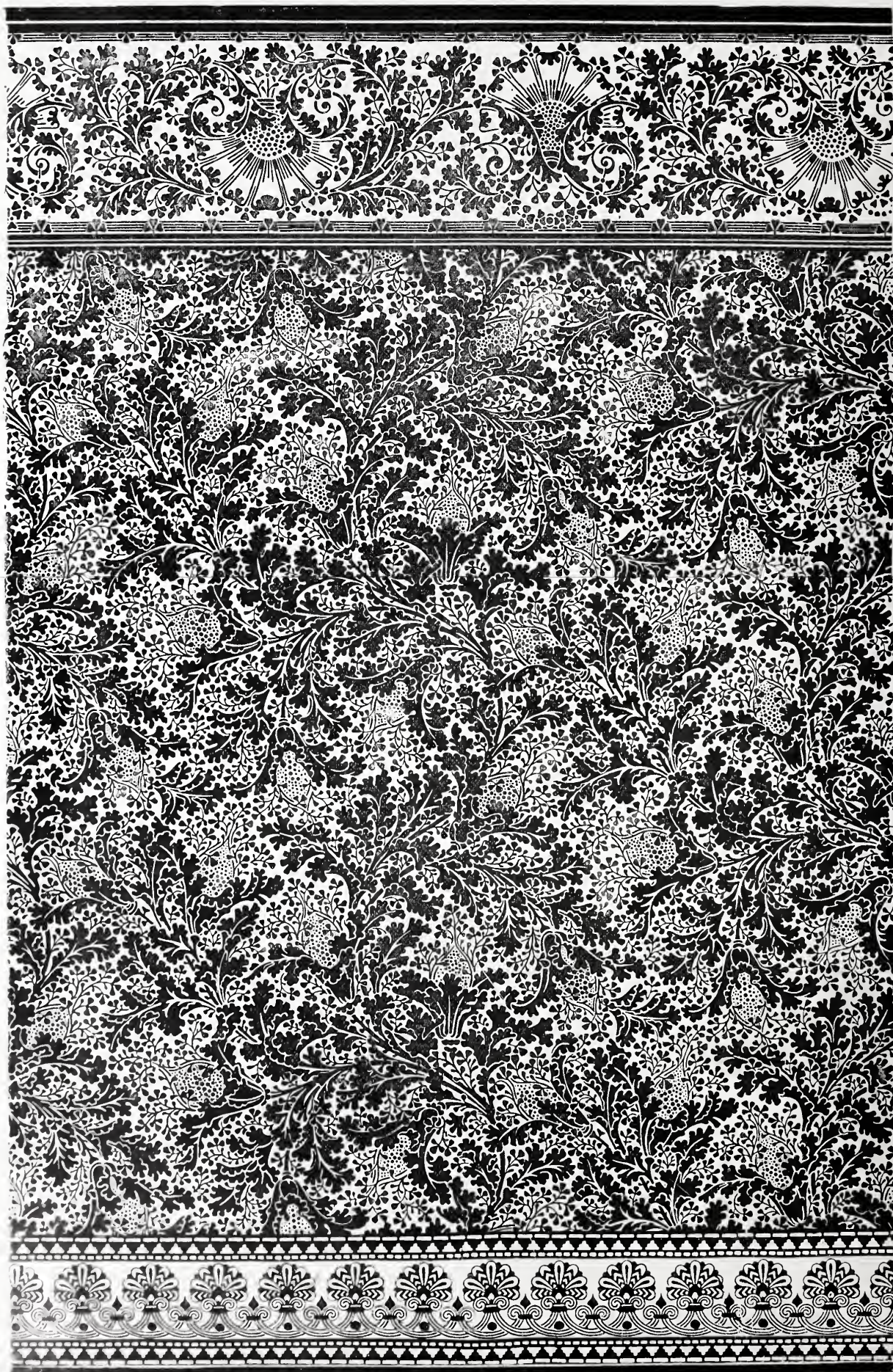


TWILIGHT AND MOONRISE: FROM AN OIL PAINTING.
BY GEO. C. HAITE.

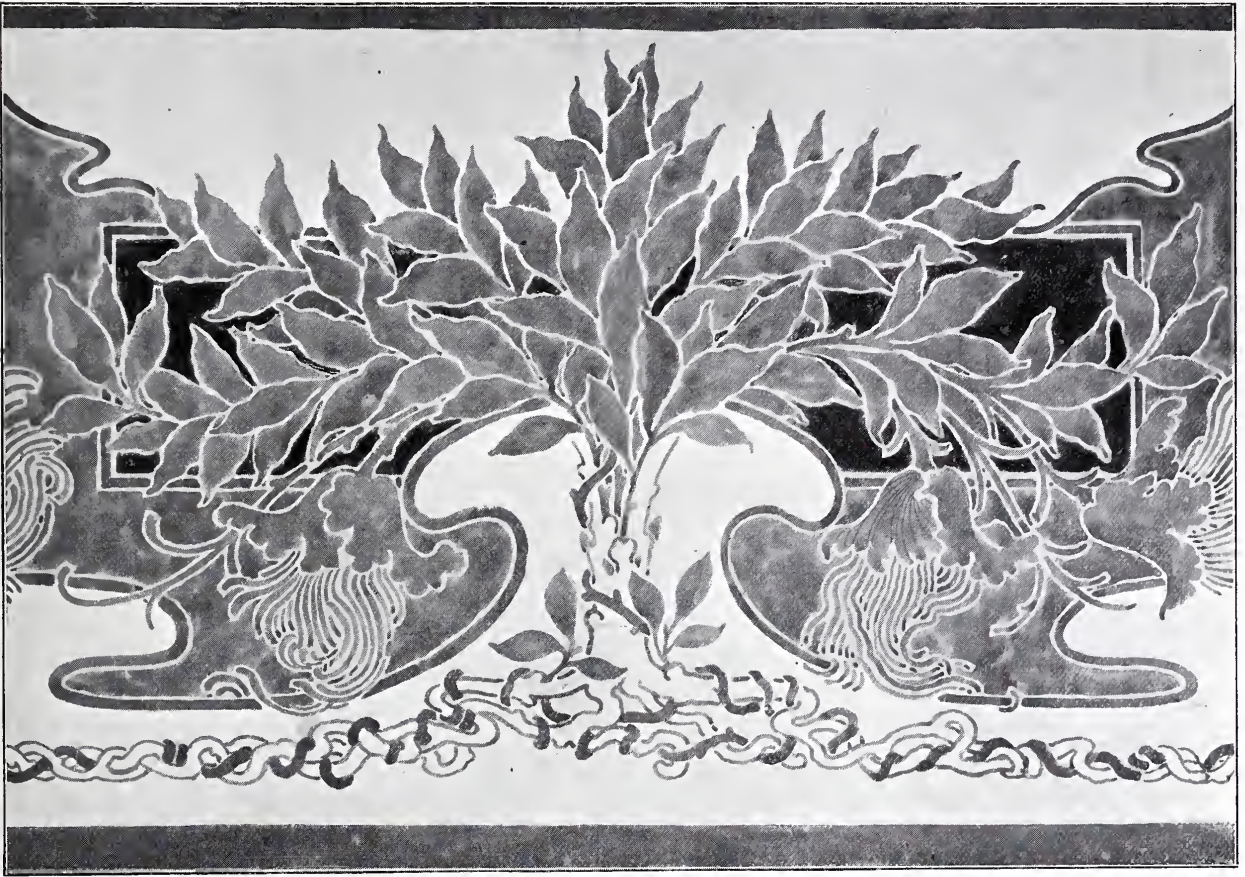
30 Sept 96
Geo. C. Haite.



FARM BUILDINGS, DEAL. SKETCHED BY GEO. C. HAITE.



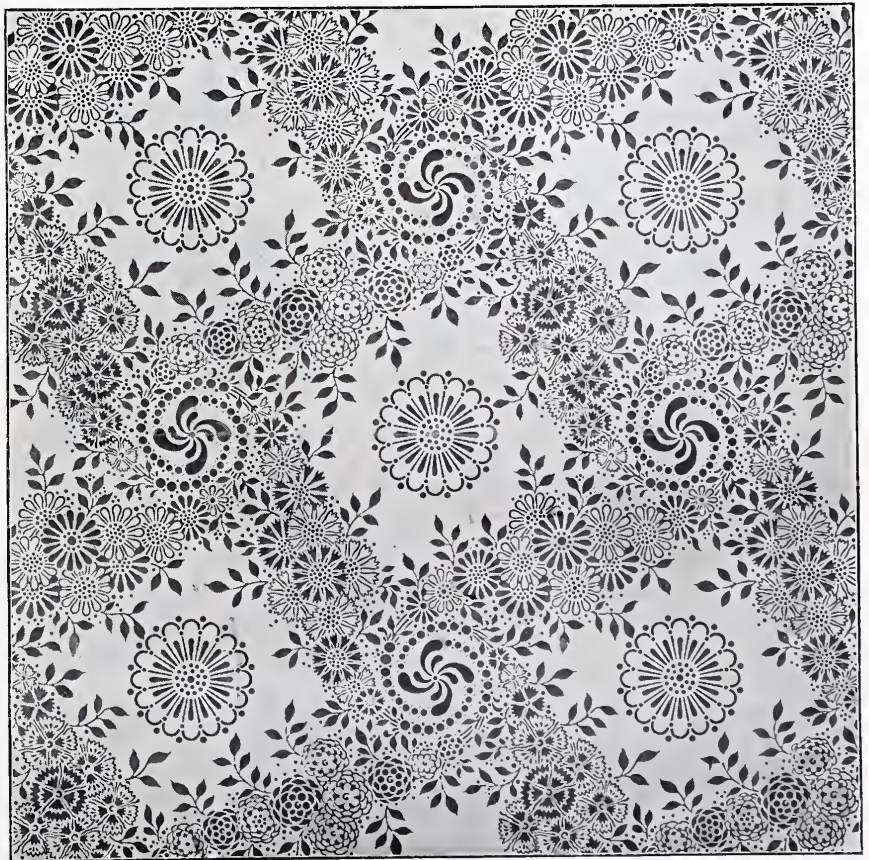
"TREFOIL" WALL PAPER DECORATION, DESIGNED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ FOR MESSRS. SANDERSON.



SKETCH FOR FRIEZE, BY GEO. C. HAITÉ;

proof of due recognition by his fellow-artists, a compliment which is always the highest tribute to any worker, and one which he usually values far above titles and honours conferred by laymen. It is good that a young Society should possess a president at once so energetic and accomplished, and augurs well for its future.

It would be difficult to estimate the influence he has already exerted on the Applied Arts, because the general public has rarely any information regarding the authors of the patterns that are on its walls, floors, and ceilings. But, young as the subject of our paper is, his record and influence date back many years. He was among the first—if not the first—of designers for manufactures to conceive designs in the Japanese spirit which were not foolishly inept compilations of

SINGLE COLOUR CEILING, DESIGNED BY GEO C. HAITÉ
FOR MESSRS. J. TOLLMAN AND CO.

Japanese details. One remembers the terrible time when every space was cut up into little squares, circles, and fan-shaped panels of queerly drawn pictures, while nondescript foliage, or scraps of conventional patterns, selected with cosmopolitan disregard, filled the background. The source of this favourite medley has not, I fancy, found its way into print. But if you study the sumptuous robes for Buddhist priests, you find its origin in the conventional treatment of "shreds and patches" to which the holy men were limited. The queer little panels, with scraps of pattern thrown over a plain or diapered ground, were supposed to be patches upon a worn garment. It is needless to say that the

the pattern be the most conventionalised scroll, or realise foliage, structure, which is another form of growth, must be fully apparent, and this Mr. Haité never forgets. A portfolio of "*Plant Studies for the use of Designers*," which he published years ago, is still one of the most valuable reference books a designer can have by him; for if by circumstances he is hindered from going straight to Nature, Mr. Haité therein gives him the life history of a plant, so that no essential details are lacking on which to base his convention.

The wall-papers he has done include so many fine things that it is hard to omit a detailed notice of them; yet it would be useless to discuss designs of the past which are out of print, and probably were



LANGHAM SKETCH, "ON A CANAL," BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

Japanese original is infinitely beyond its British travesty; but, all the same, it is one of the least satisfactory conventions of the Art of that decorative country.

Now, if you chance to have followed Mr. Haité's early wall papers and fabrics, you will see a strong Japanese influence—but in the legitimate way—for Mr. Haité goes to Nature direct, and (speaking quite personally) sometimes it seems as if his very knowledge of Nature's growth, and his intimacy with her construction, were somewhat antagonistic to the quite formal convention which the taste of the day holds most admirable. But in his ingenious designs there is always growth and structure, and this literally vital quality is all-important. For whether

only recognised as from his hand by very few people. Messrs. Essex, among other firms, published many, and from years spent with some on the walls of my own house, I can answer for their lasting power to please. This is *not* a common quality in wall papers, and proves how entirely the designer grasped the essentials of the process for which he was working.

As a metal worker, Mr. Haité has yet to be recognised, but a very fine bracket for the electric light, with leaves and flowers modelled with the crisp, exact movement of Nature, yet rigidly brought into their decorative scheme, intimates to me how fully he has grasped the limits of this material. This we see in the copper *repoussé* grilles, of which two

are illustrated here, from a set of four recently completed. They stand away from the panelled wainscot on feet, and represent the four Seasons. In each the formal pattern of the fence below the tree has been varied to suit the lines of the foliage above it. Students of old lacquer will discover in these what I mean to suggest in speaking of the Japanese influence on Mr. Haité. So far as I know, no motive peculiarly Japanese is in either: certainly no atom is copied. Yet it seems to me that the spirit which decorated a fine panel of old lacquer was closely akin to that which moved Mr. Haité to these.

Stained glass is obviously first and last a thing of colour; but, so far as fellow designers are concerned, the right planning of the leads is of equal importance. In these "peacock" windows, although we have but the skeleton of their plan, we see how admirably that is constructed—not merely for beautiful lines, but lines that support the crystal glass (for no colour is used) effectively and well.

The grilles above mentioned, the stained glass, and the electroliers are some of the interior fittings designed for a studio for Mr. E. Davis, which, like the metal-work upon a door (illustrated here), were carried out under the supervision of the designer himself.

A reproduction of a charcoal sketch for a large repeating pattern of peacocks and grapes, is here shown on a greatly reduced scale, the original being some four feet square. This sketch, or first impression, worked straight away, is a good instance of Mr. Haité's fecund invention, and a proof of the movement and variety he is



DEAL. SKETCH BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

able to obtain from his materials. To say that no one living could be better in that particular manner is by no means to say that it is better than the work of others. You should not compare personalities, and it is Mr. Haité's personality which gives character to this ornate design, even as it imparts to the ceiling paper here illustrated his individual expression of plans and motives worked often enough before.

WALBERSWICK. 22 AUG. 56
Geo. C. Haité.



WALBERSWICK. SKETCH BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

The stiff formality of some modern patterns, and their excessive symbolism are not the qualities that appeal most to him as a designer. In the frieze here illustrated, you feel how the formal treatment rebels against dead symmetry, and is full of life and vigour. This is not claimed as a virtue, or urged as a defect, but merely set down as an attempt to differentiate the work of one student of beauty from that of others. It is the duty of all who have the principles of decoration at heart to be catholic in their sympathy for the work of others, even if they themselves are bigoted, and their own efforts strictly bound by certain self-chosen *formulae*. To set the designs of Mr. William Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Day, Mr. Voysey, or Mr. Gwatkin in competition, and say that either was right and all the rest totally wrong, were mere folly. Individual taste must needs like the style of one artist better than that of his fellows; but in estimating the whole from an impartial standpoint, the point is surely to find in each those

qualities which have brought the author into well-deserved popularity. It has been the misfortune of those who design for commercial products to be unrecognised for the most part by the public, even by that limited section which takes any interest in patterns. Therefore, in this hasty notice of the work of a painter and designer (one of the very few instances in English Art of both united in the same artist), if undue prominence has been given to the pattern, it is not by way of belittling

the pictures. It is somewhat superfluous to write about either pictures or patterns when admirable reproductions of both accompany the text. But as the practice of modern journalism still demands a ha'porth o' bread to the very tolerable quantity of sack, the excuse for pointing out in print the very obvious merits of Mr. Haité's work may be justified. But to analyse it, to eulogise or criticise it, would be more than folly, for even in black and white it

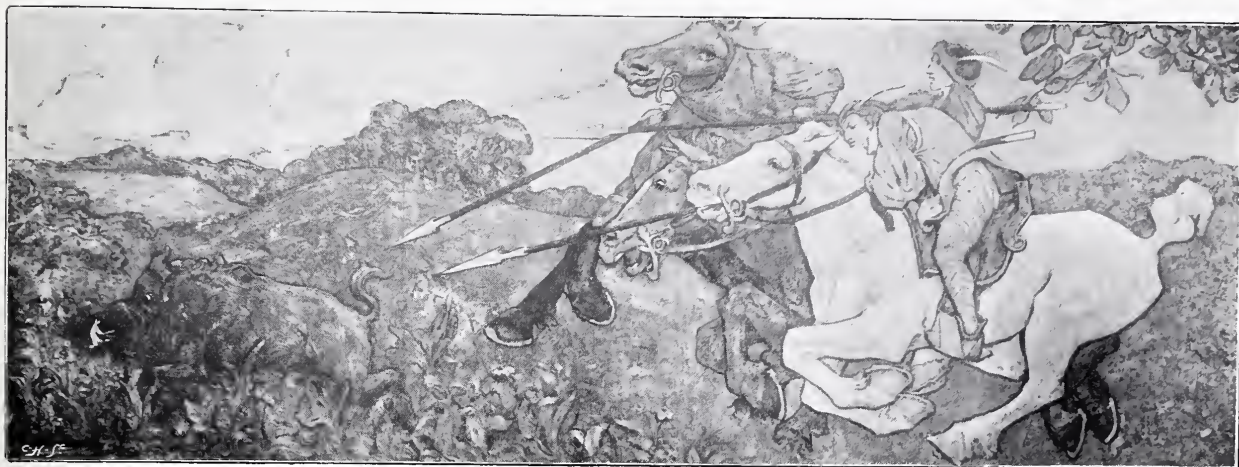
can be judged more fairly by the help of photographic paraphrases than by any sentences, however deftly strung together; besides, one is not "discovering" Mr. Haité, but endeavouring to appreciate the work of a recognised painter, and a designer gifted with abundant invention and singularly ample knowledge of the technical requirements of the various materials for which he works; one, moreover, whose tried influence has been felt in all branches of the Applied Arts for many years. This influence, fired by a convincingly virile enthusiasm, has enabled Geo. C. Haité to touch



LANGHAM SKETCH.

"THE MURKY ENDING TO A LEADEN DAY," BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

many kindred sympathies in Art, to dwell upon these and to make them vibrant to his own sense of Colour and Form. He has gained with the gradual vision of art years the facility—and what a fine facility it is—of seeing in a flash and with a sweeping grasp of salient detail, rejecting the unessential as Flaubert would reject words. And there is yet a rare impetuosity and unrestrainedness about his work—rare because it combines ardour with reticence and dominance with strength.



THE BOAR HUNT.



ELAINE.

THE DECORATIONS IN COLOURED PLASTER AT THE NEW TROCA- DERO. BY GERALD MOIRA AND F. LYNN JENKINS. LETTERPRESS BY BULKELEY CRESWELL.

THE coloured bas-relief decorative frieze which Mr. Gerald Moira and Mr. F. Lynn Jenkins have designed and executed for the entrance hall of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co.'s new restaurant, is worthy of note, quite apart from those particular merits of appropriateness and comeliness that the work holds. The world has, in truth, given itself over to the ideal of the Greek model all too completely and unequivocally ; it has been too ready to infer that what was beautiful and applicable in the past must be beautiful and applicable to all futurity. Our own apprenticeship to the Elgin marbles has erred in being literal in fact rather than in spirit. Surely the limit beyond which this cult might not find toleration was reached when the collection of replicas of Gibson's sculptures was arranged in the gallery at Burlington House, and when the memorial effigy of an English politician esteemed of his country was set in the national mausoleum at Westminster, depicting, in perpetual marble, that well-loved statesman as standing in jack boots with a lean neck protruding out from the drapery of a palpable sheet, and there held attentive as in an attitude of addressing a concourse of his countrymen. When Mr. Bates, and particularly Mr. Frampton, seized and adapted the conventions of the 15th century bas-reliefs of Italy, a wide field of possibilities was opened up for the decorative artist, of which possibilities Messrs. Moira and Jenkins have ably availed themselves.

We shall come later to consider the exact particulars in which the artists have found their success, and in what they have perhaps not been so fortunate ; but it will first be of interest to consider how

direct in its application the manner our artists have evolved is to the needs of our day; and how happily amenable to the ignoble spirit in which so many of the public's edifices are now raised. If it be true that the Architecture of the Egyptians and the Greeks developed about their temples; that that of the Romans was centred chiefly in the Basilica and the Forum; while in mediæval times it was inspired by the religious edifices; it is true for us,



ENID BRINGING FOOD.

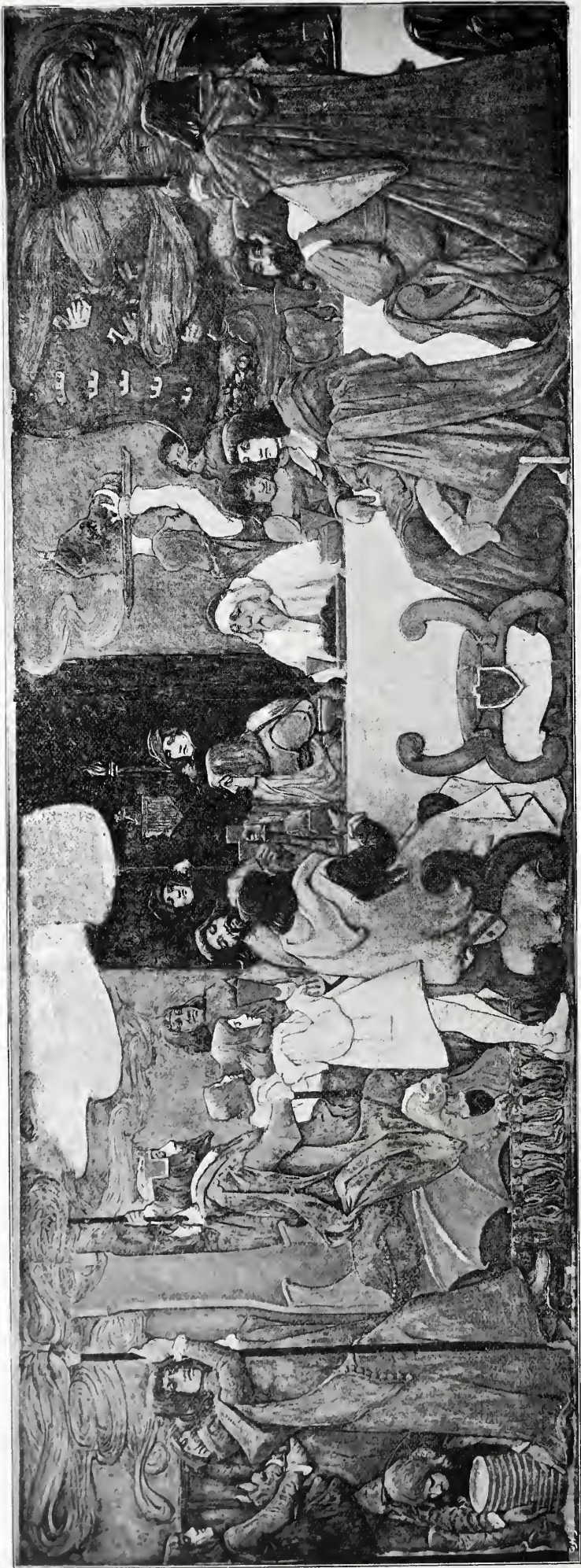


ENID CARRYING WINE.

and alas that it should be said, that the characteristic style of our day—the expression in Architecture that will in future times be identified with the nineteenth century—is inspired by, and is developed in, the Public-house. Our banks and commercial buildings are in tribute to the Public-house; our theatres and places of amusement are fitted in the feeling of an idealised Public-house; our very concert halls are sombre echoes of the Public-house: the sentiment lying in the bottom of a



THE COMING OF GUINEVERE TO CAMELOT.

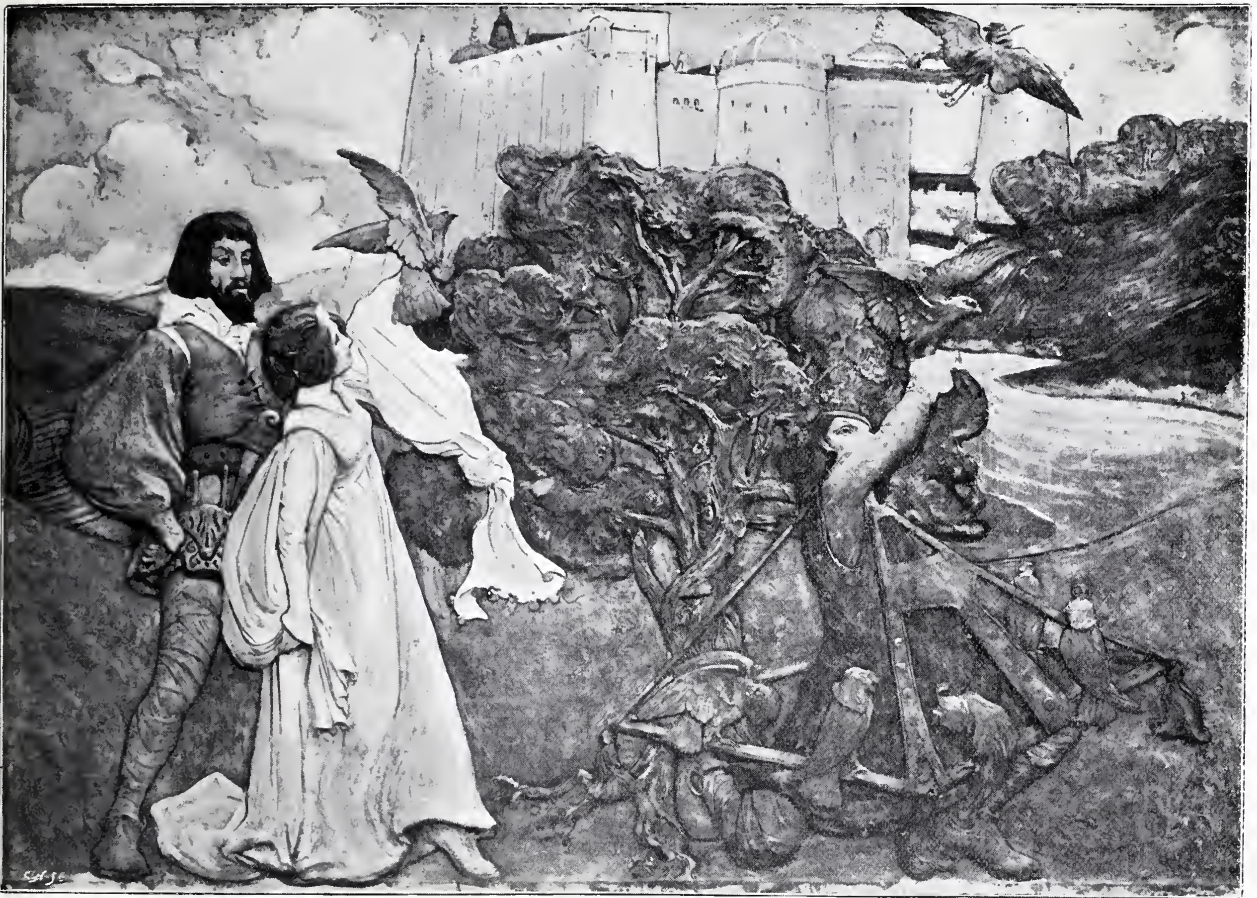


KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

drained glass may be said to cover them all. Readily, then, should we welcome an innovation that while conforming to this sentiment of triviality and cheapness, yet leaves scope for the painter and the sculptor to express the best that is in them.

It must not be concluded, however, that this degradation of public sentiment is altogether contemptible. We are to remember it is that Art only which truly expresses the life and impulses of a people, that lives and is regarded affectionately of posterity. Inspiration drawn from Arts dead and gone; Arts built up on the sentiments of the dead past—the Art of cults: these fade rapidly with the years, and

cheapness, the sculptor and the painter may still find honest scope by designing in Stucco rapidly and cheaply: cheaply because rapidly, and in a cheap material. They have set themselves candidly to the task of decorating in plaster work in an age of plastering; they have symbolised unaffectedly with the human breeched and petticoated figure in a country and time distinctly predisposed to breeches and petticoats; they have selected an English theme from the version of a 19th century English poet to inspire the ornament of an English 19th century house of festivity, and, if the artists are not thereby to win for themselves



A HAWKING SCENE.

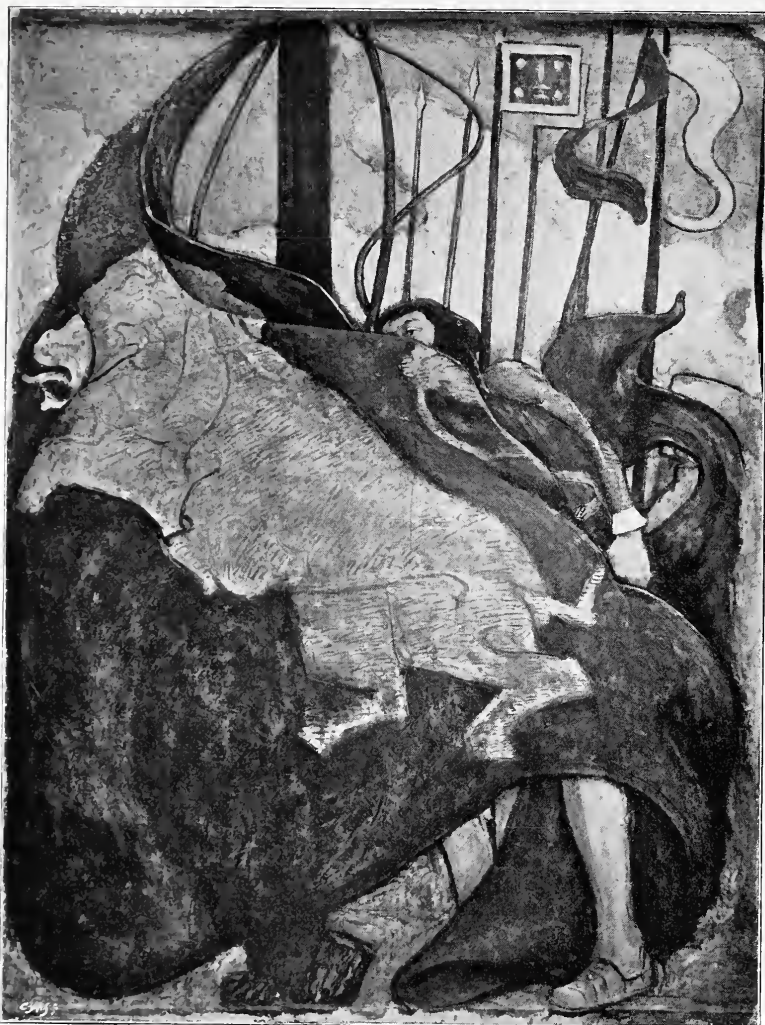
are noticed only briefly as an anomaly, before they sink to oblivion. Our manifold human nature asserts itself even in this relation: we all know the charms that the most extravagant creations of the Rococo, and our own Elizabethan Architecture hold for us. The greatness of an Art must ever remain a coincident apart from all our striving, but we may build us a true Art, and, whatever ideal or convention that effort may find for us, whether a Greek Minerva or a Chinese Dragon, so we succeed in this truth we have an actual, living Art, and one that shall not be forgotten with the faces of those who conceived it.

Messrs. Moira and Jenkins, then, have shown us that in this age of Stucco and rapid execution and

a place among the "stars of mortal night," at least it will not be for lack of commendable honesty and simplicity of purpose.

The accompanying illustrations cannot quite do justice to the design: the colour is wanting, and the photographic reproduction in reducing colour to tone, eliminates in some degree the effectiveness of the soft contours of the modelling. Piccadilly Circus is near to everyone, and the entrance hall of the Trocadero is very well worth a visit to all who are in any way interested in architectural decoration.

The frieze which is here illustrated runs entirely round the hall, and the whole, some ninety feet long



HOISTING THE STANDARD.

by six feet deep, was executed in an almost incredibly short space of time. The artists divided the responsibilities of the work; Mr. Jenkins manipulating the clay, and Mr. Moira making the cartoons and subsequently colouring the completed casts. I am indebted to them for the particulars of their process.

The cartoons were first drawn full size on brown paper from the preliminary coloured sketches, the general effect of the relief being indicated in black and white chalk. From these the clay model was built up, and the design amplified and modified in its details. This part of the work has been rendered, as may be seen, with full acquiescence in the limitations and possibilities of the clay. We see a free plastic touch admitting and eulogising the material used in that frank manner which we have learned to look for with such delight in Mr. Bates' reliefs. There is no conscious inspiration from the fathers of this school, Donatello and Settignano, or other of the Italian fifteenth century sculptors, but an open condescension and admission to the terms of our nineteenth century existence. It is the cunning of

the modeller who builds up in clay, not of the sculptor who cuts away out of stone, that is most justly and properly accentuated in this work of Mr. Jenkins.

From the completed model, under this process, a cast is taken in fibrous plaster—a material so exceptionally strong and durable that the cast, which follows the contour of the modelling, averages but one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and is, in many places, literally translucent when held to the light. The surface of the plaster is next treated to a special process by which absorption is checked, and Mr. Moira, after plating the necessary parts with gold or silver, colours the whole, using a spirit medium which when dry becomes part of the fabric itself. It is applied lavishly in wide surfaces, and is then wiped off with a cloth in broad free strokes. The result leaves the colour lying heavy in the folds and recesses of the model, and spread more lightly in the hollow contours, while the white of the plaster foundation showing through, leaves only a pale tint on the ridges and rounded surface. The effect is got broadly and generally; there is scarce any touching, but it has been found necessary

to draw shadows about the eyes of the figures to restore to the frieze what is lost to it by faulty lighting. The panels are stiffened at intervals with wood splines, and when the time comes are carried to the building, and screwed to wooden plugs driven into the brickwork.

The manner of colouring this frieze is not an eccentricity such as we in these days are all weary to behold, but is warranted by the exigencies under which the decoration was conceived. The faulty lighting in buildings not specially designed for the purpose of showing sculpture would, in London at least, hide or make incomprehensible the subtle shadows of low relief, and the method of throwing on the colour above described accentuates the contours, the shadows, and the high lights of the sculpture. It has further to be remembered that the varying depths of the tones are not painted in to *supplement* the modeller's work, which would be altogether intolerable, but only express its effects; indeed it is almost true to say that the graduations of tone are in themselves a mechanical effect only; they rely only on the nature of the contours on which they lie; the colour is not manipulated. It

will be seen, then, that the Artists have not broken away from the tradition of mediæval stucco work without right and sufficient cause, and in this particular of the colouring also, they have, with considerable aptitude, conformed to the needs of our day.

It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Moira and Mr. Jenkins have not found a better treatment and acknowledgment of their endeavours. The entrance hall to the Trocadero is nearly square on plan, and of somewhat lofty proportions, and it is necessary for the visitor to avail himself of the full limits the chamber allows that he may observe the frieze to any advantage. Decorations of such importance should be placed salient to the notice of the ordinary festive visitor passing in and out. The panels, too, that are placed between the windows can scarcely be distinguished by reason of their position in relation to the light.

But if the artists have cause for dissatisfaction in this, they have a greater wrong done them by the setting which frames their work. It is scarcely hyperbolic to say, that within the general traditions of architectural design, a scheme could scarce be invented more destructive to those effects which the frieze strives for: it is nearly all and everything it should not be. It is only fair, however, to say that the Architect is not to blame in this matter; it is not possible for one man to wholly subvert and conquer the Public-house Rampant when it holds as supporters Capital and Influence.

At the time the sculptor and painter undertook the decoration of the frieze, it was arranged that the walls should be simply panelled in marble slabs; projections were to be slight and surfaces plain; and the whole was to be capped with a strong band

of black marble, running below the sculptured and coloured panels. It may well be realised how effective this would have been in quiet-toned marbles.

The broad scheme of colour, and the swelling opaque projections of the frieze, would have been in fine contrast to the grey tone, and the flat transparent surfaces of the marbles below, while there would have been wide scope for architectural design in the just and balanced proportion of the panelling; the hall would have held a direct and finished meaning; the design would have shown richness, reserve, and a rare completeness. When it was found that the expense of these marbles could not be entertained, an equivalent scheme in cheaper material was conceived, but it was not to be: in place of it there is now to be seen below the great frieze a confusion of enrichment in acanthus dado, frieze, architrave, and bolection-moulded panels, of gold, white, and puce coloured wood and plaster, in all of which the present writer has failed to detect any sort of meaning, unless it be an allegorical one such as should fitly entitle the apartment to hold blazoned on the outer lintel of its entrance: The Apotheosis of the Public House.

It is true, perhaps, that the entrance hall of the Trocadero would hardly

find inclusion in these sweeping phrases, but there is complicity lurking somewhere. The designed effect of the frieze is frustrated and weakened by its position. The soft contours of the relief are rendered ineffectual by the strong projections and restless panelling leaping up from below, while Mr. Moira's quiet colour tones are inconspicuous above its glitter and aggression. These things, however, are hardly calculated to take away the appetite, and the



THE QUEEN OF THE TOURNEY.

Trocadero already has found a reputation as being one of the best places to dine in, in London, but it may be hoped that the artists will meet with more considerate treatment where their services are next secured.

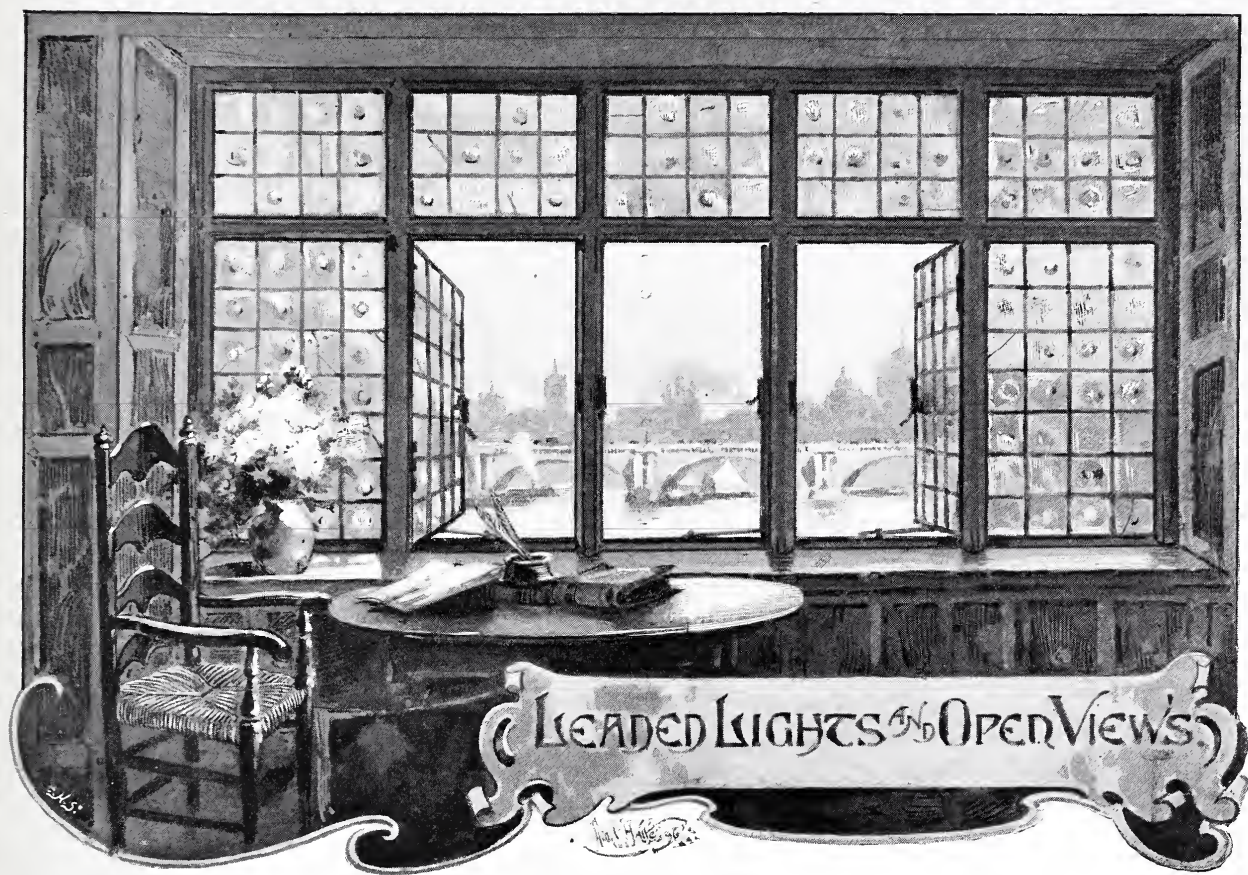
Though so much may be said in praise of the direction in which Mr. Moira and Mr. Jenkins have set their talents, and the manner they have inaugurated, yet it is not to be held that their work is free from certain defects. The faults lie chiefly in these two particulars: that the artists have allowed themselves to alternate between the decorative and illustrative impulse; and that they have not held consistently to one conventional manner in the strictly conventional mode of expression which they have chosen. This may be easily recognised if we view certain inequalities that mar various of the subjects. If we compare *The Boar Hunt* and *The Queen of the Tourney*, we shall notice a marked difference of feeling and even intention in them. The latter is a purely decorative panel; the title has hardly any application or interest, and it may be said to be most satisfactory for its purpose, and perhaps the best of the series. *The Boar Hunt*, on the other hand, is primarily illustrative. Except for the actual medium used, the convention and decorative manner of the design is no more than would be becoming in an illustration to a historic poem or romance, and the subject is out of place, and the design for this reason inferior to that of the other subjects, which, however, vary somewhat in this decorative quality.

There is an objection, as has been said, also to be made with regard to the *manner* of the designs. This chiefly concerns the use of perspective and background. It is to be noted that there is a divergence of this manner in the various subjects. In *A Hawking Scene* the artists have set themselves a task to express perspicuously the successive planes in the design, and the result is somewhat confused. In *Sir Kay the Seneschal* they seem to have been at pains to keep clear even of all fore-shortening, and the panel entitled *Elaine*, has its sound decorative qualities marred by a quite unnecessary profusion of distorted perspective effect. Why, when the subject is contained in a frieze raised high above the eye, did the authors of the relief depict the figure as seen from above? The whole matter of perspective and background

in bas-relief is one of great interest, and Messrs. Moira and Jenkins could find precedent for almost any usage in their work that they may fancy. In mediæval times the Germans recessed deeply and cut away, showing vista beyond vista, often taking the central figures clear of the background. In Italy this usage was much modified (though it obtained largely in the Milanese school of Amadeo), and Donatello, Settignano, Pollaiuolo, Rossellino, and others also, practised that extreme slightness of projection, having hardly any perspective and no background, which has been made of late years familiar to us in the work of Mr. Frampton. The majolica of the Della Robbia family follows this convention, though occasional backgrounds are found. In our own day Mr. Bates has even sketched his backgrounds with a style on the soft clay, while the wonderful conventional perspectives of the Japanese carvings and lacquer work indicate wide possibilities in this direction. It is to be regretted that Mr. Moira and Mr. Jenkins have not established for themselves such a consistent manner in this particular as would identify their subjects as belonging to one series.



SIR KAY THE SENESCHAL.



A SEASONABLE CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF A NOTABLE COMPETITION.

ALTHO' it is many a year ago, everyone must remember the great competition for the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, which threw the whole architectural world into a fever of excitement. Never for a quarter of a century or more had there been such an opportunity. The Government were about to rise to a great occasion and do the handsome thing by the Profession. Elaborate schedules of instructions had been prepared by the heads of departments—site, plans, and levels provided—a whole string of large premiums determined—and invitations issued to the world at large to struggle for the tempting prize. In those far off happy days my friend Jones and I earned a precarious living at our chambers in Great Coram-street. We subsisted mostly on perspectives. But occasionally a client would turn up and set us busy on designs for a bay window, or even the addition of a bath-room to his suburban residence. At these times we were very much pressed, and used to cut short all casual meetings with our friends on the score of the emergency of these undertakings, which we described in forcible if somewhat vague terms. These rushes of business over, we were at comparative leisure, and ready for anything that might turn up. In one of these lulls the startling

announcement of the great competition for the new Tape and Sealing-wax Offices appeared. A little difficulty attended it, inasmuch as a guinea was demanded for a copy of the particulars. However, we managed to get over that. We spent many hours in conning over the long list of requirements, and often lost ourselves in the labyrinths of departmental arrangements and relations as set forth by authority. After much hesitation we made up our minds to attempt the enterprise. I at once set about devising a motto; but my friend Jones, who has much more ability and judgment than I ever pretended to, said there was time enough for that, and that the real thing was to reduce to some sort of general form the multitude of particular items the scheme involved. We spoilt much cartridge-paper and smoked many pipes in skirmishing about on the fringe of this great undertaking, and, having at last got some sort of clue to the matter, began in real earnest. Robinson, who had a room over us, used to look in upon us now and then, and, as his nature was, used to cast a damper on the affair. Dear old Robinson! You must have met him—one of the best of good fellows, but not without his peculiarities. He was tall and thin, and dark and pale; full of faith and charity, but hope he had none. With him the odds were always against everything except misfortune. His friends called him Robin by reason of the pink tie which he always wore, and which someone had

at some time or other told him suited his complexion. To his intimates he was simply R. "You duffers!" he would say. "What is the use of wasting your time? It is sure to be a swindle like the others. An outsider has no chance. I hear that X. (mentioning the son-in-law of a Cabinet Minister) is in for it. Do you suppose you will stand a chance against such influence as that?"—"Shut up!" we rejoined. "We are well into it now, and, being men of a good courage, are not going to turn back after putting our hands to the plough."—"Poor deluded mortals!" he replied, dodging behind the door to avoid a lump of india-rubber. And so the days and weeks rolled on, and ever the originality, propriety, and beauty of our design became to us more and more apparent. We could not indeed conceive of any other possible way of dealing with the problem, and wondered what would happen if all the hundred and twenty or so of designs submitted embodied the same treatment. R. would drop in out of kindness, and, though he never thought it worth while to study our plans—which, to his thinking, could possess no permanent interest—he would regale us with deadly account of the crooked dealings of competition committees, and read us out of the *Builder* the last scathing exposure of that odious system. To our surprise, one morning he put his head in our room and announced that at this the eleventh hour he had changed his mind. He was about to enter the lists. He had conceived an idea for the work which he thought good enough to be worked out. We found that he had really been one of the first to possess himself of the published "particulars," although he had never confessed so much. And, thinking it over in his lonely room had—like Mr. Pecksniff, been surprised by an idea. This in dreadful secrecy he did impart to the members of his family. His wife owned she did not understand his scribble, but saw no reason why he was not as likely as another to carry off the prize. His father-in-law, in the indigo trade, upon whose judgment (and cheque book) R. relied a good deal, said he thought it first-rate, and felt sure it would "do the trick." He had several friends in the City, and if they could be of any use, &c. R. said he did not think the City would be in this particular swindle. Thus encouraged he set to work; first he felt some sort of apology was necessary. He had been thinking over the great competitions of the past, and these were exceptions, he said. Look at Harvey, Lonsdale, Elmies, and St. George's Hall, or Cuthbert Brodrich with Lords. Talent did sometimes assert itself. Besides Scott—though that was not quite so clear a case—owed all to competition; and even Barry might never have been heard of but for the same chance.

In the nicest way in the world he suggested that intercourse between us had better cease while the thing was about. He assured us that he had not the least idea what our plan was. And although he was sure we should be the last in the world to avail ourselves of a knowledge of his, yet his was so simple and so—well—perfect that, with the best intentions, we could not, if we would, get it out of our head if once we had become acquainted with his secret. We said he had very little time, beginning so late. But he did not intend to labour it in detail. It was the general idea he relied upon; and that he, and he alone, might have the credit, he should carry it out single-handed. And so we left him to his task. That delightful Mrs. Poyser wonders why it is that visitors always *will* call on a washing day, and opines that this amongst other mysteries will be cleared up in Heaven. One other mystery is, why do these great architectural tournaments always spread themselves over Christmas? I don't know; but so it is. So, at least, it was in this case and many others. As our task was nearing completion—which means that the end seemed farther off than ever—the merry Christmas time came round. We wondered how R. was getting on. Meeting him on the stairs one day, he said that a fellow-pupil had just returned from Australia—sent empty away—and had offered, without pay or reward—merely for Auld Lang Syne—to lend him a hand in the final crisis of the design. "I shan't trust him with the elevations," R. said; "but he can black in the walls, and put on the scales and titles." By the time that Christmas Eve had arrived we were getting a little stale, and conferred seriously about breaking off for a little. We persuaded ourselves that by taking a little timely rest we should attack the subject with more go. We both knew our Dickens, and felt that to work on Christmas Eve and on the blessed day itself would be Scrooge-like and wrong. And so with the fading winter day we covered up our boards, and each promising to think over the report during the sermon, went our way. We called out to R. as we closed the door and asked him whether he was going to work all night. He came out on the landing and said, "Just look here!" On entering he pointed to a sheet of antiquarian mounted on a board and placed with its back to the wall. Along it we dimly perceived a succession of windows, columns, towers, domes, and such like, and across it long broad black tortuous streaks of jet black ink. This was his friend's work—done accidentally, of course, out of pure friendship, and without fee or reward. "What do you mean to do?" we asked. "Do? Why, re-draw it. I shall sit up all night and all to-morrow—I can't chuck it up now." "Have you written the report?" "Oh, no; that's

of no consequence. Reports are never read. I shan't go into details, but just state in a few short paragraphs the leading idea. It is upon that I rely. And as to the estimate, I must make a shot." "Can we help you? We are pretty well through with ours." "No, thanks. I had rather *not* have any more *assistance*. Good-bye." "Good-bye." We hadn't the heart to add "A Merry Christmas." As we turned the corner of the street, the fog now settling down and the street lamps looking all blurred and fuzzy, we cast a look backwards at the dingy row of offices. No light anywhere except in the basements, where the caretakers—free from care—were keeping their Christmas Eve in the old jolly way, and in the two upper windows, where our poor friend was wearily plodding away at his drawing all alone. The crisis was over. The mounters came and did their work, and the cab drove off with its freight, and the unwonted bustle ceased. After weary weeks of waiting, full of hope, but void of expectation, the great news arrived. All the morning papers had the list of the fortunate ones famous at last and for ever. And here the present scribe feels how much more fitting it would be if he could record that at the head of the catalogue there figured the name of our dear R. But this is a true story, and it must, alas! be said that his name was not there. Some sinister influence, Cabinet Ministers or others, had no doubt been at work, or the well-known stupidity of a competition committee had, as usual, failed to grasp the astonishing idea which underlay R.'s imperfectly presented scheme. We lost sight of him for a while. One morning the post brought us a letter from him inquiring, in his kind way, whether any of his office fittings and furniture would be of any use to us. They were going cheap. The rest, with his valuable library, would be sold for what they would fetch. His wife looked upon him as a victim, and the indigo merchant felt more convinced than ever that if he had got his city friends to bring their influence to bear things would have turned out very differently. A timely legacy enabled our friend to retire to a pretty cottage near the Yorkshire moors, within the shadow of the ruined abbeys, which were always his delight. There he still lives, away from the "busy hum of men," and spends his time in landscape painting and in fishing the streams that course through the lovely Yorkshire valleys. Architecture is for him a thing of the past. When some wandering chum revisits the ruins of Nirvault or Byland, he finds hospitable welcome under R.'s lowly roof, and, with a little tact and patience, can draw from him the story, the chilling memories of that gruesome Christmas Eve in the year of Grace eighteen hundred and odd.

"VANDYKE BROWN."

BEAUTIFUL CITIES—A REMINISCENCE.

"SOME beautiful cities beautifully sketched," might well serve as a concise description of Mr. Lethaby's evening lecture, delivered at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. How exactly fitted Mr. Lethaby is, by rare combination of wide knowledge with artistic insight and power of expression, to worthily handle such a subject, was proved by his treating his audience to a masterly bird's-eye sketch of a series of fair cities, world-renowned for their beauty, illustrated occasionally by apt quotations from the accounts of eye-witnesses. It is impossible, of course, relying on memory only, to record the lecturer's sayings with any pretence to absolute accuracy, and it is to be feared that few of his "good things" can bear transplanting without suffering. After alluding to the genesis and growth of a city, the clustering of dwellings at the foot of an eminence on which was erected the temple of a particular tribe—whence came the dual nature of a city, the sacred and the secular—he carried his audience with him in fancy flight from Jerusalem to Athens and to the later Greek cities of Asia Minor—from Byzantium to Rome, and thence by Venice and Verona to the busy centres of life on the great routes out of Rome. For, as he observed, in ancient days all roads led *to* Rome, later on they all led *from* Rome, along the shores of the Mediterranean, across the Appenines and over the Alps, and down through the lands bossed with green hills and veined with silver rivers—rivers on which were threaded, like jewels, the spired cities of Western Europe: Lyons and Strasbourg, Nuremberg and Cologne, Prague, Paris, Canterbury, London, Oxford, Coventry, York, and Lincoln. Jerusalem and Athens alike gloried in the possession of "a high place," an Acropolis, the entrance to which, at Athens, was flanked by a picture gallery; whilst in the town below, where the people dwelt, ran the clear streams of fountains through gardens and public places. The later Greek cities, built after the time of Alexander the Great, were usually laid out with more formal intent than were their predecessors, often square on plan, and intersected by colonnaded streets at right angles through the centre, where stood the golden milestone under a dome or vault. The great Church of St. Sophia now occupied the highest rock-point—the Acropolis—at Constantinople, and here again were gardens and groves plentifully interspersed throughout the city, which was girdled by grey stone walls and towers, and crowned by hundreds of domes of many colours, and some of gold. This metropolis of the Eastern Empire formed—said the lecturer—the watershed between ancient and modern life. Rome—considering its place in the world's history—

received comparatively slight notice as a "Beautiful city;" Venice was but alluded to; and, after a glance at Charlemagne's transformation of Aix, we forthwith alighted on Paris—the Paris of the middle ages, described by Victor Hugo ("Notre Dame," chap. xv.) that city which had expanded in successive waves from its first cradle on an island in the Seine, where its mother Church and its Courts of Justice to this day remain. Thence the transit was easy to London, whilst this city was yet "small, and white, and clean"—14th-century London, the London of Chaucer. Each city, said Mr. Lethaby, was marked by its own distinctive characteristics; and, as Constantinople was a city of domes, or Bologna a city of towers, so was mediæval London a city of spires—lead-covered spires, mostly ornamented, which rose into the sky like the clustered masts of shipping in harbour, that of St. Paul's a main-mast—some 500 feet high. Then followed a survey of the City and its wondrous sights within and around—the approaches and the defences, the long bridge piled high with buildings, and the great guardian fortress of the Tower near by, the vast cathedral, and the many only less important monastic churches and their establishments, with scores of beautiful parish churches and lesser chapels rich in cunning workmanship. The citizens' houses, too, and their fine, new Guildhall, came in for notice; and then we were taken out by the river-side palaces along the Strand, and past the lovely village cross of Charing, to the royal City of Westminster, where a marvellous new roof of timber, in one span, was just being framed over the Great Hall of the King's Palace. And now the glorious Abbey Church of St. Peter—though with its nave as yet incomplete—might fitly serve as a close to our wandering flight, "o'er city, and sea, and land." In affording us this charming peep into the past—illuminated by brief but vivid flashes of poetic feeling and humour—Mr. Lethaby lends us, for the moment, his own magic glasses, through which nothing seems to be visible but what you would like to see. Distance is apparently essential to their focussing rightly; and when directed to near objects their magic powers seem to be reversed. Then we are shown little else than ugliness—and the field of vision is blurred by such objects as our iron railings, lamp posts, and the works of the engineers—with their harmonics in steel girders and red paint. In the old days, observed the lecturer, folks were not driven to traverse their city by means of mole runs, or to endure that horror of horrors—to be added as yet another circle to Dante's Inferno—"the Inner Circle!" On the contrary, they then seemed rather to enjoy being alive; they waged war pleasantly, traded romantically, and worshipped beautifully. They really *wanted* beautiful things. We don't; but feebly put up

with untold ugliness. What strikes Mr. Lethaby as being so important a feature in mediæval life—more important than the Feudal System, more important even than the Ecclesiastical System—is the Guild System, the association of workers in groups for their common welfare and control. It applied to every calling. The very Church itself was a guild, allowing of no underselling or adulteration. Turning to London of to-day, the lecturer considered that one of our initial wants in respect of it was an intelligently arranged history of the whole city, clearly illustrating its successive growth. He would suggest that our County Council might advantageously subsidise the French Government to have this prepared for us, since they do such things so much better in France. The problem of London as a whole having been grasped, Mr. Lethaby would take as a working basis the triangle formed on the map by Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and the British Museum, a triangle whose base is bisected by Waterloo Bridge—far away the finest monument of its sort we can boast of—and he would set about completing the river embankments from Westminster to St. Paul's so as to form an immense silver bow with a great church resting on either extremity thereof. The arrow of this bow, viz., the line of Waterloo Bridge and Road, he would then produce right up the slope, to the British Museum—opening out before the latter a spacious place down to Oxford Street. So far from considering whether his proposed line of road is called for by mere traffic requirements, he means it to be a well-wooded avenue of great width, from which all wheeled traffic should be absolutely excluded—a green way giving a vista from the steps of the Museum to the River. But, yet more imperative, says Mr. Lethaby, is it to mark off London proper from outer London, by a neutral zone, a broad belt of non-building land, devoted to public recreation and to gardens—especially gardens; not forgetting, either, a street of tombs. As Rome was first bounded by the furrow of a ploughshare, so should London be delimited and encircled by the turning of the spade. This slightly-funereal conclusion of the address did little to weaken the impression made by its power and suppressed eloquence, and the lecturer—had he but deigned to borrow a tone more from the art of the orator—would have roused a full and sympathetic audience, only waiting to be moved, into something like enthusiasm. Knowing his subject as he did, his historical sketch, though condensed, was yet overflowing with interesting information and suggestion, whilst his proposals for dealing with London of to-day, conveying a magnificent idea of what might have been, rather than that of what is now attainable, perhaps, were hardly the less inspiring on that account.

WALTER MILLARD.

PREVAILING LIGHT.

THE electric light bracket by Mr. W. R. Colton, the illustration of which occupies a position on this page, is an instance of how beauty of design may be incorporated with an admirable utility. It is intended to be carried out in green bronze, with an Irish green marble slab at back. The design consists of a female figure representing Light, furnished with large wings to envelop the world in darkness. The background is made up of crescent shapes and indistinct forms of darkness. Light is obtained by a number of minute lamps fixed between the wings of a flight of birds, starting from the uplifted hand. That electric light fittings lend themselves to more artistic designs than those for gas there is no doubt, and it makes one indignant to think of the prohibitive price placed upon this beautiful illuminant, more especially in London, the place of all others in the world where enterprise is most generally found, and which should lead the way in all reforms. In some of the smallest towns of our colonies the electric light is now the only light in use, it having entirely superseded gas, and even the small shopkeepers and householders have its benefits at a low rate.

Are we so poor that we are content to grub along with our minor streets only half lit, and even our principal thoroughfares little better so, simply because the monopoly is in the hands of one or two companies who make their charges to suit their dividends, and the consumer has to pay the piper? In several of the principal towns of England the Corporation has erected its own plant, and is able to supply the users of the electric current at two-

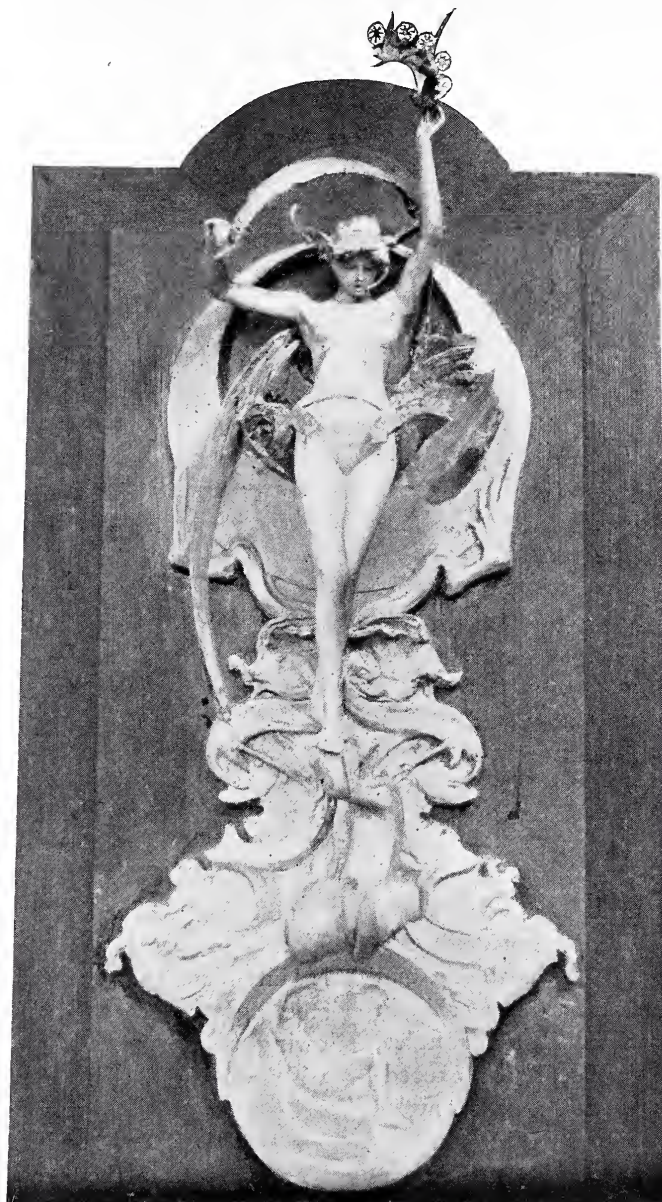
pence per Board of Trade unit cheaper than it is supplied in London, and yet show a handsome profit after charging all expenses of interest and providing a sinking fund. Surely it is nearly time some steps are taken to improve this state of things. Electric light is in reality a necessity, and should not be charged for as a luxury. The figure in Mr. Colton's bracket looks down with the utmost unconcern upon this tirade against the powers that be, and in conclusion we can but wish that there were more opportunities of such designs being seen in the general use of the light held here for our guidance.

C. E. MALLOWS.

METALWORK, GLASGOW.

THE collection of metal work, old and modern, recently brought together under the auspices of the Glasgow Institute of Architects, is a new departure on the part of a provincial Society; and it is to be hoped that the idea will be developed by this and similar bodies to include displays of work belonging to the other crafts in which Architects are interested. The thanks of the public generally, and of the architectural profession in particular, are due to the president, Mr. T. L. Watson, and to the energetic committee which has so energetically and

successfully carried out his suggestion. The number of the exhibits was little over two hundred, and, owing to the limited accommodation, large specimens had not been invited. Some of the old work was specially interesting. An old German graveyard cross was graceful in design, and spirited in execution. In the centre is a round-headed panel, provided with a door and spring catch, containing a representation of the crucifixion,



"PREVAILING LIGHT."

BY W. R. COLTON.

and on the inside of the door is an inscription. Three fine processional crosses were lent by Messrs. J. W. Singer & Son, Frome, two belonging to the close of the sixteenth century, and the third and finest to the early seventeenth century; the latter has a delicately floated ball at the end of the staff, the ends of the arms being enlarged to accommodate a figure of the Virgin, and symbols of the Evangelists. The largest exhibit was the top part of a screen, probably English early seventeenth century work, triangular in shape, and apparently intended to fill the apex of an open roof, the shaped balusters of flat iron which cut the design into two marking the position of a tie. In its then position, covered with slate-coloured paint, and with a piece awanting in the centre, this fine piece of work was not seen to advantage. An old sheet iron treasure chest, with the lock placed in the cover, has been at one time painted with a scroll ornament, and the handles and escutcheon are interesting bits of design. Some of the old brass work exhibited by Mr. W. B. Patterson is delightful, notably the brass swing lamp, of a type familiar in Italian churches, and the seventeenth century oil lamps or cruses for three wicks, of Italian and Spanish workmanship respectively. Of exceptional interest is the bronze Pompeian figure of Victory, lent by Mr. W. F. Salmon. The wings are awanting, but it is probably a replica, although not so referred to in the catalogue. An old lamp from Assissi, lent by the same gentleman, is worthy of note, although not quite complete, and at least two of the glasses appear to be modern. A brass *repoussé* wall fountain and shovel of Flemish make are good in design and execution. Two toasters from Ayrshire were shown by Mr. J. A. Morris, and also a quaint three-legged compass, which appears to be a useful form of instrument for some purposes. Messrs. Longden showed old German bronze fire dogs, embellished with Scriptural subjects in medallions, and a modern set of good design and workmanship in polished iron. The old French castings of handles, etc., exhibited by Mr. Wm. Shirreffs, are exceedingly fine, and deserve to be studied as examples of design where the limits of cast work have been understood and observed. Some old brass castings, lent by Messrs. Abercrombie and Son, were very pleasing. With the exception of a few pieces of scroll work, careless in execution, but notably harmonious in line, this notice exhausts the examples of old work which, as will be seen, were of more than passing interest. The same remark may be applied to much of the modern work which bulked largely in the exhibition. The local makers have not risen to the occasion as they might have done, but exception should be made to the panel executed by Mr. George Adam, and designed and modelled by Mr. A. H. Hodge, a local designer of promise.

In the centre is the only piece of cast-iron on view, in the shape of a gilded figure of Peace, somewhat too large for the panel, and spoiled by a want of convention in the treatment. Mr. Kellock Brown had contributed some plaques, first-class in design and execution; and Miss Marion H. Wilson had also a nice plaque, somewhat laboured in finish. Several well-known English firms had contributed examples of their latest work, both specimens and mounted photographs. Messrs. Starkie, Gardner and Co. showed an excellent panel, designed by Mr. Pearson for Truro Cathedral, and a semi-circular grille of pleasing design and thorough workmanship. Mr. Rathbone exhibited hinges and lock-plates of graceful and appropriate design. The drawer handles are most noteworthy. Messrs. Longden exhibited two designs by the late Mr. Sedding, carried out in wrought iron with great care and delicacy. Messrs. George Wragge are to be commended for attaching to each of the numerous articles exhibited by them, not only the name of the designer, but also that of the craftsman who carried out the work. The wrought iron hinge designed by Mr. Edgar Wood, and made by this firm, is particularly good, and shows in a decided manner that the association of the manufacturer with a skilful designer is essential to the production of the highest class of work. Some of the delicate panels by this firm are marvellously fine, and all the articles exhibited have a most satisfactory finish. Messrs. Hardman, Powell and Co., showed a chalice vase in enamels, some medals, and fine brass work. Messrs. Singer, of Frome, exhibited a very beautiful plaque in various metals, with beautifully chased figures, more than equal to any old work; and a bold door handle was excellently wrought. The aluminium grate exhibited by Messrs. J. Finlay and Co., of Glasgow, is a fine piece of workmanship, this material is intended to take the place of the polished steel grates once fashionable, but discarded owing to their liability to tarnish, a defect from which aluminium is practically exempt. A fine cup of this metal was shown by Messrs. Hardman, Powell, and Co., and a hinge by Mr. Geo. Wragge. Sufficient has been said in the foregoing to indicate what an interesting collection had been brought together in Pitt Street, and it is to be hoped that the Glasgow Institute of Architects will see its way clear to arrange a similar exhibition in the near future, when it may rely upon receiving cordial support from all who recognise the educative value of such exhibitions, not to speak of the advantage to professional men of becoming familiar with firms who are able to execute work of the best class in a manner creditable alike to the designer and the craftsman.

WALTER R. WATSON.



HEALTH AND WISDOM: RE-DRAWN
FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON BY
W. E. F. BRITTEN.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DECORATIVE ART: THE CARTOONS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: BY W. E. F. BRITTEN.

DECORATION extends from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the miraculous to the inane, from weapons and wares of dateless ages to the comparatively modern days of Greek Art, from the elf-bolts or arrow heads of the earliest days of the world to the wonders of Greek gems, and on to the marvels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Now how truly we crave the birth of a second Pericles, or Cosmo de Medicis, who will set us forth on a new Art career, and, at the bidding of really capable men, sculptors, painters, designers, will undertake large plans and schemes for the adornment in the near future of all that belongs to Architecture or habitation.

We must dispel the erroneous idea that the present existing specimens of Modern Art are fairly representative in most cases of the ability and scope of the men who by rare chance are employed, for under restrictions the most destructive to artistic fancy and feeling have these works been produced, and to this fact the Government hitherto has been indifferent. It is a fact that small commissions from time to time have dropped, as from the skies, to the astonished artist. There is, however, no genuine life-giving source of real magnitude constantly pressing into service the talent in our midst, no sustained encouragement of Decoration, only colourless, black, dingy bronzes, a long list of statesmen and soldiers, of gigantic muscular development for the most part, congregated in our principal squares on artless bald pedestals, in the restricted poses sacred to the warped imagery of a faltering, passionless community, for Art. The Art statistics of latter years announce nothing in acquirements, only a gloomy depressing list of refusals. I question whether it has ever occurred to any active member of Parliament that the next new public building would afford an opportunity for the employment of artists and the use of brass and bronze of light colour, sculpture, mosaics, alabasters, coloured plasters, and the numerous materials by which Colour, the soul of Decoration, is obtained. The Renaissance in red brick is welcome, the more we get of it the better, together with terra-cotta, glazed materials, and sgraffito. Our smoke abatement scheme will in time be accomplished; indeed, it will be imperative if work be wrought in these materials under the immediate supervision of artists, not only on the private "domus," but on all structures on which the State may, we presume, cherish high-class Decoration.

In view of this fact, our open-air adornment, our exteriors, will necessitate a more speedy action for the consumption of smoke. Our Government must, however, be thanked for its aid annually voted for educational purposes in Art, but we cannot look at matters very brightly whilst this Government supineness in the discouragement of the numerous gifted artists at its service exists; opportunities have occurred which should have nerved Municipalities and the Government itself to tentative efforts with a view to the immediate commissioning of talent, now squandering in directions unworthy of artistic energy, or remaining altogether in the ranks of the unemployed. The Fine Arts of a nation like ours should be the loving whispers of its passing years, the pledged glorious pledges from its gifted men and women to the State. It was so in the past, brought about by different means, but it should be so again in our own times, and for those to come. It is our place to look well into matters as they now stand; we should endeavour to unite all artists at least on leading questions; we should ask them to co-operate actively towards a fuller meaning being given to the term "Art." The energy of a Royal Commission in 1843-4 for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, which included a portion of the rank and talent of this country, must have created brilliant anticipations at that time. Whether they were realised to the gratification of all then concerned matters not now; but that it did stimulate Art and encourage artists who had been discouraged, disheartened, and under a cloud, is a certainty. It was arranged on the competition basis, an undesirable one now and at all times, since the Government could with ease find plenty of talent, skill, and genius awaiting enlistment. Let us then strive to bring this about, and remind, if possible, the authorities that the people who vote their money should be repaid by some hearty display of native talent and power; and until this is brought to pass the Ministerial conscience cannot be considered free. This much the fostering of Art Schools would lead the public most naturally to expect. But the relaxed efforts of our advanced men, their silence on all artistic topics, save in bald discussion on expenditures connected with South Kensington, and discourses tediously dull in the small hours of the morning on National Gallery purchases, call for loud denouncement. I also believe that there has been, under a display of economy, much niggardliness in making provision for the Arts.

An instance in 1884 bearing on the National Gallery: a sum of £5000, an item from the general maintenance of public buildings vote, was under dis-



"IGNORANCE."

RE-DRAWN FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON.

cussion, and, because beneath it was written "total cost uncertain," "nothing," said a member, "could be more objectionable than that a Committee of Supply in the House of Commons should be asked to vote on account for the performance of works the exact cost of which had not been quite ascertained by the responsible department." The member then moved omission of this item altogether. Ultimately something was done, but an instance remains of the cold-blooded procedure usual in affairs relating to Art. Public schemes for Art purposes must not be paid for out of surplus sums; they must have their own vote, their own interest; and nothing but a lavish expenditure, which would after all amount to a fractional addition in our taxes, will meet our wishes. There is still a blur on the glass into which we gaze for a brighter prospect in artistic improvements, and of late we have heard criticisms on the estimates of the Science and Art Department as to whether or not the money voted went in too great a proportion to the staff rather than to the promotion of Science and Art, &c.; as to whether money is somewhat lavishly spent at South Kensington Museum, and on the 74,701 pupils in Art Schools in the United Kingdom; and we have heard many more cursory observations respecting this tuition system, a system in a sense a mere excuse to avoid further responsibility. We do not wish to think this. Perhaps it is simply that the authorities cannot see their way to immediate results, for Art is so long; and that the real grand yield of these wholesale provisions for a new life for Art is to be in the future, when all these tutored persons shall have become efficient, and further Government aid for Art will be unnecessary? Perhaps a sum will then be voted for the cost of working



"BLIND FURY."

RE-DRAWN FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON.



IRENE AND PLUTUS: RE-DRAWN
FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON
BY W. E. F. BRITTEN.



FORTUNA DISPENSING WEALTH: RE-DRAWN
FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON BY
W. E. F. BRITTON

overflowing imaginations and designs that have been thus engrafted by the wholesale manufacture of discobuli and dancing fauns, and studies of stale flowers in badly-lighted, crowded rooms. Perhaps, in fact, it is considered that Art will thrive under even bad teaching, so long as there is enough of it, and will, as I said before, in the future dispense with any further claims on State aid. Then, we presume, an army of incubated artists will lay their effusions at the feet of the Ministry.

We cannot help indulgence in speculations of this nature, while we all wonder in what way the State expects the country to benefit by this drilling of Art cadets. Is it not altogether an experiment in untried, impracticable channels? How can a system be applied or devised that shall minister to all the vagaries of present-day Art? Is not the Art of the day breaking away from the bondage of tradition? We have those in our midst who can do beautiful work—decorate, paint, design. Is there any provision made for their employment? No; though on all sides the aspect of our streets and public buildings asks for it—churches, railway termini, clubs, hotels, and in a thousand and one directions. Thus a guild of craftsmen and artists should pledge themselves in every way to gain a suffrage which can work the good changes, unrealised and yet so needed—this drawing together of disbanded forces, to the end that we may have Fine Art Decoration once more in our midst. We as artists cannot but take a share of the blame upon our own shoulders, our diversity of opinion being the cause. The disinclination of some to take any active part—and often this happens in the case of men whose services and judgment would be invaluable—the hopeful spirit of another, and the despair of a third, render us somewhat culpable as a class, especially when only a broad unison is desired—a consensus of opinion—that can in no way affect the individual except advantageously, or hinder an artist from working out his own ideas. Only a broad principle can at the most be supported, viz.: that, for the common weal of all, it is time to extend the suffrage, and name a brotherhood. Many say, “I approve the plan, and think it a fine idea.” But in their case they are dependent on a groove or rut from which comes the bread and cheese; there alone can they find it, and they can run no risks in encountering any institution that has enabled them to exhibit their work—Pictorial Art in a gold frame. Another will say, “I draw for periodicals—the *Sporting and Dramatic!*—how shall fashionable life and hunting scenes bear me out in a scheme for such as you propose? I have no desire to glorify park episodes of fashion; I can therefore see no advantages accruing to men like myself in there being a statute for artists. Whilst many others—I

should say most others—steeped in the intricate difficulties of Art as it now breathes—impressionist, æsthetic, portrait, or any kind of school, are lost to any idea of unity. But all these can be answered alike; by “Extend your suffrage; be considered in the light of a Society with responsibilities for each and every man professing Art as his calling.” Artists should sink their differences, and press on for substantial recognition as a force tending to the upheaval of ugliness in every form. By their united relationship they should foster public attention to works by native artists of invention and fancy; and should formulate in the face of traditions, and the five orders of Architecture, a tentative style with more colour everywhere—a style at all points essential to the effective development of a national expression of design. Are we not a colour-loving people? This will be seen by proof, when some day artists shall show a single half mile of public property, which, under the combined efforts of Architect, Painter, and Sculptor, shall bear its full force, and the scruples of the immediate past, with its stodgy indifference, shall be replaced by lenient State encouragement. I may here introduce the illustrations accompanying this article as the outcome of work that was given to me by the wish of an artist friend—not offered by the representation of any committee or council in search of an artist; they comprise the decoration of a ceiling at the South Kensington Museum that has, in all probability, escaped the notice of the public and critic alike. In the Prince Consort’s Gallery, the soffit enclosing the well-known lunette by Lord Leighton of “The Arts as applied to Peace,” has not received a description in the usual way; this omission has frequently caused the visitors to the museum to interpret the soffit decorations as only extended portions of the late President’s own handiwork. They are, however, the result of an order by the Government given to me at the request of Lord Leighton, whose sincere wish it was that I should undertake the work, with his express desire of avoiding opaque heavy colouring and crowded ornament—thinking it very probable that I should feel compelled to follow suit to the soffits in the adjoining galleries. “I desire it to be broad in effect and colour, and as applicable as possible to my somewhat elaborate lunette.” Unfortunately, the daylight falls from the adjoining roofs in such a manner as to cause a borrowed light on the work; so by artificial light they are best seen. I set about a scheme that should not exceed three colours used in tones and half tones, reds, creams, and green greys, with gold marginal lines; the figures which occupy separate panels in the soffit embody symbolisms by which Art flourishes. There is Plutus, the little god of wealth, a baby yet in comparison to

Industry—Irene, at whose side he plays; and again he nestles in the robes of Fortuna—whose eyes are not bandaged that she may direct the disposal of wealth. Plutus here throws to earth roses, embodiments of beauty; then Hygeia—Health, an assigned element to success—sails in her draperies, accompanied by the serpent Wisdom; Pallas, too, as a gardener kneeling, plants an olive tree—symbol of fresh hope and life for noble accomplishments in Art. In the lowest and smallest panels of this sibylline arc there are crouched two mailed and spiked monsters to retard, to dispute progress—Blind Fury or Ignorance, what you will—that interprets a balance of good effort. One pierced in the wing by a shaft, rends it with his teeth in restive ignorance; the other scans in sullen mood the barren waste that he has made. Works of Art on ceilings get but a glance now and again; the tired critic classes it as simply Art that suffices, forgetting that some of the very finest figures ever placed on canvas or panel have been found on ceilings. In Italy they are frequent, and it is Decoration as Fine Art that this paper supports. I would that the soffit had sprung from the Government's desire alone, rather than from that remarkable artist's great influence and power, asking it on my behalf quite as a favour out of the ordinary course of things. I would not have you misread me—my appetite is not appeased—because the aims of Decoration have for once met,



BY W. E. F. BRITTON.

THE SOFFIT IN SITU AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

by the merest chance turn of Fortune's wheel, with a little commission for a decorative ceiling; no, for Applied Arts still want applying to those large undertakings only at the disposal of our Government—the War Office—the Admiralty—even to the applied art dress—the war uniform—I defy any sufficient reason to excuse the dummylike stiffness in the undress cavalry uniform)—but enough—to quote the words of my lost friend: “We say, further, that the absence of this perception is fraught with infinite mischief, direct and indirect, to the development of Art among us, tending, as it does, to divorce from it whole classes of industrial production, and incalculably narrowing the field of the influence of beauty in our midst.” We will hope for every form of advancement by means of petitions and agitations, which we sincerely trust will awaken a deeper sense of the relation of Art to Industry, and will call such marked attention to this subject, as one of so vital an interest, that our Government shall find itself by necessity administering Art as a means of public welfare. Artists have a language of their own, that speaks in stone and plaster and metal and paint, silently working its ends towards refinement, opening the benumbed eyesight of those who, accustomed to elaborate ugliness or squalor, are startled into life again by the contemplation and the unconscious influence of the beauty around them, suggesting the slightest of

joys or the retrospection of buried memories. Our Art should have a double life, of present use and future influence; as we see from the crumbling beauties of remote cities whose people boasted no art training schools, professed nothing but a crude faith, but were, in spite of themselves, imbued with an in-born love of the beautiful.

ARCHITECTURE AND RECENT COMPETITIONS: BY EDWARD ROBERT ROBSON, F.S.A.

GREAT buildings—the historical records in brick, stone, or marble, of great movements— invariably have one feature in common, viz., the close union of the artist's spirit with the craftsman's skill. In the finest examples, this union is so intimate as to appear directed by the same heart-throb. And, in spite of varying external conditions and differing national idiosyncrasies, it is the true test of greatness and of real Art.

In times of decadence, when the original art-impulse has been spent, and the zenith passed, we miss first the inspiration of the artist and life-giver, and find ourselves mainly in presence of the traditional instinct of the craftsman. Or, but more rarely, the latter is of a low order, while the former has been engaged in a vain struggle to realise ideals. It is common to find that, long after a leading spirit has disappeared, workmen had retained an instinct for Art. The reverse is rare. When fine design and choice workmanship have both disappeared, buildings have ceased to excite any interest, or to possess any claim to rank as Architecture.

Always, anchored to earth by marriage with bricks and mortar, our Art may, as Lord Leighton has suggested, exult "in new flights of vigorous and bold creation." But it can seldom soar and sing like the lark. It needs always this test of actual life, a test unaffected by considerations of race, country, period, or style.

Nineteenth century movement, although mainly commercial and social, is not without its influence on Architecture. Large and costly mansions are now seldom required. Yet smaller houses and public buildings call for new efforts in Art, and for a higher level of workmanship.

If we are to have better houses of the smaller type, also people's palaces, schools, colleges, hospitals, &c., worthy of the time in which we live our methods must surely be mended. Architecture is like a man's handwriting, revealing his character in spite of himself. At present much of it is very bad.

In order to mend our methods, so as to produce

buildings by which we shall be content to be judged by posterity, the present position needs attention. We are emerging from darkness. Let us not plunge into fog, but consider where we are.

The reign of Queen Victoria will be represented by the future historian as a period commencing when Art had sunk to its lowest ebb of dulness and deficiency, and terminated during a movement only to be likened to a tumultuous, advancing tide.

In the earlier years of the century the English Architect, too long trained to pore over Vitruvius and the "Five Orders," had little idea of creating original or artistic work. Nor did public opinion then expect it. Architecture was held to be a completed system, in which everything was determined by settled precedents and examples, and no new growths or developments were looked for. Lethargy and self-satisfaction prevailed.

At the very same time our brethren the engineers, taking possession of the exclusively constructional side of Architecture, were steadily at work in endeavouring to meet the ever-growing wants of the day by practical application of the constantly-increasing scientific knowledge. Their profession soon became severed from that of the Architect's, who saw one *raison d'être* gone for ever, the introduction of railways and of iron construction largely facilitating.

Painters, for their part, had now appropriated the name of "Artist," bodily and exclusively.

The speculative builder saw his way also. Contriving always to have ready the kind of little house most largely in demand, and, hating the eye of the Architect, he monopolised the building of miles upon miles of suburban streets required for the increase of London's population, which, in their sordid aspect, well represent the level of his thought.

The whole profession of Architecture seemed to have become superfluous.

But the writings of John Ruskin had begun to set everyone thinking. Cartwheels could no longer be suffered to travel in ruts so deep. Lofty ideals received practical direction from the craftsman's skill and seeing eye of William Morris. A powerful impetus had been given to a movement for more musical Architecture and more poetic prose. What the first had dreamed and written of, the second had converted into a reality. The Gothic revival also lent an impulse. An impulse towards truth and beauty, none the less valuable even though the movement was, for the time, a mania. The deadly inertia, inherited from a previous century, had been cast off. Slowly but surely the old order had changed. The individuality, always latent in the Anglo-Saxon race, seemed to characterise the new departure. And its movement

must be welcome to all who reflect that movement is of the very essence of life.

It may be premature to say that we are in the midst of a veritable revolution in Architecture and decorative Art affecting the life and happiness of the nation. At least, we must note the change—a change originating in the profound impression produced by the writings of Ruskin, as every Architect now producing work possessing artistic merit will admit.

Among evidences of life and movement in other directions came a mania for legislation about everything. Brand new bodies, with powers to spend—and to borrow—were created by Act of Parliament. Education and Drains now held the field. Town Councils found themselves jostled by School Boards, Urban Authorities, County Councils, and the like, each, apparently, more anxious than the other to prove its importance by the scale of its expenditure. Yet each has its duty to perform.

The members of these various bodies soon found it best to compose individual differences by uniting, as to their buildings, on the principle of a competition amongst Architects. This course had the advantage of assisting them, first of all, to settle the sort of building they themselves wanted, or thought they wanted, or thought they ought to want. Their course cannot be regarded as unwise.

The increasing prevalence of this system has now reached large proportions. Some of its incidental results have been grievously disheartening to competitors. And one, of the wider kind, may be specially noted as of evil omen—viz., that competitors have found the decisions to be often as uncertain as a lottery, and to feel encouraged to regard the winning of the prize to be of more moment than the production of a worthy—not to say fine—building. Why not hold a solemn raffle for the prize? Did not the late William Burges on one occasion suggest that the gold medal of the R.I.B.A. should be shot for by the Volunteers? Yet, surely competitions are not unmixed evils. On the contrary, it is not impossible to render them of prodigious value.

Among the worst of modern buildings, many may be noted as the result of the system. Some of these are limited to simple usefulness; others are laboriously dull. More are impeccably correct, yet utterly lifeless. The largest number indicate lack of the greater qualities, of that scientific planning, out of which good Architecture ought always to spring; of composition; of skyline; of the character which expresses purpose; of the relative values of mouldings and ornament; and of the use of Sculpture in relation to Architecture. If the trick of winning the prize is to be placed first, we may look in vain for such a competitive result as gave St.

George's Hall to Liverpool. Rather may we expect to see more of the Sheffield example, where the great new municipal building looks like anything but a town hall.

The rage for competitions tends also to throw into this ordeal a sort of architectural problem for which it is wholly unfit. For instance, at Liskeard there is at this moment a competition for rebuilding the tower of the parish church, apparently for no other reason than that an old lady had left a bequest of £1000 for that purpose. It is more than probable that the existing tower ought not to be pulled down.

One of the most disastrous in its complete miscarriage is also one of the most recent, viz.: that at Exeter, where, a church being required, at a cost of about £6000, no less than 440 sets of designs were sent in. The consideration of their various merits lasted the whole summer. Yet the selected design, as published, shows a production neither better nor worse than that of the ordinary type which passed muster as Church Architecture twenty years ago. The process of selection, whatever it may have been, has been clearly at fault. For it is almost impossible, at this day, that no single one of the rejected plans failed to show evidence of greater freshness of design and freer artistic life. The prevalent opinion is that there were many.

From the merely economic point of view, and placing the average value of the drawings no higher than £100 per set, the competition caused an expenditure of something like £44,000 in plans alone, or more than seven times the contemplated cost of the building itself! The machinery set in motion has thus been out of all proportion to the result aimed at. The taxation levied upon the profession reaches a climax of absurdity only too cruel in its incidence. The general result is demoralising, as tending to convert fair and honourable professional emulation into a species of gambling where Chance sits as presiding goddess.

Architects have not now to deal with buildings like St. Peter's at Rome, which occupied three centuries and a half to bring to completion, and lasted through the reigns of forty-three popes. Their works are all on a much more modest scale, and the actual amount of competition invoked ought to bear some relation to the magnitude and cost of the building competed for.

Among other recent competitions, where the result has not increased respect for the system, have been that for new County Council offices at Durham, and the much larger one for a new Town Hall at Belfast. At Swansea, the School Board, in their wisdom, placed first the design (for a remarkable site), which the assessor had placed second.

At Weston-super-Mare, the final decision was unworthy even of discussion.

On the other hand may be observed a large number which, in various degrees, have been satisfactory, and have ended in the selection of designs not unworthy of their purpose. These instances, however, have usually been in competitions strictly limited in extent, and carefully defined as to scope, beforehand, with the aid of an assessor. Among these may be mentioned the Higher Grade and Organized Science School at Bolton, and a similar kind of building at Nottingham. In the latter case the assessor's report was printed *en bloc*, and a copy sent to each competitor. The list of instances might be largely extended. It is significant that the fairer the terms and the narrower the limits, the keener has been the competition, and the more successful.

It is, therefore, pretty clear that, although Architects would naturally prefer to have the apples shaken into their lap than be compelled to climb the tree, the element of competition is of value in certain cases, and the fruit possibly better. There is nothing new as to the principle. Before and during the Italian Renaissance, artists of all kinds were constantly set to vie with each other, those of similar rank in their Art being usually opposed, and the citizens taking public part in the decisions. We have all read the history of Brunelleschi's building of the dome of the Cathedral of Florence. The mass of the people, too, were interested and excited on the appearance of some great thing in Art, as when Giotto's Madonna was carried in triumph through the streets of the same city. In England, Truro Cathedral was the outcome of a kind of competition. But, then no "M. S. A." was ranged for the race with an R. A. In Florence, the judges of Art were usually the princes of the land, among whose accomplishments were always reckoned a knowledge of the arts. At Truro, the judges were, at least, men of education and position, and the result, so far as the cathedral can be considered as a whole from the portion already erected, amply justifies their choice and maintains the high reputation so long held by Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A.

This general survey of the condition of Architecture during the Queen's long reign, and its position at this moment, when, without any one great movement, many causes have combined to awaken the dormant sense of Art, shows how important it has become that the true direction should be maintained by men of light and leading.

Genius has been described with some truth as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." It may be added, however, that it is only present when the pains have worked up the skill to the point of white heat, and when the designer is able to

impart to his work originality, seriousness, and dignity. A body of men working under these conditions might even evolve a new style in course of time.

A new style is not made. It is a slow evolution. Few men approach a competition in real earnest. The uncertainty of success must ever prevent the heat from reaching the white state of liquid steel.

While, therefore, holding strong views as to the causes which threaten to turn Architecture into a jumble of comic lines, misplaced and malshaped pilasters and cabinet-maker's panellings, forming frequently a design deficient of form and proportion; none who value life in Art should regard the impetus derived from competitive struggles as other than of great value.

Everything depends on the makers of the competition in the first instance. Everything on the competitors themselves in the second.

The suggestions in the R.I.B.A. Kalendar, 1896-7, pp. 305, 306, and 307, seem to embrace all points to be laid down in competitions except one, viz., that relating to the world of Art.

If competitions are intended to advance Architecture as a fine art, the conditions of a competition should steadily keep that goal in view.

And the competitor should remember that, in these days, if an Architect is not an Artist he is nothing. The engineer and the speculative builder leave him no other choice.

ART OR SCIENCE?

IT is permissible to express some surprise at the comments, in one of our contemporaries, on the recent change in title of the Royal College of Art. As, in connection with the Department of Science and Art, there has for some years been a Royal College of Science, why not also the converse in regard to Art? Or does *The Studio* desire to suggest that Art is not so important as Science, and, therefore, should be content with a School, while her younger but more bustling sister is to be dignified in a College? We would have expected better things from an illustrated magazine of "Fine and Applied Art." The attack on the institution is, of course, persisted in by "our own Correspondents," as the benevolent but anonymous writers are termed. Some reorganisation will, no doubt, be carried out as soon as practicable; and if those who desire the "welcome changes" would drop their secrecy and come out into the open, formulating specifically their views, they would have a better chance of being heard, and the public would have a better chance of judging of their fitness to offer suggestions.

H. H. S.

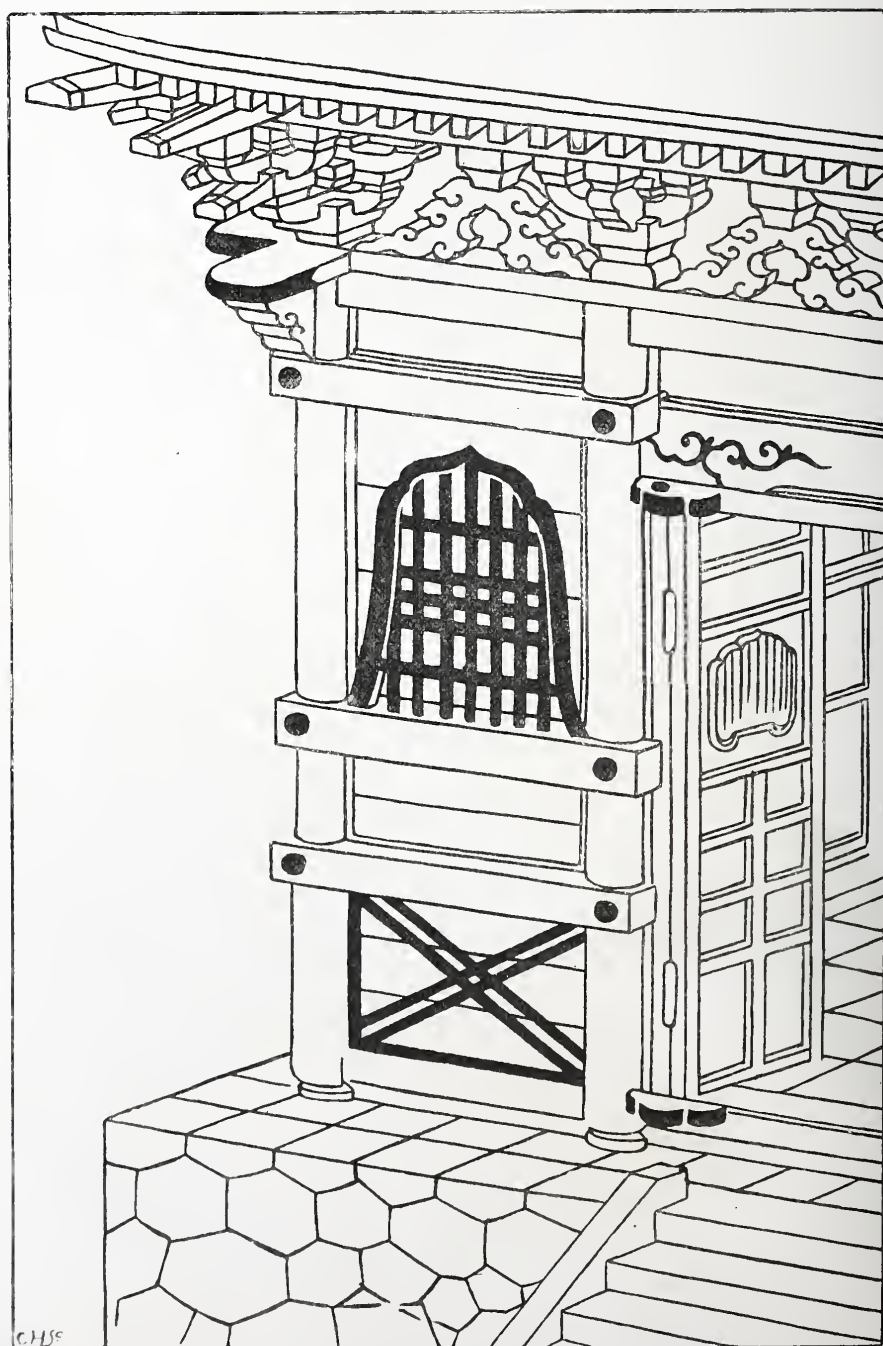
ARCHITECTURE IN JAPAN BY EDWARD F. STRANGE: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY NATIVE ARCHITECTS AND PAINTERS.

A CONSIDERATION of the Architecture of Japan is a curious revelation to the European student of that Art. He is accustomed to a sequence of historical styles, whose inter-connection can be logically traced nearly to the beginning of house-building. The edifices which form the landmarks of his progress, have been built, almost invariably, of stone or brick: wood being—naturally, as we should say—merely an accessory of comparatively trivial importance. The first qualities demanded from western Architects have generally been rigid stability, extreme strength, and the exclusion of "weather," to as great a degree as possible. And by our education on these lines, we have formulated postulates, and acquired habits of criticism which render it extremely difficult to appreciate the points of an Architecture which differs essentially from our own in every one of the directions above indicated. We have, in short, to begin even so slight an essay as space compels this to be, with a definite statement of the point of view from which its subject is to be regarded, and with a warning against a too hasty application of European rules to the examples herein referred to.

The first point to be made clear is the non-existence of anything approaching our historic variation of style. This arises from several causes.

The most important, perhaps, of these, is the absence of external influence. There has never

been in Japan, as in the countries of Europe, a succession of invasions or immigrations of strange races, bringing with them new ideas and methods. Neither does there seem to have been any separation of the Art of Architecture from among its fellows. The building of a house was simply the business of so many carpenters. In the case of the temples, every detail of plan was settled by inviolable tradition, questions of size or ornamentation being ruled by the importance of the special occasion of building, and the funds available.



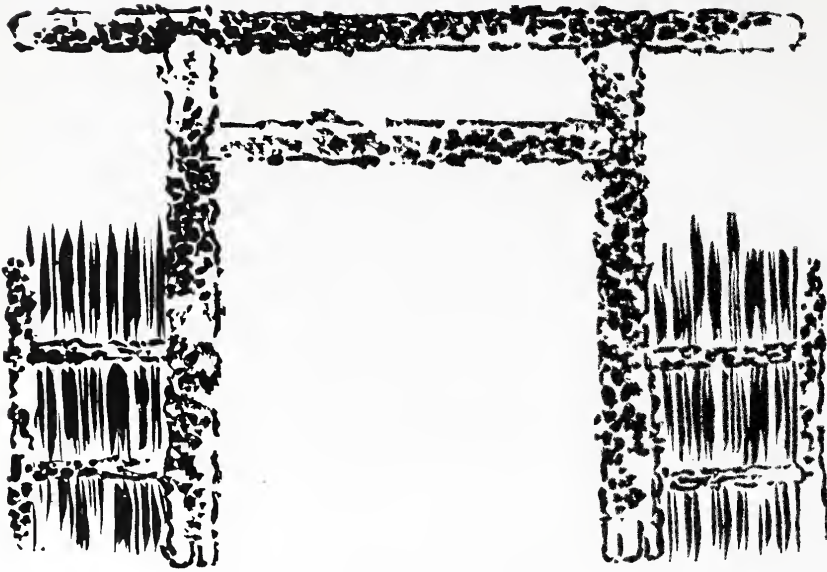
WOOD CONSTRUCTION ON STONE.

AFTER HOKUSAI.



ERECTION OF A HOUSE: REPRESENTED BY ACTORS.

FROM A COLOUR PRINT BY KUNISADA.



TORII: ARCHAIC FORM.

This conservatism, which, up to our own time, the Japanese had in common with so many other Oriental nations, would, of itself, account for the persistency of a type of dwelling house, which must have been arrived at several centuries ago; and even now is in most respects fully adequate to the requirements of the people. And it is the fact that not only are the plans of temples uniform within the limitations of each, but the fabric itself undergoes no change of treatment; such restorations as are from time to time necessary, being rigidly confined to reproductions of the old work. The question of additions rarely arises.

Then, again, there is the important factor of material, in considering which we are at once impressed by the universality of the use of wood, not only for light and easily constructed domestic buildings, but for temples, which in size and dignity rank, not unworthily, with our cathedrals. And this is a matter of deliberate choice, for the Japanese both possess stores of excellent stone, and are past masters in the crafts of tile-making, as in all the more honoured branches of ceramics. In passing, we may note a record of the making of tiles as early as the seventh century. It is to be said, however, that before the period of direct European influence, they most

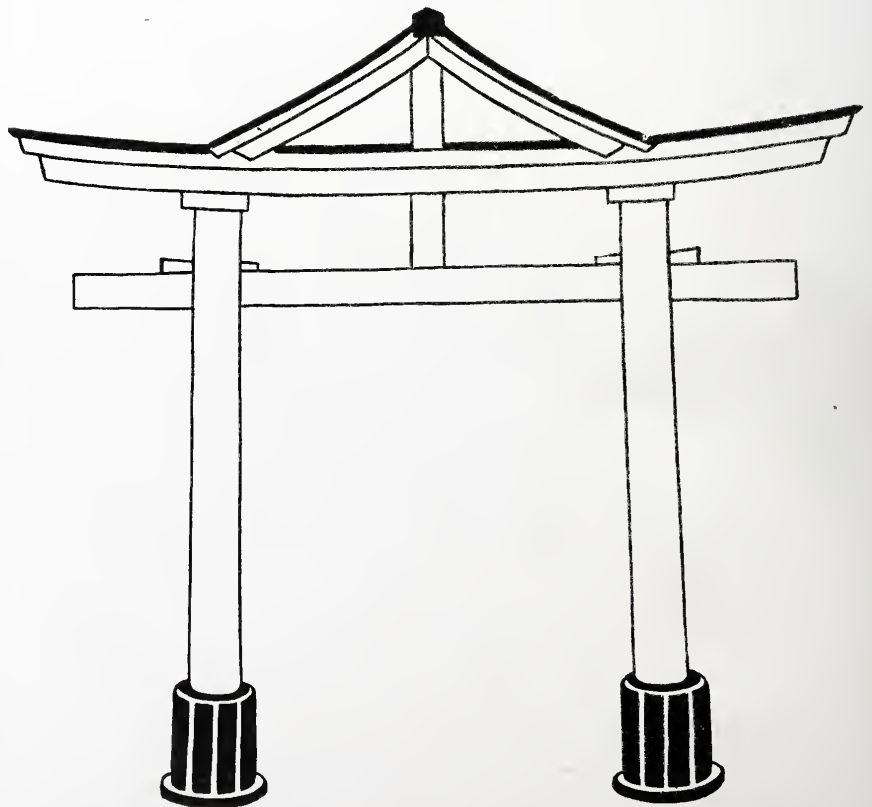
unaccountably never paid attention to the manufacture of good bricks.

But the choice of wood rests on sound and substantial reasons. In the first place, the climate demands a fashion of domestic Architecture, which will adapt itself readily to the habits of a people to whom an abundance of fresh air is as necessary in the summer, as is shelter during the rainy season (May and June), and protection against the frost and snow of winter. These requirements at once explain certain characteristics of the Japanese houses; a stout framework of timber supporting a strong tiled—or thatched—roof, with walls which are only

AFTER HOKUSAI.

light and easily movable screens. In summer, during the day, the house is a mere skeleton; but the nights are often cold throughout the year, and the building can be closed as easily as opened.

Another important point is the prevalence of earthquakes, and the consequent necessity of providing a building of sufficient elasticity to withstand vibration as long as possible, or, at the worst, to collapse with as little danger as may be to life and limb. This consideration naturally exercises



TORII: SHOWING MORTISE.

AFTER HOKUSAI.

an important influence on the methods of construction in use, and is responsible for several peculiarities alluded to later on.

Something is also to be said for tradition, especially in the case of edifices devoted to religion; though the seeker after evidences of racial descent is perhaps too apt to lay stress on circumstances arising from natural causes, as well understood for all practical purposes a thousand years ago, as they are to-day. And, lastly, we may mention the cheapness and excellence of timber thoroughly well adapted to all building purposes, a factor of no mean importance with an ingenious and thrifty people.

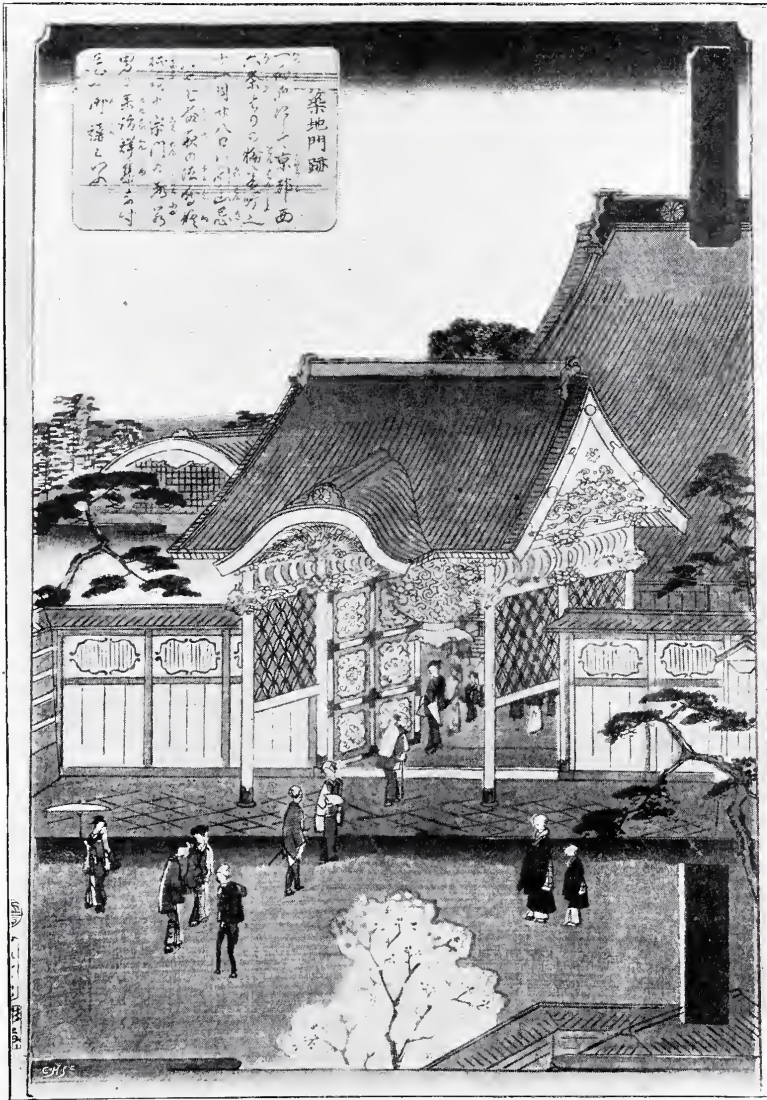
There is one, and one only, instance in which a stone construction is found, namely, in fortification. Even here, it consists simply of an exterior casing of huge blocks, each sometimes as much as thirty feet in length, the structure diminishing, pyramidally, as it rises, and being braced up from behind with a massive arrangement of wooden beams.

Turning from the question of material to that of constructive method, we find, as already suggested, several peculiarities, due, mainly, to precautions against the effect of earthquakes. The ordinary dwelling-house, as the simplest architectural form of the country, may be first considered. To begin with, the building is entirely raised from the surface by means of large undressed stones securely settled in the earth. To each of these a beam-end is most accurately fitted, but not actually pinned in any

way, the greatest pains being taken to model the wood into a perfect matrix—if the term may be permitted—of the upper surface of the stone. These beams form the uprights which support the whole fabric; and this ingenious device secures a break in the transmission of vibration from the earth, which is considered to minimise the effects of earthquakes and tremblings, and, if it does not protect the buildings against the more violent shocks, to be an efficient safeguard against the gradual disruption

which a more rigid erection would inevitably undergo.

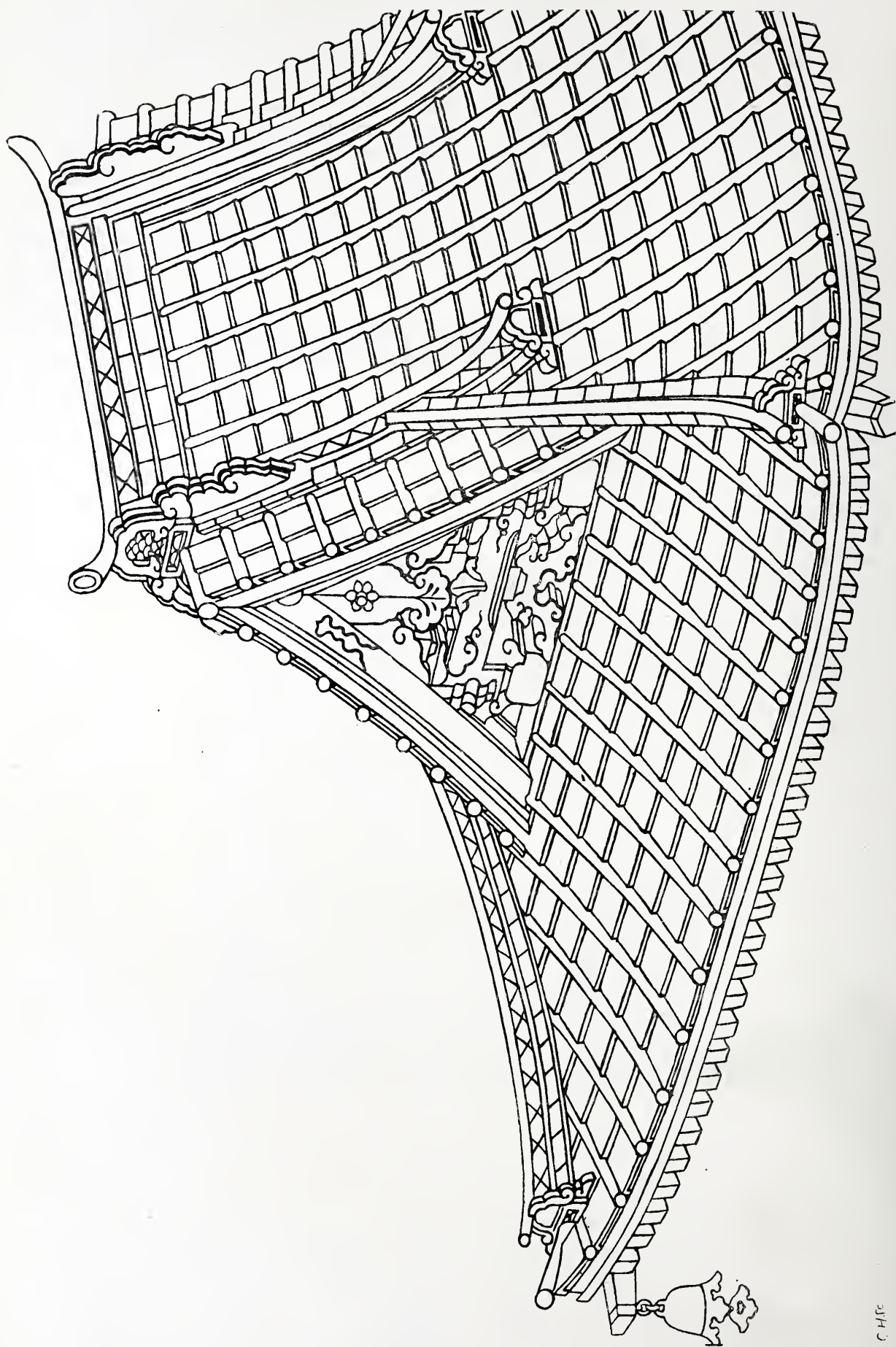
But the researches of Messrs Brunton and Milne have proved that herein the Japanese have been somewhat seriously mistaken. The great earthquake of 1891—one of quite exceptional severity, it is true—levelled these light erections to the ground in the most complete and disastrous manner. The experience then gained, seems to show that, whatever may have been the advantages of this manner of building in early days of which we have no reliable records, yet, at the present time, the weight of the



GATE OF THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, HONGWANJI.

FROM A COLOUR PRINT BY SADAHIDE.

roof has increased to such an extent as to be a source of serious danger. It is, of course, possible—perhaps even probable—that this excess of weight is a more modern development. Anyhow, the fact remains that in most cases the supports collapsed, as Professor Milne puts it, much like the houses children build with playing-cards, and the great roofs crashed through them with most terrible results.



C.H.F.C.

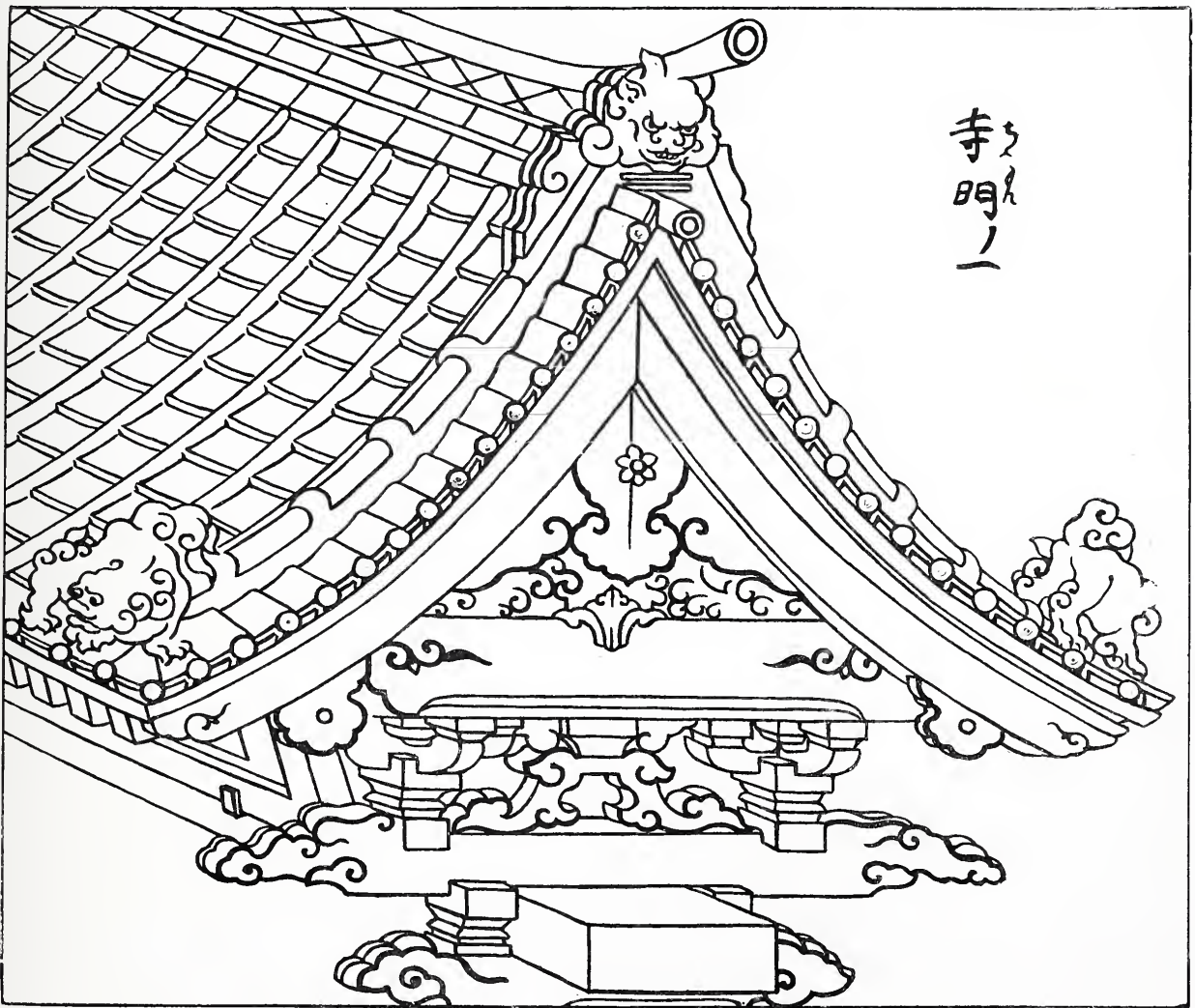
TILED ROOF: AFTER HOKUSAI.

It is true that modern buildings of brick and stone of European construction, or in European style, suffered also to an enormous extent; but careful enquiries showed that every case of exceptional damage could be traced to defective workmanship or materials, the conclusion being that thoroughly well built brick or stone work is always the best in the long run, even in a country subject, like Japan, to the most violent earthquakes.

It is also to be remarked, however, on the one hand, that nothing is so well suited, either to the habits

fitted by means of simple notching or mortising; an example of a favourite tie can be seen in the drawing of a torii (page 126). In all this work the construction is frankly apparent. Where possible the beams are unhewn, simply stripped of their bark, and the whole effect is consequently one of comparative strength, and often elegance.

There are, however, certain curious omissions to be noted. The walls—if that word can be used to correctly describe the somewhat flimsy structures—are held together by horizontal beams only,



GABLE END OF A ROOF.

AFTER HOKUSAI.

or the means of the people, as timber constructions; and, on the other, that a general use of that material may cause the very serious depletion of the forests, with all its consequent results of enhancement of price, and bad climatic effects.

As regards the details of the construction of a dwelling-house, we find that these uprights, rough-hewn, as a rule, run right through to the roof, the central beams at the gable ends carrying a ridge-pole from which the lighter framework for tiles or thatch depends. The horizontal ties are securely

diagonal bracing of any sort being never made use of by native builders. And, similarly, the Japanese do not seem to have developed anything approaching to our methods of supporting a roof. They rest it solely on uprights springing from the horizontal beams, which bind together the main uprights.

There is no doubt that the causes which have tended to the exclusion of style from Japanese Architecture, have also retarded the whole development of the science of building construction. In

the making of little things, furniture, writing cabinets, medicine-boxes and the like, their craftsmen display a skill of joinery which is simply marvellous. And also in the mere carpentry of the house, the same quality is observable to a very marked degree. We cannot therefore ascribe the

has been already said, are to be found venerable and imposing edifices of singular beauty and strength. And it is a remarkable tribute to the excellence of the workmanship bestowed on them, that several can boast a life of many centuries, in spite of the risks they run of damage by earthquake or by the perishability under ordinary circumstances of their materials.

In the temples, wood is again the main element of the fabric; but, the necessity no longer existing for providing movable screens instead of substantial walls, the edifice is more homogeneous, and it reaps to the full the advantages of the use of an elastic material. In the case of the pagodas, which often rise to a very considerable height, a most ingenious device is employed, with absolute success, in order to preserve the stability of the one form of Architecture most open to destruction by earthquake. From the roof is hung a massive baulk of timber, reaching to within a barely perceptible distance of the floor, and by this simple means the erection is endowed with a variable centre of gravity which very effectively secures it. In order to support this great weight, the main uprights are of enormous size, and the quantity of material employed appears, at first sight, to be out of all proportion to the result to be gained. But experience has shown the necessity of this, and the extraordinary longevity of these buildings is such that there are instances which have now existed, in practically their original condition, for many centuries, and are probably among the oldest wooden constructions in the world.

These temples are ornamented with magnificent carvings, the study of which would, in itself, be an important work well worthy of being thoroughly investigated. Their high-pitched roofs are of great beauty, and have furnished ethnographers, with an interesting problem in the search for an origin of their strongly marked curves, and curious "looped-up" eaves—a form which appears to irresistibly suggest the swag of the canvas on a large tent. But it is also possible that it arises merely from the bending of beams of insufficient strength, and that the eaves are but a fantastic development of an obvious plan for getting rid of the results of heavy



PORTION OF THE
MIKADO'S PALACE.

FROM A COLOUR PRINT
BY KUNITSUNA.

constructive faults of their Architecture to a want either of intelligence or of capability. It is simply that the habits of the people have not been such as to encourage improvement in these particular directions; and so, very slight, if any, advances have been made on the traditions received from the Korean Architects, who were probably responsible for the first inspiration of the methods.

Buildings of more pretensions to style, are almost entirely those devoted to the two religions of Japan, Buddhism and Shintoism. Among them, as

rain, without sacrificing any of the advantages of shelter from a glaring sun. A characteristic of the Shinto temples is the continuation of the beams of the end-gables beyond the roof pole, in such a manner as to cross each other, and form a distinctive and pleasing decorative feature. This is still found in the dwelling houses of the south-east of Asia, and particularly in the Malay Archipelago.

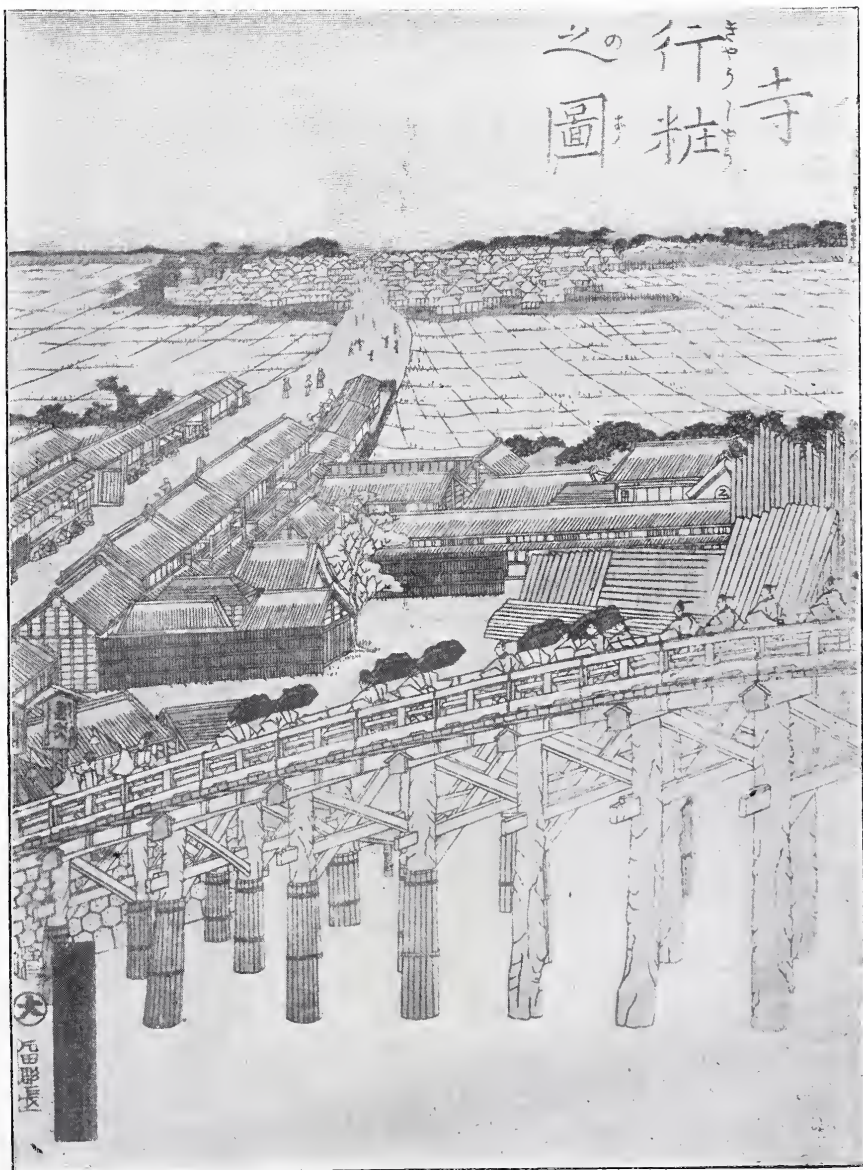
Much care is, indeed, bestowed on the ornamentation of the roof throughout the whole of Japan. There are no chimneys but the absence of one of the most marked features of an European town is to some extent redeemed by the beauty of the carved finials and angle-pieces, and of the coloured decoration of the tiles or shingles. Among the most famous of the former, are the two great fish in gilt bronze, which still surmount the old castle of Nagoya. We give an illustration of one of them from a colour-print by Hiroshige II. It may be mentioned, as a curious fact for which we have no explanation to offer, that the tea houses of Japan never have tiled roofs. They are invariably thatched.

In the building of bridges, the Japanese display wonderful ingenuity and skill, but, again, very limited engineering talent. They have, with much show of reason, the Oriental prejudice against the use of the arch, realising the truth expressed in the Hindoo proverb that "the arch never rests." When it is necessary, as in the case of our illustration, to approximate to this construction, even with timber, it is always supported at close intervals from below; and the criticisms which have on this account been lavishly bestowed on their building science, are perhaps, for once, not quite too well considered. And it must be said that these old bridges, now fast disappearing under the stress of western civilisation, have a quaintness which is a great charm to the lover of the picturesque. No one who knows the set of views called the "Famous bridges of Japan," by

Hokusai, but will regret the loss of the wonderful suspension bridges, swung by ropes in mid-air over deep ravines, the massive piles of timber which sweep across the larger rivers, the toy-like footways leaping, by successive bounds, over the marshes. These are among the sacrifices that Japan is making in the progress of her education, and in an age of utilitarianism, perhaps it is not to be wondered at that she should let them go without hesitation.

We have chosen our illustrations entirely from among the works of Japanese artists. They, better than anyone, appreciate that not unimportant consideration in Architecture, the decorative effect of a building, and it is interesting to note the manner in which the bold sweep of the roofs has always appealed to them.

The line drawings are re-drawn from the



BRIDGE NEAR THE TEMPLE
OF HONGWANJI.

FROM A COLOUR PRINT
BY SADAHIDE.

Mangwa of Hokusai—the fifth volume, published first in 1816—the Architectural work being probably due to Hoku-un. These give a good idea of the curious bracketing, so effectively introduced into the construction of the gables of an elaborate roof, as well as several methods of ornamenting the latter.

Page 127 is a reproduction of a portion of a print by Sadahide, representing the famous temple of Hongwanji at Nagoya, a magnificent building belonging in date to the beginning of the present century. The main hall, of which our illustration gives the principal entrance, is in dimensions 120ft. by 108ft. The continuation of the roof to a series of exterior columns, has a curious effect in giving the building the appearance of having several stories, which is not, however, the case.

By the same artist is the view (page 133) of one of the old timber bridges of Japan, and of a typical village in the distance. This, too, was in the neighbour-

hood of Nagoya, a place also notable for one of the most famous of the old castles of Japan. The latter was erected in 1610 for the first prince of Owari, a son of the great Shogun, Iyeyasu. The whole edifice is of enormous size, and, with the exception of the part reserved as accommodation for the garrison, is now accessible to the public. It is surmounted by a five-storied tower, one angle of which we reproduce for the sake of the great dolphins already referred to. These were made by Katō Kiyomasa, the hero of the Japanese expedition to Korea in the seventeenth century. The illustration (page 135) is from a print by Hiroshige.

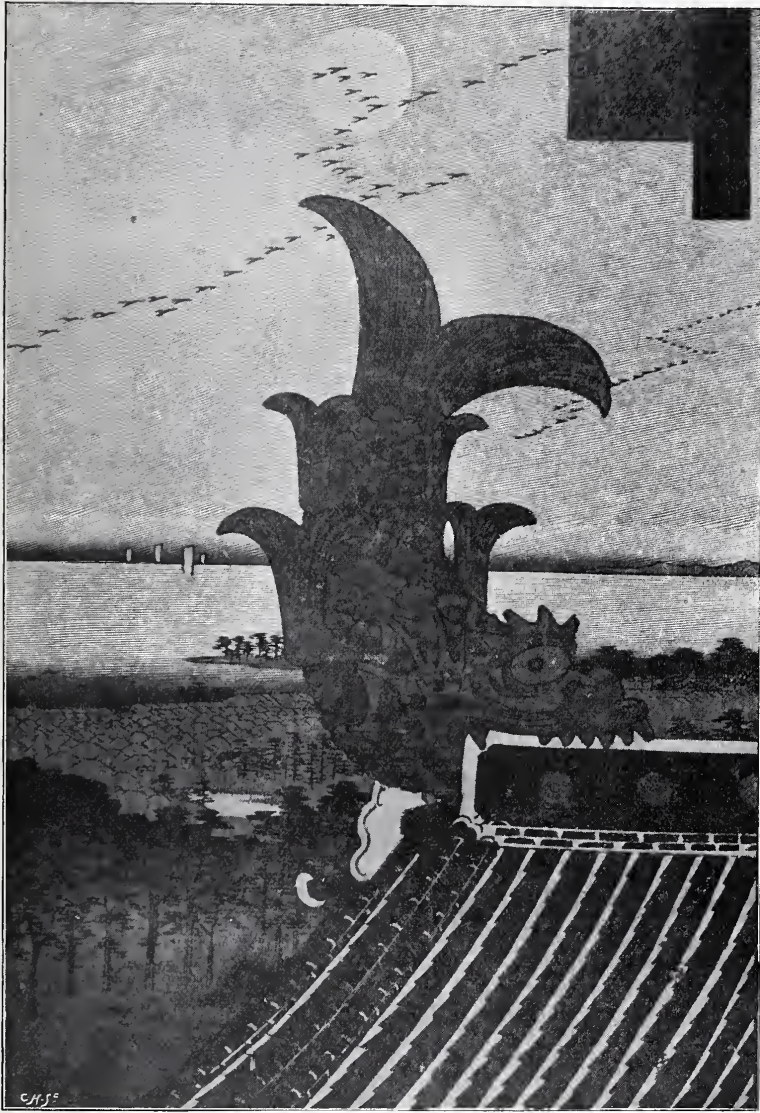
We here give a good view of the planning of a second-story verandah of about the date 1865, and, as a useful example of the Japanese method of scaffolding, is also reproduced, on page 125, a curious scene, in which actors are represented in the act of putting together the framework of a house. The manner in which the roof is placed on the main uprights will very readily be seen.

It has been remarked by several writers interested in Japanese Architecture, or Art generally, that for a nation of such cultivated literary tastes, the Japanese are singularly deficient in books on this special subject. But there is the same dearth in all the handicrafts: little is found except prints of designs, and the reason is doubtless to be sought in the strict divisions of society in feudal times. The aristocracy recognised few of the Arts. The remainder were practised by a caste low in the scale of society, which depended for its knowledge on tradition, and on the transmission of manual dexterity from generation to generation in the same family. For this reason, perhaps, more than any other, the Architecture of Japan has suffered from the Architect's point of view, while it has reaped credit from the work of joiner and carpenter. But whether an influx of European science will produce that weird phantasy a "new style," is yet too open a question for speculation. The Japanese are learning many



SECOND STORY VERANDAH.

FROM A COLOUR PRINT BY HIROSHIGE H.



FINIAL ON ROOF OF THE
CASTLE OF NAGOYA.

FROM A COLOUR PRINT
BY HIROSHIGE II.

tree together, instead of mixing the planks haphazard; while in the actual selection of the wood for use in special positions great forethought and judgment are always bestowed.

The decoration of the roofs has already been referred to incidentally, the ridge poles and gable ends being the portions to which especial attention is usually paid. In the case of the "go-downs," the heavy ridge-pole is often ornamented with designs in relief, worked in the cement, a wave pattern being a great favourite—possibly with some suggestion of the water dominating the flames. But in arrangement of tiles and shingles also, endless ingenuity is shown, and to the geometric diapers which naturally come to hand are often added a coloured pattern, such as the *mon* (heraldic badge) of the family. Similarly with the exterior walls. When cement is used, it is generally coloured or treated in some other way for artificial effect. Thus the walls of the "go-downs" are worked up to a black surface of high polish; and in other instances good results are obtained by the use of coloured sands, shells, or metallic dust.

This ingenuity in the development of the decorative effect of material is perhaps the most instructive point in Japanese Architecture for the consideration of Europeans. We are,

lessons from us; unfortunately there are signs that the fatal vice of jerry-building is among them.

It is impossible to close a paper of this nature without a few words on the Decorative methods employed by the Japanese in their domestic edifices. They, possessing an innate good taste which seems an integral part of the national character, have had no need of text books and learned dissertations to settle how far Decoration may go hand-in-hand with Architecture. No Japanese ever dreams of loading his walls, either exterior or interior, with patches of applied "ornament." He keeps his treasures in a fire-proof building (the *kura*, or "go-down"), separate or separable from the dwelling, and having mud walls of enormous thickness. For the decoration of a room a single picture and a vase or two will always suffice, but, on the other hand, no decorative possibility of material is lightly wasted. The grain and colour of the wood are important considerations, and care is taken when timber is prepared for building to keep the products of each

let us hope, beginning to grow out of the epoch of stucco-statuary and its kindred frauds. This age, at least, may claim credit for a revived appreciation of the beauties of unplastered brick-work or terra-cotta. And those who love the simplicity and dignity of unpretending material and honest workmanship will sympathise with and enjoy many of the minor achievements of the Japanese carpenter-architects.

JOHN L. PEARSON, R.A.

I wish to make two corrections in the second part of my article on the work of John L. Pearson, R.A. Lechlade Manor House was described as an old building re-modelled. I now learn that it was a new house. The ground plan which we reproduced showed the greater part of the internal walls to be hatched, external and other walls being coloured black: these were taken for old and new walls. I learn from Mr. Pearson that the internal brick walls were coloured red to distinguish them from the external stone walls coloured grey, the plan being a working and contract drawing. The Church of Burleigh-on-the-Hill was restored for Mr. Finch, and not the Duke of Rutland. JOHN E. NEWBERRY.

THE COMPLETE WORK OF T. G. JACKSON, R.A. WITH MANY SPECIAL SKETCHES AND UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS AND PLANS SELECTED BY MR. JACKSON: LETTERPRESS BY C. E. MALLOWS.

THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, whose Architectural work is especially before our readers, was born Dec. 21st, 1835, and is consequently just entering his sixty-second year, though his portrait would hardly lead us to credit him with so long a career.

The son of Hugh Jackson, a solicitor, and Eliza his wife, daughter of Thomas Graham Arnold, M.D., of Stamford, his future destinies were strongly influenced, if not indeed decided, when, in 1854, after an education at Brighton College, he found himself entered as a commoner at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The same year he was elected scholar, and ten years later Fellow of Wadham College.

Whether the young commoner was from the first determined to devote himself to the Art—an artistic temperament he must always have had—whether the resolve grew upon him, when in the intervals between lectures and cricket practice, as he strolled down the High-street or dined in hall, his eye, predisposed to appreciate, gradually led him to study more and more closely the rich storehouse of Architecture in which he lived, we, and probably he himself, can now scarcely say. In all probability Oxford herself, his Alma Mater, gave the quickening touch to his ambition; and it is with hers that his name is instinctively connected to such an extent that it comes almost as a surprise to find how much work he has done outside the circle of her influence.

It is, moreover, to this non-collegiate work that we propose particularly to refer; and, though at first this course may seem to rival the celebrated performance of Hamlet, in which the principal character took no part, we shall find a great deal to interest and instruct us in this little noticed side of his career.

It is always of interest to ascertain the standpoint from which a Designer, and more especially an Architect, starts, and here we are singularly fortunate, for Mr. Jackson, as might be supposed from his training, has a strong literary bent, and his first book, "Modern Gothic Architecture," pub-



EAGLE HOUSE WIMBLEDON: THE GARDEN FRONT.
MR. JACKSON HOME &



With kind regards fr. my kind
T. G. Jackson.

lished in 1873, when he was in his thirty-ninth year, dealing, as it does, with the principles of the Art, enables us to see very clearly through what phases of thought he had already passed, what was his point of view at that time; and he tell us, moreover, that it, on the whole, still represents his own mature convictions.

There is interest in the mere fact that he was led to write on the subject at all; it shows the presence of a scientific or analytical side to his mind. He wants to know "why." The artist, *per se*, cares

hands, which left them prim, clean, and cold, but Architecturally virtuous as the virtue was then reckoned; and we can easily imagine that his refined and cultivated nature, imbued as it must have been with the intense conservatism of his Oxford training, was shocked at what he felt at heart to be vandalism, though a natural veneration for his master made him for a long time doubt the correctness of his own instinct; at any rate, "Modern Gothic Architecture" is a clearly-reasoned protest against the mere archæological and consequently spiritless



THE MASTER OF BALLIOL'S HOUSE, OXFORD: BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A.

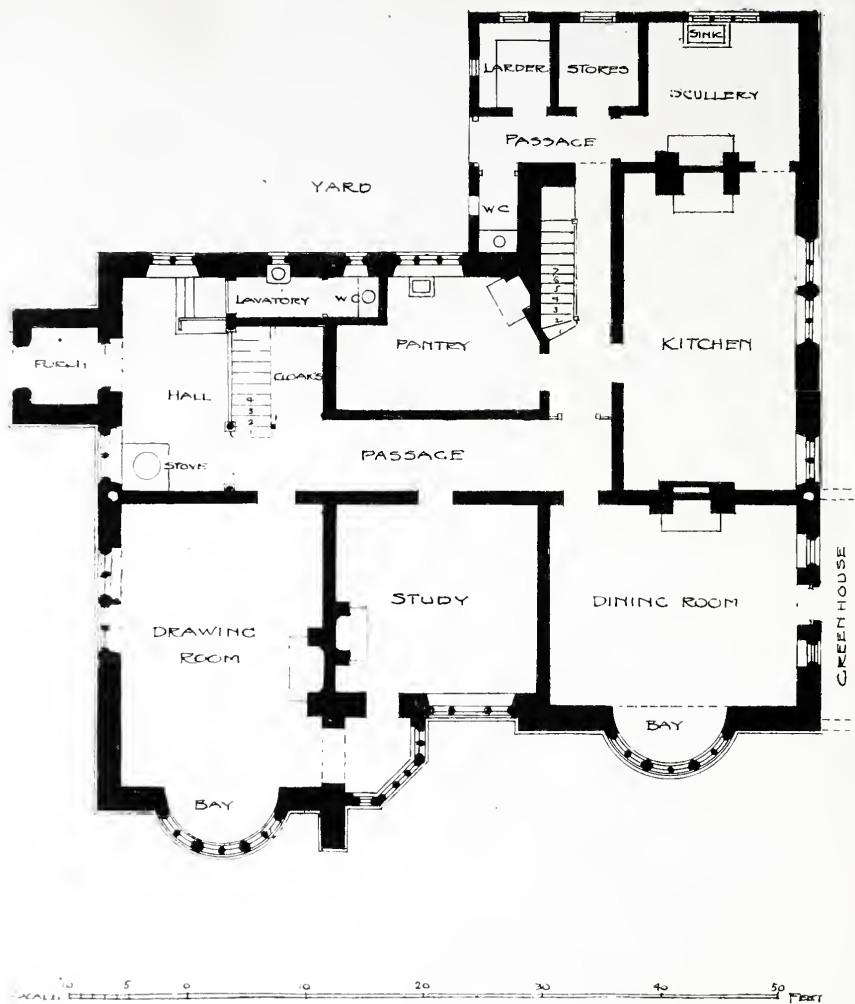
DRAWN BY F. L. GRIGGS.

nothing for the mental processes by which his work is produced—like Pope, who "lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came"—his work, when he has once mastered his technique, is done at the dictation of his own proper instincts; his own individuality is his guide, and such influences as may affect him do so unconsciously to him, and are neither inquired into nor regarded when the work is done.

It must, however, be remembered that Mr. Jackson began his career in the office of Sir Gilbert Scott, then at the very height of his fame, when the great churches and cathedrals of England were passing one after another through his renovating

revival of Gothic Architecture in his time, and no doubt did good service then, which it is now difficult to think was necessary.

We find him, therefore, in the first chapter greatly exercised over the choice of a Style—for instance, he says: "The choice of a style seems questionable in the face of the anomalous history of European Architecture during the last 400 years;" and he goes on to define that style is—"I. The broad Catholic principles of Truth and Nature, which are equally obeyed by every good style. II. The minor differences of taste, habit, and requirement varying with each people, country, and



GROUND PLAN OF MASTER'S HOUSE, BALLIOL COLLEGE.

revival, it is to be feared, is, either directly or indirectly, the cause. It opened the door to that spirit of libertinism in design which the elder style (late Georgian) sternly repressed, and which, enlisted under the banner of the Gothic style, has filled our streets with buildings which may safely be pronounced the worst that have been produced in any age or country." This is strong language even now, and it needed some courage to use it then. It came startlingly near the statement that "Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine."

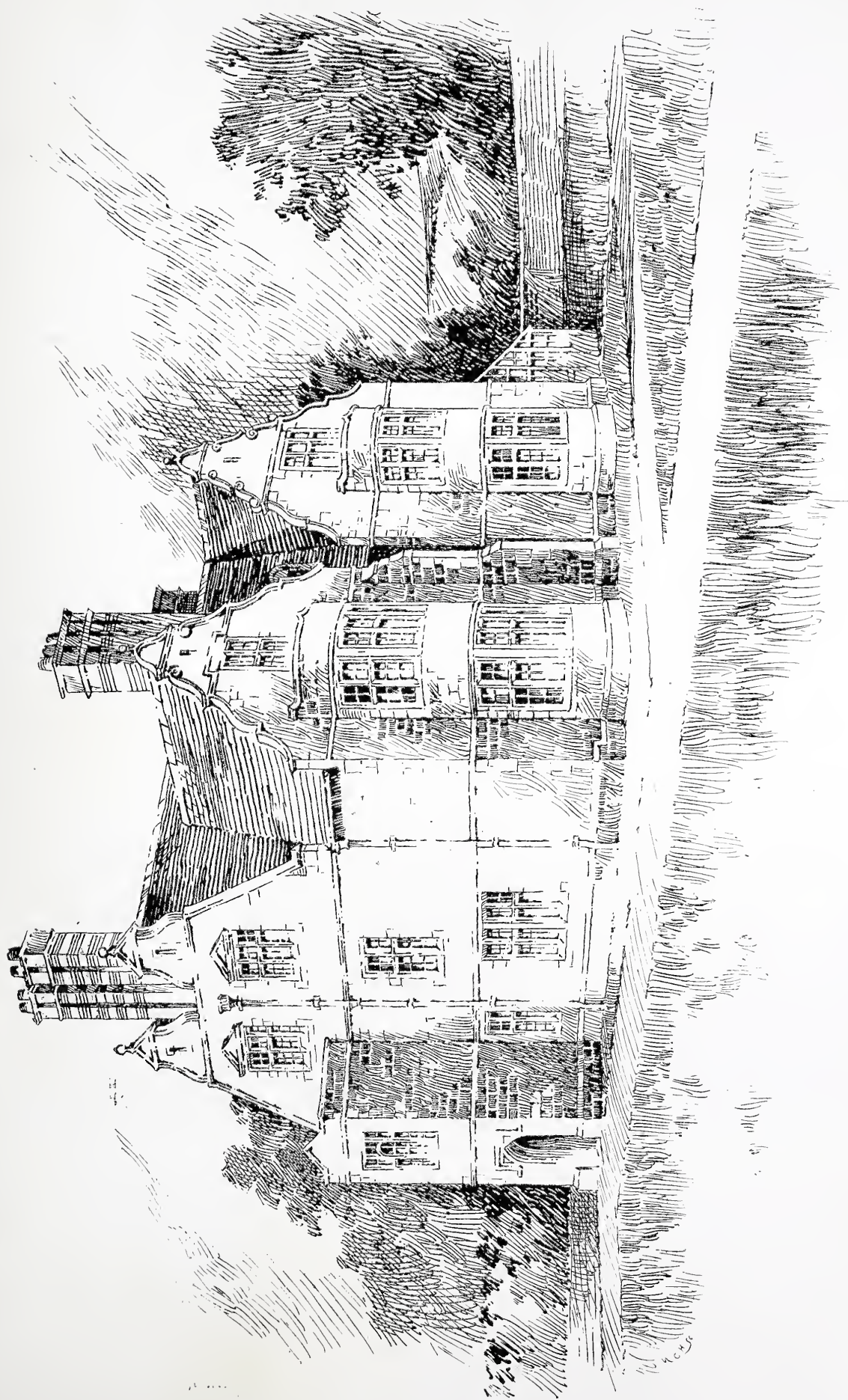
"But," it may be said, "Mr. Jackson's work, his best known and most individual designs, are not based on Gothic at all, but on Jacobean." True; yet he has an answer to this—a bold one, but one that certainly preserves his consistency to his own mind. It is this—written only a few days ago:—"My early love was English Gothic, and I have been faithful to her all my life. But I do not consider that those who reproduce the forms of Ancient

age." This leads to the conclusion that, "All styles of art which have spontaneously arisen, and that have really lived at any time or place, are good;" and, conversely, that, "All Art, wherever we find it in a healthy state, bears the character of a distinct style." It is to be noticed that the crux of the question depends on the interpretation of the words "really lived" and "healthy state," which are not very precise; but the conclusion did not disturb Mr. Jackson's allegiance; he resolved "to start with the temporary, but at present exclusive, use of Gothic," but with this important codicil:

"We, therefore, who are reviving Gothic art should study, in ancient Gothic, not so much the ideas therein expressed as the method of expressing them."

Here was the talisman which led him safely through the dangers of his early training. Under its guidance he sees them clearly, and is not afraid to speak out strongly in warning to others. He mentions "the ninety and nine intolerable buildings which line our streets. . . . Of all these, except, perhaps, the tame sham of stucco, the Gothic

Gothic deserve to be called her lovers. *I regard all buildings which conform to the conditions of English climate, material, and habit, as Gothic.* The English Renaissance, as it appears in such buildings as Audley End and Kirby (a building by which I was strongly influenced when designing the schools at Oxford), Knole, and others of that style and date, is, from my point of view, a Gothic style; and when the Gothic element drops out of it, as in pure Palladian, it becomes, to my taste, uninteresting." So elastic a definition will cover a wide range of treatment; but few would be prepared to extend it over the Master's house at Harrow, which we illustrate, and it is on this point that we are inclined to utter a gentle remonstrance to Mr. Jackson: his work seems to us varied to the verge of eclecticism. We should like to see him show a firmer and more consistent confidence in the resourceful capabilities of the style on which he has based his work at Oxford, and his own power to use it as a language in which he can clearly express himself, in whatever work he may have to design, and wherever it may be situated. It is not easy to trace the same hand in Radley College, the



THE MASTER OF BALLIOL'S HOUSE—
THE ENTRANCE FRONT: DRAWN
BY F. ADCOCK.

quadrangle of the Examination Schools, and Mr. Riley's house in Kensington Court. We would remind him of his own excellent maxim: "It is not by restlessly casting about for novelty that we shall improve our position, but by sober and intelligent work on some *regular* method." We cannot help regretting that in the last-mentioned work, without doubt, excellent as it is, in many ways, Mr.

once in harmony with its surroundings, and yet showing clearly the individuality of the Designer; we may possibly regret that the main block of the building is divided by cornices into two equal parts, but the eye rests comfortably upon it, and leaves it with a pleasant sense of satisfaction.

We cannot pass from the reference to this design without advising our readers to lose no opportunity



NORTHINGTON CHURCH, HANTS.

T. G. JACKSON, R.A.

Jackson has thought well, like many another lover, to flirt, in a careless moment, with his own true love's coquettish cousin from Flanders, with the result that his temporary perfidy is written large upon the building, and tends to lower it, for this reason alone, to a level below that of his other work. Take, for instance, such an example of Mr. Jackson at his best as the Master's House at Trinity College (illustrated on page 151). A good, consistent, dignified design, at

of seeing and enjoying the really delightful composition which Nature, the Architect of the chapel, and Mr. Jackson have put together in this outer quadrangle of Trinity. Set back some two hundred feet from the frontage of Broad Street, it is with real pleasure that, after the dullness of the newer part of Balliol, we come to the wide range of iron gates which inclose it from the street, and, passing through, look across the lawn, studded with old fruit trees, to the harmonious range of buildings beyond;



A MYSTERS HOME
AT HARROW
BY T.G. JACKSON
RA

FROM A DRAWING BY
C. E. MALLOWS



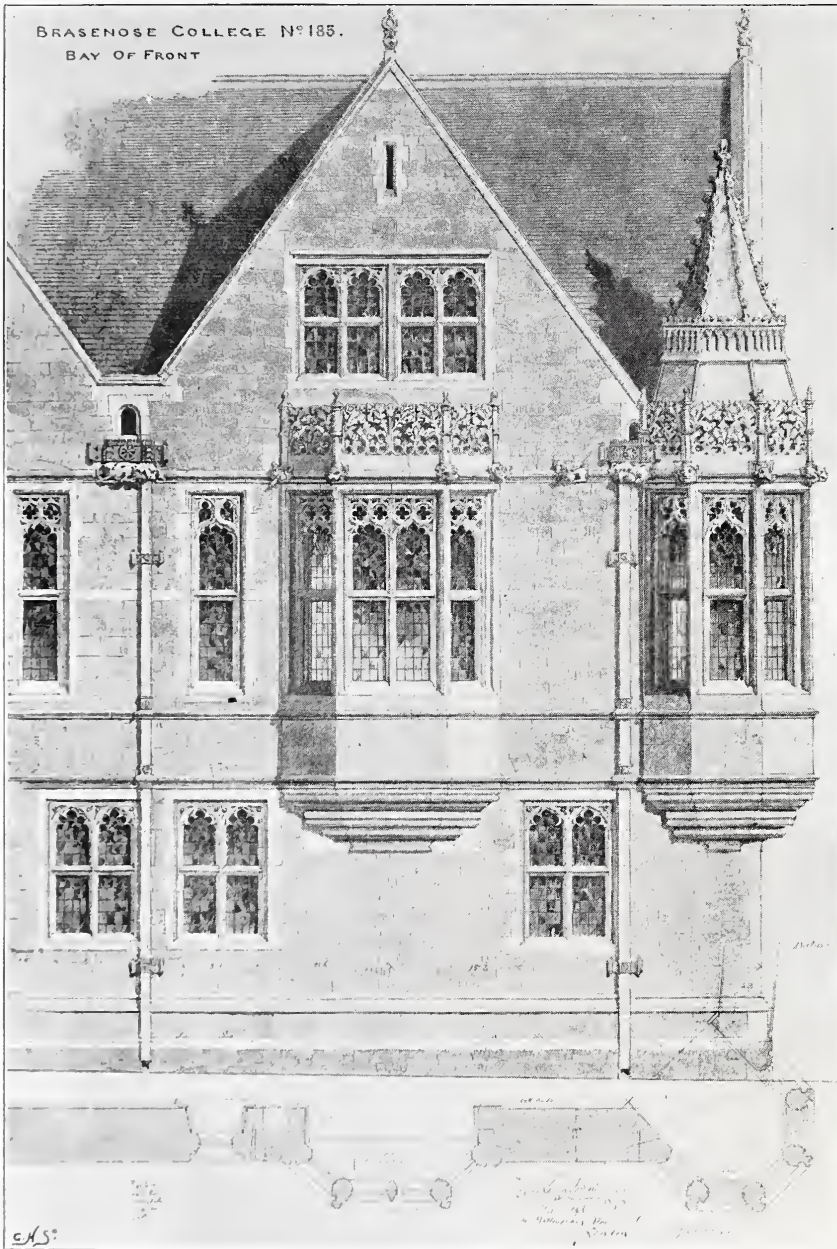
STREET OF WORKMEN'S COTTAGES,
SEVENOAKS, KENT: FROM THE
AUTOGRAPH DRAWING BY
T. G. JACKSON, R.A.



PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, BRASENOSE
COLLEGE: T. G. JACKSON, R.A.,
ARCHITECT: SKETCHED BY
A. N. PRENTICE.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN : PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, BRASENOSE.



BRASENOSE COLLEGE: BAY OF FRONT

T. G. JACKSON R.A. ARCHITECT.

most clever piece of design which Mr. Jackson has given us. We can only refer our readers to the new buildings at Brasenose, Lincoln, Corpus, Hertford, and Balliol Colleges. Here Mr. Jackson has thought it best to take his keynote from the adjacent buildings, and, accordingly, we find an interesting series of examples of versatility, varying from the florid Gothic of Brasenose to the pure Palladian of Hertford. Of greater importance are the judicious restorations of the spire of St. Mary the Virgin and the Old Schools tower, the two noblest and greatest examples of the old Mediæval work to be found in so richly endowed a city as Oxford.

To sum up Mr. Jackson's most representative work, that at Oxford, is to be admired for the masculine quality of its design and the refinement

of its details; it is always carefully studied, he knows how to give interest by varying the design of bosses and crests, he is careful about such apparently unimportant points as the width of the leads in his glasswork and the fittings and fastenings generally; the materials are well selected for their purpose and positions, and it is due as much to his foresight in this matter as to the weathering qualities of the Oxford air that his buildings have so quickly and unobtrusively taken their places among the old ones. If it be urged that his buildings in and out of Oxford are singularly unequal in interest, it must also be remembered how especially congenial such a subject as the new Examination Schools must have been to him. No man can be always at his best, and the important point is that in this, which we think his masterpiece, so high a level of excellence is attained.

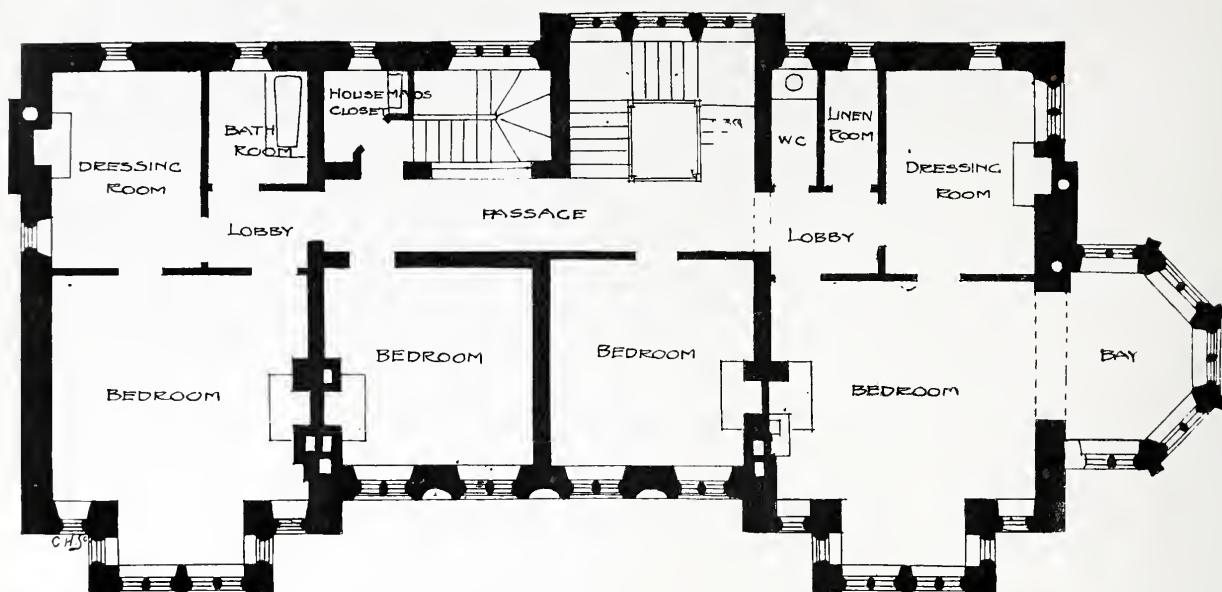
If one were searching for a sentence in which to sum up the attitude towards Tradition of the few modern Artists who are to-day creating in England work of distinction and interest — work, in a word, whose influence is likely to live — we think it might be formed in some such manner as this:

They regard precedent and Tradition as the Grammar of their Art, never losing sight entirely of, and yet never being bound slavishly to, either. They regard both as great teachers. However dissimilar the work of these men may be imagined to be in form and in detail, yet, on clear study, the same principles will be found to obtain in work at first sight so dissimilar as that by Mr. Philip Webb and Mr. Jackson, just as it is also to be seen in the work of men who, perhaps, occupy a position midway between them, like Mr. Bodley and George Gilbert Scott the Younger.

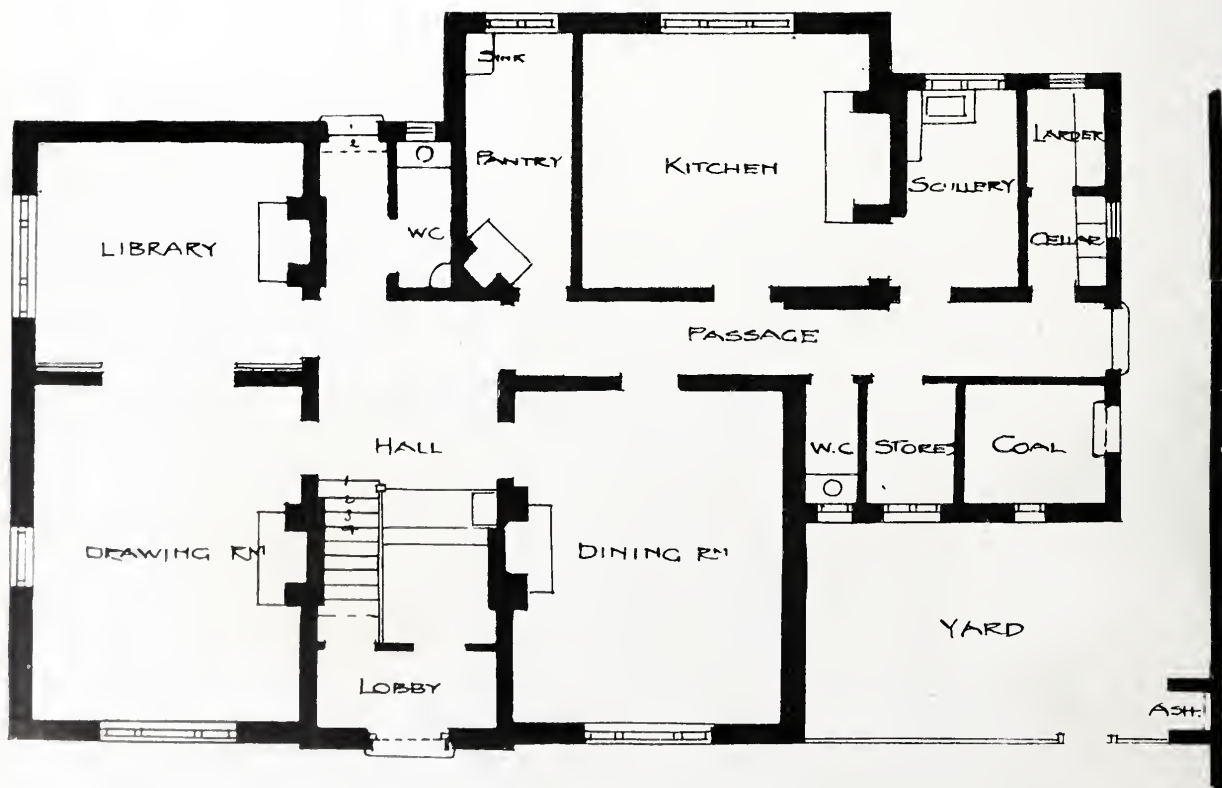
Of course, it is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. Jackson's work follows, probably, even more closely to precedent than any of the Artists mentioned. But it is never so closely followed that, compared with the same conditions under which the



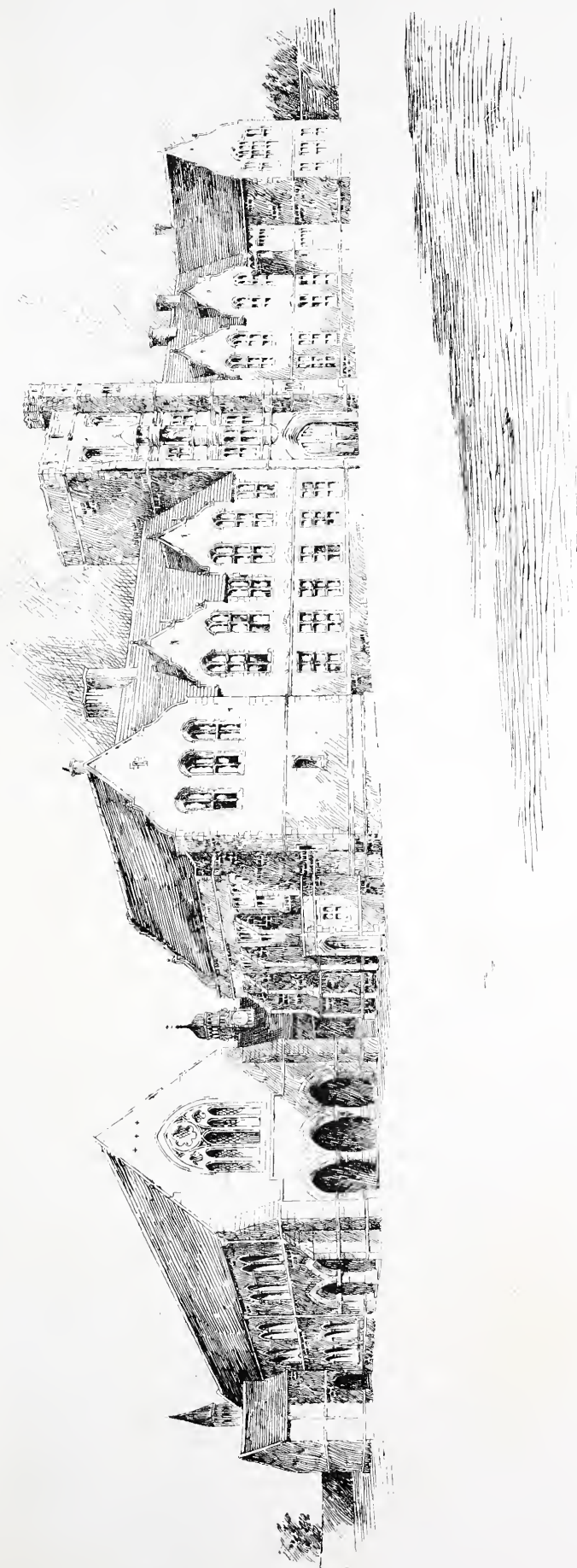
PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, TRINITY COLLEGE :
T. G. JACKSON, R.A. : SKETCHED BY
A. N. PRENTICE.



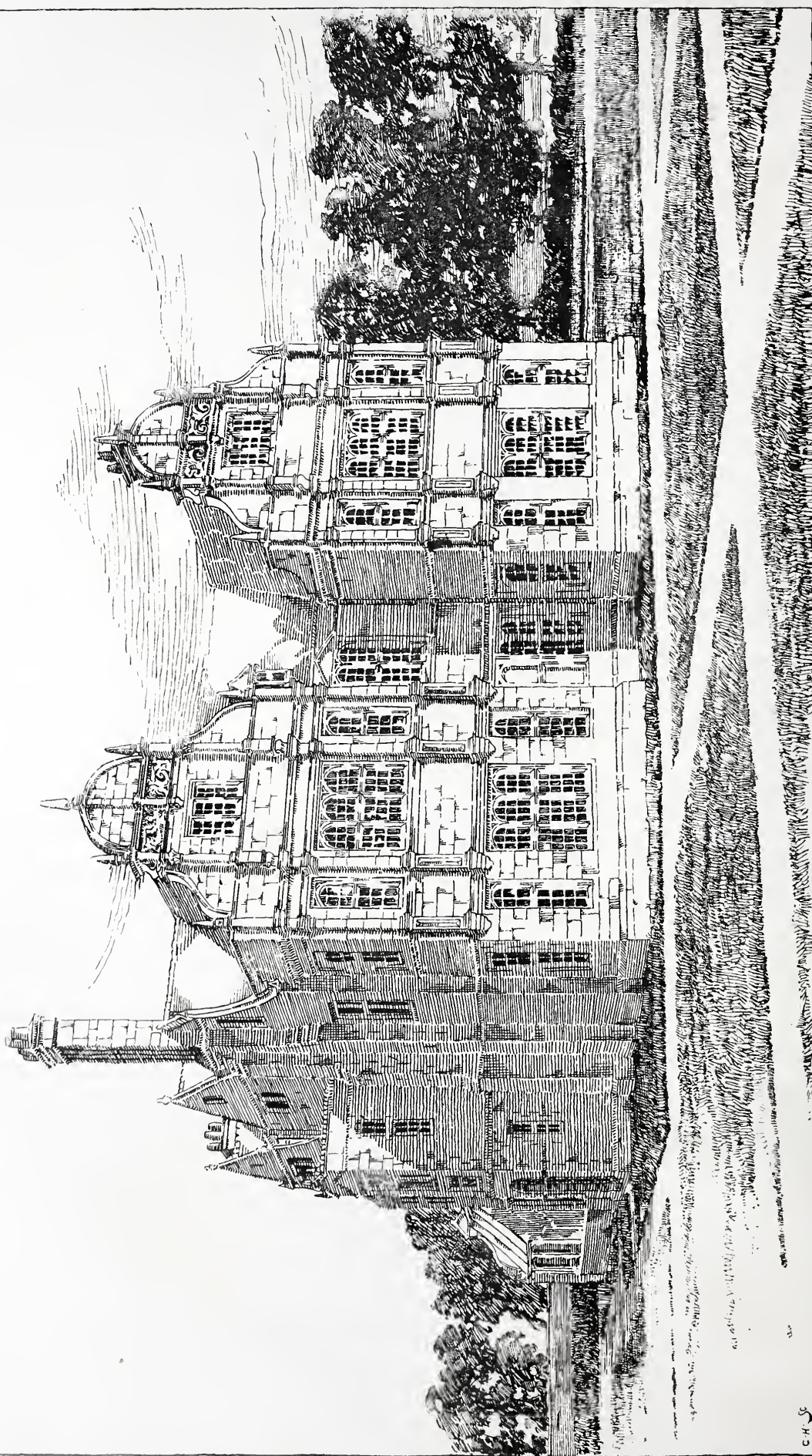
A COLLEGIATE FIRST FLOOR PLAN: PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, TRINITY.



A DOMESTIC GROUND FLOOR PLAN: FOR A NEW HOUSE AT WIMBLEDON.



UPPINGHAM SCHOOL. FROM THE ORIGINAL BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A. DRAWN BY F. ADCOCK.



THORNE HOUSE, NEAR YEOVIL: BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A.

SKETCHED BY C. A. KIDSDALE.

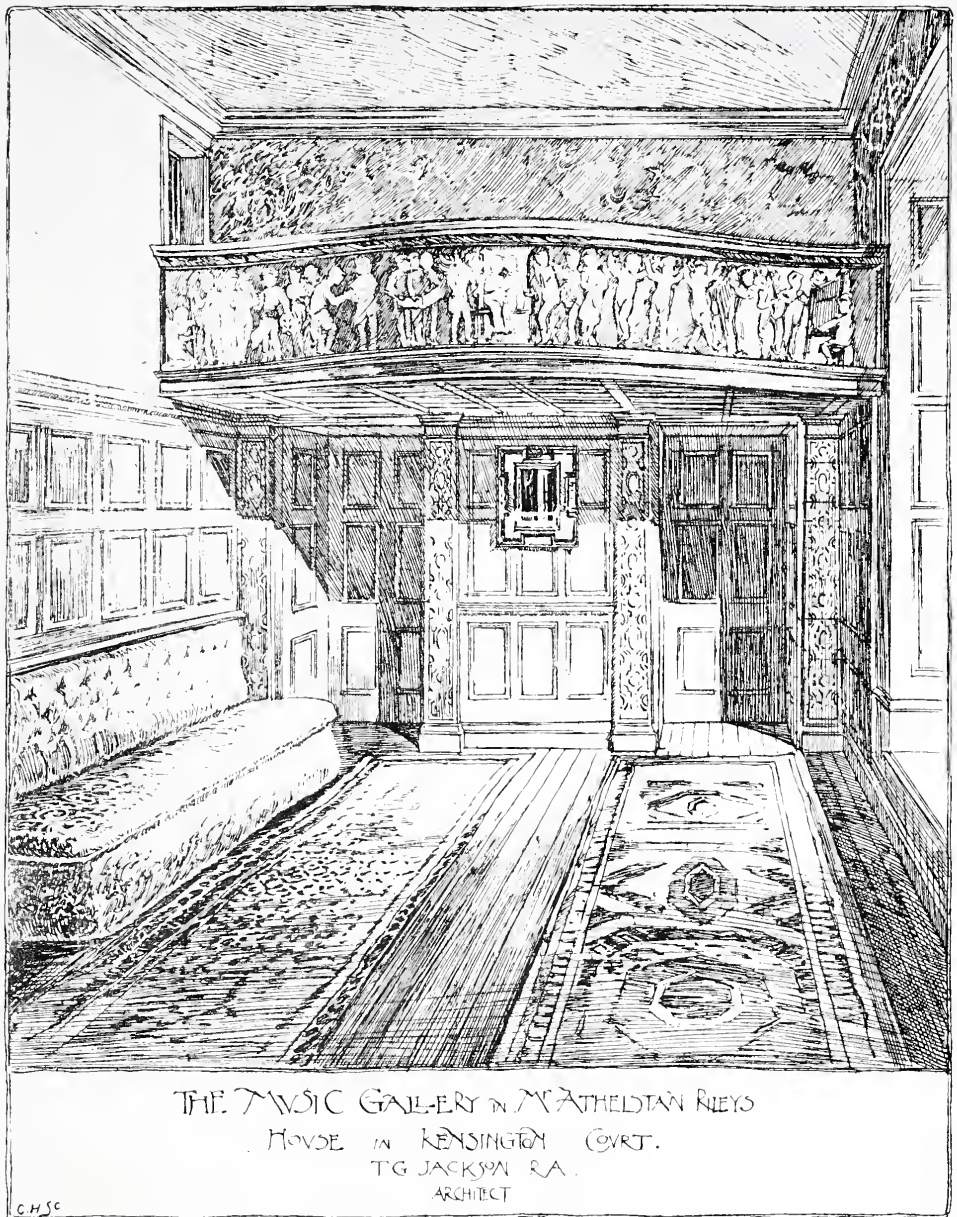
old work is found to-day (with the colour and interest of time !) one would hesitate to say that his speaks clearly of its building in the nineteenth century, and, what is more important, under nineteenth century conditions and limitations. There is never to be found any attempt to ape the eccentricities of old work, out of mere affectation. Many of such things, "queer little corners," and picturesque combinations of windows and chimney stacks, were originally merely the outcome of the wants of the builders, and were no more built with the deliberate intention of creating a picturesque effect, than the omission sometimes of proper foundations was purposely meant to bring about a picturesque ruin of the whole building. Mr. Jackson is far too good an Artist to be influenced by such

considerations as these, which have often marred the work of otherwise able men. Nowhere in his work do we find a deliberate or conscious striving for picturesque effect. Everything comes naturally, and is characterised with the ease of expression and knowledge of his own power which belongs to an Artist only.

No one can mistake one of Mr. Jackson's Schools for anything else but a School, just as his College buildings at Oxford, such as Brasenose, are as correct in their expression of their purpose as any one of the old buildings to which they are additions, or by which they are surrounded. Given the addition the charm and colour of age will give (or when time has evenly balanced things), they will ultimately attract the painters of the

future just as much as the painters of the present are attracted by the buildings which have inspired them. Indeed, I do believe even more so, for much of the detail in Mr. Jackson's new work is more refined, better cared for, than a good deal of the detail in the old work itself.

When the history of the nineteenth century is written it will be found that, in spite of all the talk of this being an age of steam and electricity and so forth, it will hold its own well in things Artistic. It has produced great Architects and great Painters, with Whistler and Burne-Jones to tell of the latter end, and Constable and Turner of the beginning; with the elder Pugin and Norman Shaw to speak for Architecture, who shall say the century has no memorable names to show as artists.



FROM A PEN DRAWING BY C. E. MALLOWS.



Fred. Adcock

ACKLAND NURSING HOME, OXFORD: BY T. G. JACKSON, R.A.

FROM A DRAWING BY F. ADCKOCK.



OF THE VALUE OF TRADITION IN ARCHITECTURE.

"Tradition.—Anything delivered orally from age to age."—JOHNSON. It is to be noticed that this definition emphasises two conditions—I. That it shall not be written: thus differing from a law, or a history. II. That it shall be a continuous process, without break or hiatus: thus differing from a series of lectures or spasmodic personal teaching. Tradition, then, in Architecture, is the method of working which has been handed down from father to son; it is the application of those principles which form, or rather should form, the groundwork of the training given by the master to his apprentices, to be passed on by them to their successors. This holds true of the tradition of all countries, in all periods—even the most remote—irrespective of differences of race, of religion, or material available. In fact, tradition in Architecture is the evolution of what is commonly called style; it cannot be too clearly understood that the Architecture of every country and age was, until the Italian Renaissance, a gradual growth, the outcome of a slowly expanding tradition. For convenience sake the work is catalogued into centuries, but the dates have no bearing on the result. It is of the very essence of tradition that it shall be the common property and inheritance of the whole body of artificers, from the designer, or master mind, who originates,

to the humblest artisan who helps to construct the building—the former, if of distinguished ability, may, by adopting a new material, or devising a daring piece of construction, advance a little forward beyond his predecessors; but it is always upon the same path, and those working under him are able to follow easily and naturally in his footsteps. It is difficult to over-estimate this advantage: its importance lies in the sense of power and self-reliance which this steadily growing authority gives to a community—all its members are able to express themselves simply and naturally in the same language—for Architecture is speech materialised, and we know what happened at Babel. Unfortunately it is impossible to realise this advantage at the present day—for, as a nation, we may be said to be without tradition. It has been destroyed by the archæologist, though it died hard, for tradition is wonderfully tenacious and long-lived; invasion and conquest will not kill it. Indeed, it has almost invariably happened that in such a case the tradition of the two nations coalesced at once without any break of continuity—in some cases even that of the conquered maintained its supremacy and thus avenged its inferiority in the Arts of war by its superior genius for the Arts of peace. It is worthy of note that the Jews, who had no genius for Architecture, were apparently only employed by the Egyptians, who were masters in the Art, with a tradition

extending back to the beginning of time, as quarrymen and carriers of stone and makers of bricks; they were fit for nothing else, and might have fared better had they been better Architects. It seems, therefore, from the combination of two or more traditions, and from this alone, that a new phase of living Architecture is evolved—it cannot spring, Minerva-born, from a single brain. All European Architecture may be said to have had a common Roman tradition. The Romanesque, the Lombardic, the Byzantine, and the Norman were moulded from this common stock into different forms by the local genius of the builders. One cannot help regretting that some one part of

passed into the language as a clear definition; and even a resuscitated shipbuilder of Tyre, or Sidon, might take his place in a shipbuilding yard at Gateshead, and find no difficulty in joining in the work, since he would be guided by the same tradition. In England, through the Middle Ages, the differences which we notice are simply due to the greater technical skill in the later periods. By successive experiments, not always successful, the men of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had achieved such command over their material that they created structures which would have excited the wonder, though they followed logically from the teaching, of the men of the



HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, OXFORD : T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.

the Roman Empire did not adhere to the pagan religion, so that we could go to, say, Naples, and see what had resulted from that tradition being handed down, unbroken and uninfluenced, to the present day. We must turn to another form of Design for a parallel. Take shipbuilding. The coasting brig which is launched from the Tyne to-day is the direct descendant of the Norse-Viking ship. Its spars, its ropes and appliances, are more numerous, more complicated, and, we may suppose, more efficient. That is the result of 1500 years of intelligent development, but the main structure remains the same. The lines of the bow are so unaltered that "boat-shaped" has

thirteenth century. The Renaissance changed all this; for, though it produced so fine a masterpiece as St. Paul's, it was a forced growth; the artisan was not in sympathy with it, it was an endeavour to make him speak not merely a foreign, but a dead language; it was indeed "Greek" to him; and, in the endeavour to learn it, he deadened the expressive idiom of his own vernacular speech. Yet tradition was not quite destroyed: through the reigns of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges, a village carpenter could still be trusted to express himself clearly, intelligently, and with some style: there is scarcely a village, which does not possess work of this period, that is interesting and worthy of

attention, and which, there is no reason to doubt, was thought out and done by the artisan without supervision or direction. Then came the period of revivals, as ephemeral as the religious revivals of which we hear. Now Greek, now Gothic, was extolled as the only true and authentic style; each had its votaries among the *dilettante*. Architectural design became an affair of fashions, to be put off and on like a Paris confection: an Architect was expected to Design, now in one style, now in another, and the bewildered artisan, robbed of all chance of expression, sank into the inarticulate drudge of to-day. Adam Bede seems to be the type of the last surviving exponent of tradition in Architecture. The best hope for the future lies in the quiet, resourceful determination of Architects to see to it, that what they have to say shall be expressed in a simple, straightforward, forcible way, which can be easily understood and appreciated, and to go on repeating it until it has sunk deep into the minds of the artisans. There need be no fear of monotony or dulness; the thoughts may vary, though the mode of expression remains the same, and there may be plenty of interest and novelty in a story told in simple words, without recourse to extravagant language or foreign quotations. One building, which strives after skilful proportion, refinement of detail, and good workmanship, may serve to leaven a whole district, and the local builders may be expected, little by little and almost unconsciously, to assimilate these qualities. Happily the reign of the archæologist is at an end. One rarely now hears the question: "What style do you call the building?" One is no longer expected to give chapter and verse for a moulding; and the use of the dentil, or dog's tooth, is no longer sufficient to stamp perfection upon the design. We are free, and if we will work with the courage and restrained individuality of the earlier men, we may hope to re-establish a tradition which will be honourable to ourselves and serviceable to those who follow.

HOWARD INCE.

THE TAPPER.

THERE is lately come out of obscurity into the public notice an item of curious information regarding one of our building crafts. Many must have read that delightful breezy volume of philosophical travel, "*Across the Plains*," without knowing it to be, designedly, only the second part to a lengthier work, "*The Amateur Emigrant*," and indeed it has only found its intended place in the collected edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, lately published. The first part of this completed book, "*From the Clyde to Sandy Hook*," was probably suppressed because the personal idiosyncrasies of actual passengers on a transatlantic steamship form the subject matter of its

pages. It is only in this somewhat inaccessible third volume of the limited "Edinburgh Edition" that the detail above referred to is to be found, so that no excuse need be offered that the story should here be set down unabridged in the master's own words.

After remarking upon the attitude of open idleness noticeable among the labouring classes, the author says: "But the average mechanic recognises his idleness with effrontery; he has even, as I am told, organised it." And he continues as follows:

"I give the story as it was told to me, and it was told me for a fact. A man fell from a housetop in the City of Aberdeen, and was brought into hospital with broken bones. He was asked what was his trade, and replied that he was a *tapper*. No one had ever heard of such a thing before; the officials were filled with curiosity; they besought an explanation. It appeared that when a party of slaters were engaged upon a roof, they would now and then be taken with a fancy for the public-house. Now a seamstress, for example, might slip away from her work and no one be the wiser; but if these fellows adjourned, the tapping of the mallets would cease, and thus the neighbourhood be advertised of their defection. Hence the career of the tapper. He has to do the tapping and keep up an industrious bustle on the housetop during the absence of the slaters. When he taps for only one or two the thing is child's play, but when he has to represent a whole troop, it is then he earns his money in the sweat of his brow. Then must he bound from spot to spot, reduplicate, triplicate, sextuplicate his single personality, and swell and hasten his blows until he produces a perfect illusion for the ear, and you would swear that a crowd of emulous masons were continuing merrily to roof the house."

As the above passage was written some eighteen years ago, the hope may be indulged that the tapper was but ephemeral of his time, and is again vanished; but, unfortunately, the tendency in our own day is not towards the eradication of the tapper and his kind, but rather to the encouragement of him, and the furtherance of the sentiment in which he prospers. The vagrant tapper precariously earning hardly a living on the fringe of the social community is sad to see; but the tapper fattening to prosperity, with a wife by his side and children at his knee—a respected, church-going tapper, an accepted member of society, is a very much sadder sight. And yet, if he now at all exists, it is this development of the tapper which the processes of our labour organisations presage, and we may at no very distant date actually find him thus circumstanced. The trade unions are active in stripping from the artisan that ennobling interest which his work should hold; the pride of personal skill which largely constitutes the

enhancing quality of mediæval handicraft is almost as effectually lost in him under the code he has framed for his advancement, as though the code were formulated with that direct intention. He is conspiring to reduce himself to a human mechanism, and a mechanism available within such restricted limits that the very humanity of him is reduced to a minimum. The carpenter mechanism will not now raise hand to cut a brick, though the objection hold it idle half a day. This scrupulousness is grown with the workman a point of honour—a fatuity to be boasted. Opportunity for pride and exultation now is only left for him in self-congratulations that he has, under an advantageous scale of hire, achieved the smallest amount of work. To see a party of bricklayers, for example, actively engaged in a pretence only of working, when with much less bustle and attention the wall might be building, is to see a sight of sad degradation. The bad influence is widening. It is a common attitude with even responsible workmen, to excuse themselves much as a machine might be imagined to excuse itself by showing how its indicator had been set awry by a hair's breadth. Such an one will elaborate an error consciously, and point, in the end, to an indefinite article in the wording of the specification where a definite should palpably be, and seem almost to expect commendation of his steadfastness in consistently ignoring the appeals of intellect and common sense. That such spectacles as these are now becoming common must be acknowledged by all those who have been able to bring a wide comparison to bear on their personal dealings with workmen. BULKELEY CRESWELL.

ONE OF A CAMBRIDGE EIGHT.

ONE wonders if it has ever passed through the minds of the Heads at Cambridge that Mr. F. C. Penrose is one of their own distinguished *alumni*? They have, *honoris causâ*, given their D.C.L. to men famous in other walks of life; but the man—who rowed thrice in the boat, and measured the entasis of the Parthenon—who was the first Master of our British School at Athens—who lately, at the request of the Greek Government, revisited the scene of his early labours, being one of an international commission for the purpose of ascertaining whether the earthquakes had injured the Opisthodomos and of devising means (if necessary) whereby the glorious Shrine of Hellenic devotion might be preserved to future ages—and, lastly, who has, during half a century of professional career, ever kept unsullied an accomplished, scholarly, generous, and courteous nature—should be deemed worthy, also, of that which, while an honour to him, would give pleasure to his colleagues.

H. H. STANNUS.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

THE detailed scheme of repair just published by the Society of Antiquaries is the most damaging contribution to the dispute which has yet appeared. It is in effect, while rigorously uncontroversial, a crushing indictment of the attitude of reasonless repudiation of counsel taken up by the Architects of the Dean and Chapter. The specification for the repair of the front only amplifies, in studiously non-technical language, the recommendations forwarded long ago by the Society to the Dean and Chapter and their advisers. No reasonably intelligent man could read it without being irresistibly convinced, not only of the practicability, but of the eminent simplicity, of the contained suggestions, while, to an Architect, it is a most lucent exposition, by a past master, of the A B C of his Craft. All, whether Architects or laymen, will wonder at the unceremonious rejection of this scheme, and marvel at the attitude of mind which could refuse counsels prepared in the unselfish hope of saving Sir Arthur Blomfield and Mr. Pearson from making blunders fatal to their reputations, and of preventing the Dean and Chapter from incurring the execration of posterity. The only possible justification for such a rejection would be one impugning the intelligence of those responsible. To condemn, without understanding or seeking to understand, is not the act of one convinced of his own rightness. The clearness and completeness of the scheme, the thorough knowledge, the grip of detail, and the graphic power with which every method of procedure is described, only intensifies our surprise that there should have been any hesitation in accepting it, or any failure to appreciate its proposals. In the face of a specification like this, which, be it remembered, is only the amplification for the unlearned, of propositions made months ago to the two accredited heads of the profession, it is more than futile to talk of impracticability and impossibility. We would go further and say that those who do so are parties by implication to the discourteous belittling of men who have done work that will live in the estimation of Artists as long as it lasts. Let us look at the question in another way. Here is one of the most wonderful monuments of ancient times. It is not, as many think, merely the unaided work of one man, a work which might conceivably be equalled or surpassed by a fellow creator, but it is the organic product of a phase of national life which can never be reproduced. It is the concentrated expression of all that was noble in that life, and the building looks out to us across the centuries, through the recurrent radiance of spring and harvest, over the ebb and flow, the rise, culmination, and reflux of many tides of life about its base and

through its portals. Every stone has settled into vital connection with the whole structure. The weathered surfaces, the abraded edges, the softened mouldings have acquired in the course of time an accidental beauty, inimitable by the hand of man. The front is a masterpiece of design crowned and completed by Nature. And it is abundantly clear from the specification just published that all this can be saved without danger for unnumbered years. We would point out to Mr. Pearson and Sir Arthur Blomfield that the wishes of the memorialists backed up by a document like this cannot be neglected without lasting damage to their own reputations. And since every day's delay diminishes their influence, and undermines the confidence of the public in their wisdom, we would earnestly appeal to them as the chosen representatives of English Architecture at the Academy, to put an end to the dispute and to admit, not that they are wrong, that is not necessary, but the reasonableness and patent possibility of the scheme of the Society of Antiquaries. More than this we would urge them to give it force by carrying it into effect. They would then, instead of the certain reprobation of present and future generations of Artists, gain the lasting gratitude of the English nation. I feel sure that they will do so, for it is inconceivable that the pride and prejudices, the jealousies of a passing generation, should stand in the way of keeping up with all the added beauties of age and wear a structure which has stood while many such generations have risen, flowered, and passed away.

H. WILSON.

LORD LEIGHTON'S STUDIES AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

It seems that from early youth Lord Leighton was destined to become a painter, and as we look over some of the drawings brought together in the Galleries of the Fine Art Society—preparatory studies, early designs, and some small and unfinished pictures—we cannot but feel amazed at the labour and untiring industry expended to bring his pictures to completion. It was under the Græco-German instructor Steinle, one of the group of painters called the Nazarenes, that Leighton laid the foundations of that style with which he is so intimately associated. Bourgeois and R. Fleury had some measure of influence; to the former "he was indebted for his fine sense of form," and from R. Fleury, so Mr. Ernest Rhys tells us, he learnt much of colouring. It would be useless in this brief note of his studies and paintings to write in detail, but we may perhaps gather up some of the characteristics, preferably his best characteristics, that will appeal perhaps to those, whose predilec-

tions lead them to appreciate, say, Millet or Whistler, and to regard Lord Leighton as wanting in those abiding qualities that make for all time. Cultured, debonnaire, and courtly, "a devotee of beauty in all its phases," he spent all his undoubted abilities in painting those pictures that aimed at beauty of arrangement, decorative quality in its narrower sense, and engaging harmonies of colour. As a sculptor, a book illustrator, and last, but not least in importance, the influence he brought to bear in some of his addresses on the growing instinct for beautiful design in Craft and work, severally appeals in proportion to the interest you may have in the different phases of his life's work. His lecture before the Liverpool Art Congress engages the sympathies of architects and Craftsmen more probably than his painting, sculpture, and book illustration, for here he has laid special emphasis throughout his address on the Arts called industrial. He says: "I believe the day will come when men will once more insist that what they do for the gracing and adornment of their homes shall be done also for the public buildings and thoroughfares of their cities, where they will remind their municipal representatives and the controller of their guilds of what similar bodies of men did for the cities of Italy in the days of their proud prosperity in trade, and will ask why the walls of her public edifices are blank and silent instead of being adorned and made beautiful, with things beautiful to see, or eloquent of whatever great deeds or great works enrich and honour the annals of our birth." Those of us with, perhaps, comparatively little knowledge of his painting can here feel in these words that the "quest for beauty," one of the brightening influences of latter-day life, is characteristic of the man; the idea dominates, or, rather, is a possessing part of his personality, whether in painting, sculpture, book illustration, or in his addresses. This, with those other qualities of arrangement of beauty or colour, and the admirable balance in all his compositions, would seem to be pre-eminently of the man and his work. The frescoes at South Kensington Museum—"The Arts of War," and "The Arts of Peace"—are, perhaps, the most characteristic of Lord Leighton's work, having all those qualities already referred to. The first named is thus described by a writer: "In the centre is a white marble staircase, leading from the quadrangle to an archway, beyond which is another courtyard, seen through the archway. Knights are riding by. The busy scene in the courtyard suggests an immediate departure to the seat of war. In the corner to the right, crossbows are being chosen and tested; a man is kneeling by a pile of swords, and discoursing on their various merits to an undecided customer, while the weapons he has already dis-

posed of are having their blades tried and felt; a little way off to the left of the archway some men-at-arms are trying on the armour of the youth who has still to win his spurs. The whole is distinguished by the extreme naturalness and simplicity of all the actions, and by soft, glowing colours, chiefly dark olive greens and splendid saffrons." Standing in front of this important fresco of "The Arts of Peace" at the further end, the simple beauty is apparent, and attracts; and yet, with it all, it lacks a sense of reality: it hardly suggests preparation for war, but the picture of a stage war scene—in other words, theatrical. The "busy scene" is rather the grouping (delightful grouping, one must admit) of picturesque figures in various attitudes and gesture, every pose carefully created, that it may tend to the desired end, beauty of colour, form, and composition, a beauty that lacks life—that note of the human, universal in its appeal, and found in all the greatest works of man. For this we must go elsewhere; but we can extract and assimilate that quality of beauty, rhythm, for its own sake, which we find in this and kindred paintings. Returning to the drawings on the walls of No. 148, New Bond Street, which are nearly all executed in black and white chalks or brown, and occasionally a bluish grey ground, we can acquaint ourselves with some stages in his development. The studies, Nos. 3, 16, 73, are drawings made previous to his coming under the influence of Steinle. Nos. 1, 13, 8, show interesting but unsuccessful attempts, more especially No. 13, to interpret the spirit that underlies the town life of the Middle Ages. No. 13 is but an abortive "study for an early picture of the sacking of a German town." Lacking almost entirely the air of romance that haunts the mediæval town; the building, for instance, on the right side of the picture is but an ordinary type of a villa with a grotesque on the further angle, and a bay, presumably German, jutting on the angle nearest, the whole picture fails to impress or convey the air of an old town. Judging from other work close to this, he may probably have endeavoured at that period to express emotions alien to his nature, and it can be said with truth that his least satisfactory work is when he has essayed to treat subjects of a strong emotional character. No. 17 is a Byzantine well, beautifully drawn. Nos. 25, 26, 30, 69, are studies of different kinds of foliage, drawn with great accuracy, and showing wonderful powers of observation and selection, and yet the most complete rendering of detail. No. 44, a drawing of "Samson with the Gates of Gaza," is a most powerful piece of work. Readers will find it illustrated in J. Pennell's "Pen Draughtsmen of To-day." No. 64, an unfinished oil study of a child, made the same year as No. 1, is a delightful

rendering of a child's face, a particularly happy face, and beautifully realised. In the Nelson Room there are several drawings for his larger paintings and frescoes. No. 90 to No. 95 are all careful studies for his large fresco, "The Arts of War." Like other studies of Lord Leighton, No. 92 suggests more life and action than is found in the actual fresco at S. Kensington. No. 101 to 113 are drawings from "Daphnephoria," No. 108 being a study for the complete picture. This, perhaps, carries the painter's aims to its most complete realisation. Of the painting, Mr. Ernest Rhys observes that it is deliberate in workmanship and calculation of effect, and the most technically perfect. No. 189 to 192, studies for the picture "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it." This work was perhaps the nearest approach to the rendering of a painful subject Lord Leighton attempted. No. 223, 224 are two charming drawings in black and white chalk, studies for "Fabisica." The last is to be reproduced in the volume of Lord Leighton's Studies. No. 209, 194 to 198, and 238, 239, the last being studies made for the decoration of the Ryland Library at Manchester, should all be carefully noted. These are but a few of the numerous studies, and although there is so much that we can appreciate in passing through the galleries, his paintings are lacking in that sentiment so appreciated of the modern spirit, which is found, say, in the work of G. F. Watts, R.A.; but as he himself has said in one of his able discourses: "Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us, will dignify and will make strong the labours of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirits will lower and drag them down; and what we sow in our lives that beyond a doubt we shall reap, for good or evil, in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot."

G. LI. MORRIS.

M R. G. F. WATTS' PICTURES.

THE collection of the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., on view at the New Gallery, Regent Street, affords by far the best one-man exhibition seen in London during recent years. Nearly all the important canvases here shown are already familiar to gallery-goers; for no living artist is so accessible to the public as Mr. Watts, or has shown greater hospitality and courtesy in the display of his pictures, either at his own studio or in the various loan collections made from time to time throughout the country. The value of the present exhibition, however, is that it re-assembles, not merely the great allegorical paintings, such as "Love and Life," "Love and Death," "Hope," "The Court of Death," and "Death Crowning

Innocence," but also (with the co-operation of private owners) a nobly representative series of portraits, ranging from the year 1834 to the present day, and a sufficient group of landscapes and seascapes to illustrate the versatility of Mr. Watts' genius. In these three galleries, in short, we find the life-work of the man who is at once our greatest decorative allegorist—perhaps, too, our greatest portrait painter, and certainly the nearest of kin to Turner in landscape and atmospheric colour. No modern painter has such a compass of fruitful working years. Burne-Jones belongs to the latter half of the century, Rossetti still more narrowly to the Pre-Raphaelites of the sixties. Maddox Brown approaches Watts most nearly in scale and breadth of outlook, but even his finest frescoes lack the highest decorative qualities of Watts—entire sanity of motive in design (even when its mystical expression is blurred—as in "The All-Pervading" and "The Dweller in the Innermost"—by the attempt to visualise a pure abstraction), and a certain majesty and leisureliness of movement which lends itself well to distance and atmosphere. No modern painter has used the horse in symbolism with so fine and spiritual a touch as in the "Horses of Neptune," or that splendid series, the riders on the pale horse, the black, the white, and the red. And in subject pictures as such, the solemnity of his themes has never led him into that morbid sentimentality with which contemporary art so often invests the signs of earthly change and death. Watts loves both life and death as Walt Whitman loves them; finding the first rich in power and opportunity, and the latter full of dignity and peace. In his preface to the catalogue, the artist briefly explains the more obscure designs, and meets the objection always brought by the lovers of "Art for arts' sake"—that his pictures are too didactic or "sermonizing" in tendency. To these critics the portraits will appeal as the best portion of the painter's work; and, indeed, a glance at the immortal "Tennyson" of 1890, the "Joachim," the "William Morris," or the "Walter Crane," may satisfy us that in this realm alone Mr. Watts has contributed superbly to the fame of English portraiture. He is a realist only so far as the actual may serve to reveal and interpret the unseen; an impressionist only when the impression yields the key to the permanent inward character behind it. And perhaps the best testimony to all great art is its elusiveness of the labels and definitions of a method or an age.

ESTHER WOOD.

THE DEVIL OF NÔTRE DAME.

THE Supplement we give of Mr. Pennell's Devil of Nôtre Dame is from an etching published by R. Dunthorne.—ED.

STUDENTS' WORK AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

THE annual exhibition of students' work at the Royal Academy no longer disappoints, as one no longer expects to see anything of unusual interest; and this seems to be due, not so much to any lack of zeal or ability on the part of the students—on the contrary, some of the drawings suggest a patience and perseverance that is simply heroic—but rather to an utter lack of inspiration, or even right method, in the teaching. It is useless to labour this point, professional opinion on the matter is unanimous; but it might be of more advantage to consider, where this lack of teaching is most noticeable in the drawings exhibited here, and why it is so. Though any radical change in the teaching can only be the result of equal change in the Academy, yet there is much that could be done at the expense of a little trouble, intelligence, and sympathy on the part of the members. If we examine more closely some of the subjects set in the Architectural School, the reasons for this opinion are obvious. A medal is awarded every year for the best set of measured drawings of some given building or part thereof, and this year it is one bay of Waterloo Bridge. It is evident that this is a very difficult building to get at, to measure accurately and thoroughly, involving the use of elaborate and expensive scaffolding, unless the process is to be a farce: and as no such scaffolding has been noticeable on the Embankment during the past year one wonders how these measurements were obtained, and why the Academy select any subject, before requesting permission from the proper authorities to erect a sufficient staging. But, apart from this, it is open to question whether Waterloo Bridge—good, by comparison, though it be—is a sufficiently masterly example of our Art to repay the students for their trouble; and it is not necessary to point out the futility of studying a bad one. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there could be found in London, or its vicinity, more than half a dozen buildings worthy to be studied so carefully, and in such detail.

To measure a good building may be a great benefit or a great waste of time, according to the spirit and method with which it is undertaken, and according to the amount of knowledge possessed by the student. The young student, left to himself, is apt to copy the building blindly, mistakes and all, like the Chinese tailor copying the old coat. He knows little or nothing about it; he does not understand the meaning of, or reason for, any of its features; he often attaches undue importance to very insignificant and characterless details; and when he comes to accidental effects, when, perhaps, a mistake in the planning or setting out, or some

unforeseen difficulty, has had to be got over with more or less ingenuity, he is very apt to glow over the little piece of cleverness displayed, and bestow his greatest care and admiration on what is probably the most worthless part of the design.

In all these drawings here exhibited, though most careful and painstaking, there is no evidence of any guidance from the Academy whatever. The subject is just set, and the students have to make the best of it, and go about it in any way, right or wrong, that occurs to them. As a consequence, they are just the sort of drawings that do you no particular good, either to make or to look at, no construction being shown, and nothing explained, being little more than exercises in line drawing; and a measured drawing should be something other than this, as can be realised by anyone who has seen the drawings of the Pantheon, lately on view at the Institute. If in the exercise of the Academic discretion, it is thought advisable to allow the younger men to compete, surely the subject might be explained to them before they start, and the position and peculiarities of the building, the purpose for which it was intended, its value as an example of such or such a style, and its most characteristic and essential features be pointed out, with some general directions as to the best method of setting about it. The students would then have some chance of understanding what they are doing, and the drawings, when completed, would be of greater value. This would not necessitate a revision of the charter.

This branch of study is perhaps more suitable for older men, who have acquired a thorough knowledge of the leading principles of Architecture, whose minds are trained and formed, capable of taking a grasp of the subject, and generalising after the method of the comparative anatomist; for an individual building is most valuable to the student as illustrating an idea or system, and when it can be fitted into its proper place in a continuous series, and considered with reference to others of a like character. An exact record of its various features as they actually exist is of great importance to the antiquary and the historian, but to the Architect it has only the value of one isolated instance.

After all, what is the especial importance of any building for purposes of study? It is not so much the mere beauty of form or colour which excites and pleases the æsthetic sense, this is its value to the appreciative amateur, but to the Architect and student—although it is most necessary to see how any pleasing effect has been obtained—the ultimate aim is the underlying principle of which that form is the outward expression. If the Parthenon were utterly destroyed to-morrow the amateur might sorrow as those without hope, but to the Architect would still remain the magnificent and imperishable

idea now enshrined in its marble, which would always have its overwhelming influence on the future of Art.

To no man has it been given to entirely realise his ideal, and no work of Art completely expresses the inward vision of its creator, and, in Architecture especially, various outside influences accentuate this. It is of little use in a measured drawing to insist too much on the inaccuracies of the setting out, and the mistakes of the masons—though these things have a charm of their own, it is not an artistic one—but what is of the greatest interest and importance, is to try and discover and express on the drawing what principle the Architect worked on, what was his method of reasoning, what was the ideal of which the building is but an imperfect realisation, or what thought or emotion he intended to express.

With each set of these measured drawings is submitted what is apparently a first attempt at the scientific projection of shadows. We all of us, even Royal Academicians, have had to make a beginning at some time or other, but it is most unfeeling to exhibit early efforts in this way, and so hold up the students as sport for the Philistines. If these drawings, however, are the result of the teaching in the Schools, they are simply an utter disgrace to the Academy, and their exhibition only gives occasion to the unbeliever to blaspheme.

There may be possibly some advantage in possessing a bowing acquaintance with this subject—no knowledge comes amiss to the Architect, if he will only remember that a little is a dangerous thing—but its splendid training in descriptive geometry, and its immense assistance in the study of composition and proportion in Design, is here entirely overlooked.

In the perspective drawings of the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, the same want of guidance is felt. Only one drawing—the prize one—suggests any perception of the limitations of perspective—where perspective begins and ends—or of how an artist might be expected to handle it. A feature in the foreground of one of the unsuccessful drawings is a wonderful example of the art of drawing an object you are not looking at; and this, though most ingenious, is not perspective. All this indicates that perspective, as taught at the Academy, is merely a matter of routine, that the reasons for the process are not explained, and that it is merely a formula placed in the student's hands without any guidance for its proper use and application.

Studies, such as descriptive geometry and perspective, are of the first importance, and the most eminent of Academicians need not think it beneath his dignity to see that their principles, and the application of the same, are thoroughly understood.

(To be concluded.)

A. R. JEMMETT.



·AN·
·ARCHITECTURAL·
·STUDY·FOR·
·"THE·
·ANNUNCIATION·"
·BY·
·SIR EDWARD·
·BURNE-JONES·
·SPECIALLY·
·DRAWN·FOR·
·THE·"REVIEW·"

THE WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES: MORE ESPECIALLY IN DECORATION AND DESIGN: BY H. WILSON: PART ONE.

“EINE so weiche Hingabe, eine solche Durchdringung von seelischen Empfindungen, ein solches Vergessen des Heute und ein solches Vertiefen in frühere Zeiten, ein so kühnes Auflehnen gegen die modische Schönheit und ein so schüchternes Anschmiegen an den Gedanken-Kreis des Mittelalters.”

Dr. Gurlitt thus describes, in his delightful treatise on the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Rossetti's “Elfin Mere.” He finds in it “a resignation so tender, so complete a penetration by spiritual feeling, such an abandonment of to-day, so perfect an absorption in earlier times, so keen a revolt from modish beauty, and such a timid, shy, nestling down into the thought-circle of the middle ages.” Though these words are used with reference to Rossetti's work alone, it would be difficult to find a more sympathetic and accurate description, so far as it goes, of the attitude of the Pre-Raphaelite School in general, and of the works of Burne-Jones in particular.

Dr. Gurlitt proceeds with the thoroughness and patience so characteristic of his nation, and with an insight rarely found even in the most sympathetic of our own critics, to consider the influences of early surroundings and education on the artist, the effect of the romantic atmosphere of Oxford on the impressible mind of a youth fresh from the smoke and turmoil of a midland town, the result of the meeting with William Morris, and the momentous introduction to Rossetti. He tells, again, how, under the impulsion of the latter, Morris and Burne-Jones abandoned their earlier aims, and decided that “sie wollten sie suchen die schönheit sie wollten sie fest umarmen—und Rossetti sollte ihnen den Weg Zu ihr zeigen.” But though this all helps us towards a fuller understanding of the nature and extent of the achievement of these masters, it does not, perhaps, go as far as our knowledge would permit. Something is wanting. In so many criticisms of Art, one feels that an important aspect of the question has been neglected, that what may possibly be the nodus of the matter remains untouched.

What this aspect is I shall here try to indicate, but, since a full treatment of the subject would demand a deeper scholarship and a completer mental equipment than I can hope to attain, the present paper must be taken as a collection of suggestions toward a completer criticism, rather than as a criticism itself.

In the science of Language, in Biology, and in Religion—in all other branches of human activity, the search for beginnings has already borne fruit. Only in the study of Art the method has not been carried to the full extent.



MIRIAM: CENTRAL PANEL OF WINDOW IN S. GILES' CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

We know that our language is a detritus of outworn thought and imagery, a verbal conglomerate relating to remotest times, that our religion is a contexture of various strands drawn from the faith-fabrics of many peoples, rich with almost prehistoric myth and fable, and that our bodies are living records of the life struggles of the race. But it is a question whether we fully realise that in Art we have a pictured epitome of the mental history of a nation, that an artist's work, besides being the epitomised epitome of that history, is also his own genealogical tree, with its roots in obscurest times, at once the emblem and the evidence of his own spiritual development. In writing the history of a nation we should now refer quite naturally to its racial characteristics, to its cranial type, for some indications of its ancestry, and our judgment upon it would be governed by our discoveries.

For racial characteristics are the most lasting of sublunary things. Compared with the longæval persistence of type, the faces of continents have changed with startling rapidity. The features of the Pharaohs are still to be found among the fellaheen of Egypt, the creeping Saxon still goes about his business in ancestral ways, his cranial structure identical in form and capacity with some prehistoric parent; the Celestial preserves the ceremonies and speech-habits of his progenitors in Accad; and the long-skulled Celt still croons by the peat fire melancholy songs as did his ancestors centuries ago. Type endures, while generations fade. The pyramids and teocalli, the bull-guarded palaces of Babylon, the topes and temples, the sun shrines and pagodas of the East, and all the memorials of Christendom are but passing witnesses to enduring ideals; perishable testimonies to a far more perfect permanence.

These decaying symbols, material evidences of ages of spiritual progress, with all that they include or imply, all the Arts and Crafts of unnumbered generations, mark the pathway of the spirit as shed impedimenta, worn trappings border the desert track of some mighty caravan, and though the evidences remaining are the merest fragments of what have been the habits of mind peculiar to each race which have produced those evidences, enracinated in the organism through æons of development, still perpetuate their own memorials in the features of succeeding generations.

We ourselves, living monuments to an infinitely remote antiquity, are but the prophecies of an unending future of spiritual growth, the results and the causes of progress, made by, yet moulding mind. Without some inkling of the ground plan of his mental fabric, some clue to the maze of his intellect, each man is an unreaveable riddle, his Art imperfectly understood. And without some outline of ethnic psychology right understanding

of the spirit of a nation is unattainable and intelligent appreciation of its Art impossible. But, just as craniology and custom and language give important clues to the life-histories of nations, as by their means we can trace much of the mingling of peoples, the intussusceptions of tribes, and can by their aid successively uncover and partially disentangle the superposed and sometimes interwoven racial integuments which at various times have clothed the globe, as we, in the process of these discoveries, have become conscious of the existence of unsuspected bonds of union with far off septs, long perished nationalities, and have gained a deeper knowledge of the oneness in diversity of mankind, and an insight into the obscure origins of racial antipathies and affinities, so may we, perhaps, by the application of our knowledge of man's physical and collective development to our criticism of his Art, attain to an appreciation of its merits, at once saner and more perfect.

For in Art and in Religion inherited tendencies are undisguised; race declares itself. We see that a man's conceptions are but the fruitage of germs seeded centuries ago in the womb of the race. Nowhere as in Art and in Religion do ethnic and ethic affinities so clearly show themselves, in nothing else do we so nearly apprehend the primitive mental constitution of humanity, its attitude to the world of Phenomena, and it would seem that a criticism of Art which neglects this side of things is fragmentary and imperfect. It may treat of planes, and values, and distances, of composition and colour, of sentiment and design, but does it touch the bottom of things even as we know them?

May we not, instead of talking endlessly of "Art for Art," say that Art is a link with primal times, that by "this way have men come out of brutishness." Is not the Artist, through his work, a bond with our unknown birthplace, a survival, so to speak, of primitive humanity: a jeton from some forgotten root, with traces of unnamed faculties, obsolescent or obsolete through centuries of disuse? I like to fancy that he takes us back to those unremembered ages, when mental contact with the outer world was closer, the nervous connection with phenomena more intimate, when vision was almost tactile and touch a form of sight, when all the senses we know were more acute and augmented by others, of which only the rudiments remain; that the Artist, in fact, relates to other civilised beings who live by their wits, much as the latter do to the savage, who, unable to read, can yet, warned by some occult sensibility quite unaided by sound or sight, avoid the side shafts of a hidden enemy. And though the end of activity be different, though the artist, as it were, hunts ideas and tracks



PERSEUS SERIES : " THE DOOM
FULFILLED " : SIR EDWARD
BURNE-JONES.



PERSEUS SERIES : PERSEUS AND
SEA MAIDENS : SIR EDWARD
BURNE-JONES.

sensations, pursuing beauty instead of bird and beast, and observes the changing aspect of field and forest and sky for other than a hunter's reasons, may we not say that the two are near akin, since the field of operation is the same? And his works, the trophies of the chase, the spoils rapt from retreating beauty, evoke in our own minds dim remembrances, imperfectly correlated ideas, recall half-memories of once familiar things. The beauties he records speak out to us again with age-gathered cogency, they reach our consciousness down the disused tracks of organic memory, thrill with long-forgotten tremors unused fibres of the brain, quicken long-inactive cells, and reaching down to the lower levels of mental life reveal unsuspected under-currents of thought, uncover and reinforce the ground springs of imagination and fancy, and verify in each of us the sense of the mental solidarity of the race.

Looked at in this way, one sees that works of Art of all kinds are among the most priceless of human documents, not less valuable for the light they shed on the mental and spiritual development of the varying divisions of men than the most jealously guarded codices of metropolitan museums.*

The point is one too little considered, yet if it were followed up it might lead to very interesting results. Its recognition would certainly save us from many critical errors. We should cease to ask artists for more than their natures could give. It would arrest the growing habit of using the excellencies of one man or nation as weapons to wound another. We should not blame Watts as a recent critic has done, because the Minotaur is not like the devils of Nôtre Dame.

Our sympathies would be intensified, and their range widened by knowledge of our essential kinship, our basic unity, with many now divergent peoples. It might help, by discovering the sources, to explain parallel modes of treatment, identities of inspiration, coincidences of conception in apparently unconnected sections of mankind.

We should begin to see that a man is more dependent on racial origin for his originality than is usually imagined, that his point of view is more a matter of instinct than choice, of necessity than selection. We should find in similarities of Design evidence rather of common ancestry than conscious copyism. More than this, we have a possible key to the mysterious attraction which certain types of face, phases of Art, and forms of building have for each one of us, by supposing it to arise from an instinctive organic recognition, a kind of far off family affection.

And though I am far from implying that the extent of our knowledge is sufficient to make this method

of criticism always possible, yet it might be more considered than it is.

In the present instance it will ensure an appreciative insight into the more elusive qualities of Burne-Jones's work by referring them to their source, their origin in his Celtic ancestry. Matthew Arnold long ago pointed out that the chief



* I shall treat elsewhere of the bearing of this idea on our treatment of our National monuments.



DESIGN FOR THE BOOK OF ÆNEAS.

beauties in our poetry spring from the Celtic element in our nature. He traced the formative and inspiring influences of the nation in the masterpieces of the past, and although the idea has been almost done to death by possibly mistaken enthusiasts, anxious to glorify themselves at the expense of the English at large, the truth of it is manifest. Though the Welsh have done little in the domain of Art outside Song, they have always been a nation of Artists. Joined to their deep mysticism is something of the clear Hellenic delight in beauty and graciousness. Prompt to feel "unworded things and old," born with the poet's outlook, they see the romantic side of things, and carry the atmosphere of magic with them. With their unappeasable love of mystery and splendour, the world has always been a mystical wonder-book for them as for their remote ancestors. From this it comes that their poetry is full of references to dusk and dawn, and to twilight, to the Muses hour, when the air is full of interfusing shapes, when trees turn wraiths, the

bushes gnomes, when, as Ap Gwilym tells us, elves and goblins range the undergrowth, and Dryads dance in every grove. This, the delightful hour of the day, when the known becomes the unknown kingdom, and fact the source of phantasy, has an unceasing fascination for them; its influence shows in everything they do. Of this realm the painter makes us free, all that it is and contains is his by entail. The myth of the mystic king, the Knights of the Table, the wailing queens, the wonder-meres, Excalibur, were part of his inheritance. The painter was at home in it; he was on his own ground. It had never been so completely or sympathetically treated before. In looking at the Merlin drawings, at the tapestry designs, at the Virgil series, one is struck by the thought that a world legend is like the fabled magic mirror. In these depths the painter mage-like shows us new kingdoms, which are yet the old under new aspects; by his craft spells the spirit into correspondence with primeval beauty, carries us back in thought to

the twilight of early time, to the beginnings of being, to sidereal silences. Something of this remote mirrored quality appears in his paintings, and is one of its striking features. It will be more easy to explain what I mean by contrast.

In the work of Madox Brown, the father of the school, the original source of the most characteristic features of the Art of our time, we are made to feel that everything must have been seen and drawn upon the very spot, in its envelope of air, every detail given in its due place in the picture, yet rendered with almost anxious exactitude. More than this, we have the impression that some before unrecorded truth has been divined, which, on being shown us, adds to our sense of the reality. In the works of Burne-Jones, on the other hand, we feel as if the mirror of the painter's mind were refractive, and that the chosen images he gives us are not only reflected, but have been transmuted in transit, they have gained in poetic quality, but something familiar has gone. The thing painted relates to the memorised image in the ordinary mind, much as the lake-mirrored forest does to the waving reality above it. In the one we have the dimmed light, the fused and confluent form and colour, the lucent gloom, the aloofness, the weird beauty of the reflection; in the other the familiar and, therefore, unstudied and unregarded reality. Before Burne-Jones we say "I have dreamed it;" before Madox Brown "I have seen it." Madox Brown's avowed aim was to make things look real, and he succeeded so well that people often forget the Art behind the presentation, just as in daily life beauty passes unseen till the painter gathers and gives it to us. But the air of

dreams sorts so perfectly with Burne-Jones's subjects that we would not have it changed. In its subdued radiance his creations "move like the music of songs;" Perseus and Medea, Danaë, the fatal sisters, Circe, Venus and her maids, Arthur and his Knights, fatidic shades, float with rapt faces through their crepuscular ambient. They have that dignity of aspect which only the detached outlook can give. Even in action there is something contemplative about them. They float in an intensity of thought, and touch earth out of complaisance, as a concession to our slower ideas, not of necessity. Their element is the air. This levitation, aerial natancy, tells with wonderful effect in the Perseus series. In the "Doom Fulfilled," the winged sandals seem to have given the hero a real buoyancy, and he balances at ease over the writhing coils of the Dragon, waiting for the moment to strike. And though at times this quality may suggest ineffectualness—as if, while the sentiment of the scene had been realised profoundly, the fact of it had not been fully forced home, yet the verecundia of imagination, which seems



DESIGN FOR THE BOOK OF ÆNEAS.

the cause of this tinidity of approach in his imaginal beings, is very captivating. One might, indeed, almost say that the Art of Burne-Jones is essentially the Art of appeal. We are drawn to it, not compelled, conquered by it, but not subjected. It gives expression to subtle, penetrating sentiment rather than passion, grace rather than strength. This is the main difference between him and his master, Rossetti. It is the difference between the Celtic and the Italian temperaments, between flame and radiance. Rossetti's fiery enthusiasm, which flames out in the wonderful oriental richness of his paintings, which makes his poems glow with passion, seems to have irradiated the ideals, and given direction to the aims of all who came in contact with him. Under its impulsion Burne-Jones produced with almost deceptive effect other harmonies than his own. The Sidonia water colours, the S. Frideswide windows, his early pen drawings show clearly how strong his master's influence had been. In most of these early works, when the painter was but "*l'annunciatore di se stesso*," that feeling for design, which became later on so marked a quality in all his work, was less evident. The beautiful cartoons for the S. Frideswide windows, Oxford, look less like carefully ordered designs for fixed spaces than panels cut from some rich tapestry, crowded with story and incident. They flash on one like glimpses of some passing pageant made permanent for our delight, windows in the walls of fact letting us into the world of fancy. Their unaffected archaism, the result of undeveloped power, hampering an exuberant imagination, gives exactly the accidental look so fascinating in stained glass, and ordinarily so utterly unattainable. Without being in any way ungrateful for the later work, we may doubt if these windows have ever been surpassed. I find, for my own part, that not all the ordered simplicity of scheme, the fluent and refluent line, the rich imagery and interest of the later work, give quite the same emotion as these early windows. It is just the difference between youth and maturity. There is more mastery in the later work, more compression, and a greater concinnity of style and expression. We feel the existence of an organic relation between the form and the space it occupies, that the figures have some vital connection with each other, and that there is some hidden proportion between them and the boundaries of the enclosing panel. One imagines the existence in each composition of a centre of development, a nodus of growth, an epiphysis of creative effort from which, in harmonic lines, the building-up of the picture has proceeded, and to which the subsidiary elements of the design are added by accretion, till the whole panel became a complete thing. We might, perhaps, say that here is the chief difference between what is called

pictorial and what is called decorative Art. This method of classification is, of course, false, because the work of every real painter is, in the truest sense, decorative. What is generally meant, is that the decorative painter is more concerned with the decoration of a superficies as such; while the other regards it as a means for the expression of air, distance, mystery, colour. In the latter case it might not greatly matter if an inch were added to or taken from the height or width of the picture; in the former case the decorative balance of the whole would be disturbed by any alteration of its boundaries. It is an organic whole. The decorative painter is bound by Architectural conditions to preserve the sense of surface; the other is under no such limitation; but neither is of necessity greater or less. The work of the one becomes a noble piece of furniture; that of the other an integral part of a building. The very limitations imposed upon the painter who essays to decorate a building are means of strength, sources of dignity, springs of power. The ideas of permanence and mass always associated with buildings, are, in themselves, the most potent of influences; whereas the lack of these inspiring motives is a serious bar to the painter who would yet scorn to be called decorative. His world is so wide, the field of operation so limitless, the possibilities so innumerable, the beauties he would record are so evanescent and so protean while they last—that selection becomes increasingly difficult, and high achievement rare. "In limitation our strength lies." If more painters could be employed on the decoration of our public buildings, we should hear less of the distinctions between kinds and schools of painting; and, if buildings were designed for decoration, less about the poverty of our Architecture; for it seems to me that the divorce from building suffered now by all the Arts, the lack of its sobering restraint, is responsible at once for the meanness of our Architecture and the ill-regulated exuberance of the allied Arts. Never, probably, has there been a time of such artistic activity, so much unattached ability, so much undirected talent, so much vitality running to waste for want of a co-ordinating, governing power, as the present. The wealth of available material is inexhaustible. It is impossible to avoid the belief that this power will come, that all these now discordant energies will be resolved into a harmonious scheme of work, that out of this concourse of mutually antagonistic aims and ideals some master ideal may be built up which shall give us, later on, a newer, completer, more representative Art. And the works of men like Watts, Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, though in the mass unconnected with Architecture, help forward the time by revealing the fundamental unity of all Art, the common basis of design.



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI IN THE CHANCEL, EAST HAMPSTEAD CHURCH: SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.



A RAMBLE ROUND VANNES AND LOWER BRITTANY: BY PERCY WADHAM.

FEW Breton towns retain the character of the Middle Ages in such an eminent degree as Vannes; its narrow streets, the charm of which is greatly enhanced by their irregularity and steepness, lined with antique timber-fronted houses, weather-worn, and stained with age, its old, moss-grown city walls and crumbling stone towers, awakening echoes of past centuries. The quaint old town, modestly ensconced within its more modern namesake, has successfully stood Nature's test of fitness in weathering the elements of successive ages, and the hand of the restorer has haply had little to do within its machicolated walls.

Wending our way through the narrow network of shady streets, what surprises meet one at every turn. The charming play of light and shade caused by the overlapping stories and projecting eaves. The steep roofs of every imaginable pitch and angle, broken up by innumerable dormers and stout chimney stacks, which, together with the many gable points, form delightful sky-lines. The elaborately moulded timber work, grotesquely carved figures, and curious mediæval inscriptions. The occasional glimpses of old-fashioned interiors through the half-open casements. In short, there is something to arrest the attention of the spectator at each step. The quaint groups of women sitting at work in the shade, and the queer costumes one sees everywhere, being in pleasing harmony with the old buildings.

In the midst of this picturesque entanglement of

narrow streets and overhanging gables, rises the cathedral of St. Pierre, closely surrounded by the dark timbered houses. How cool and peaceful the old church seems after the noise and heat of the outer streets. A few country women are kneeling in prayer at the high-backed wooden chairs as we enter. Some half-spent offertory candles flicker fitfully in the shadow of one of the side chapels. The rays of sunlight coming through the leaded windows light up the massive high altar and, by contrast, cause it to stand out impressively from the intensified shadow behind. There is a solemn charm in the stillness, which is momentarily broken by the happy voices of children and the clattering of their wooden sabots over the stones, as the door opens to admit a weather-beaten old peasant bent with age. Reverently doffing his broad-brimmed hat and crossing himself in orthodox manner, the old man hobbles off to one of the small chapels, and the silence is once more restored; soon to be broken again by the entrance of a young woman, whose white cap and stiff linen cape, aided by the thoughtful face, leads one to imagine her to be a novice of some sisterhood rather than a vendor of fruit from the neighbouring market. Anon comes a blue bloused workman; and so on throughout the day these good folk come and go, finding time to pause in the midst of their daily labours to offer up a silent prayer in the sombre incense-scented church.

To the architectural mind the building itself has little that is striking to offer. It consists of a nave with five chapels on either side, the principal of which is dedicated to the Spanish Dominican monk, Vincent Ferrier, who came to Vannes in the

fifteenth century at the invitation of Duke John V., and who in the short space of two years seems to have succeeded in evangelising the whole province, despite the fact that he addressed the people in his native language. He was canonized at the instigation of the Duke, and died here in 1419. The relics of this saint (which are the pride of Vannes) are carried annually in procession through the town

preservation. A few paces more, and we are in the adjoining Place des Lices, an irregular open space, lined with ancient buildings. It was here that what is known as the "Battle of the Five" took place in 1380, a kind of duel, fought in the presence of Duke John IV. and the Earl of Buckingham, between five French and five English knights. According to French chroniclers, the English



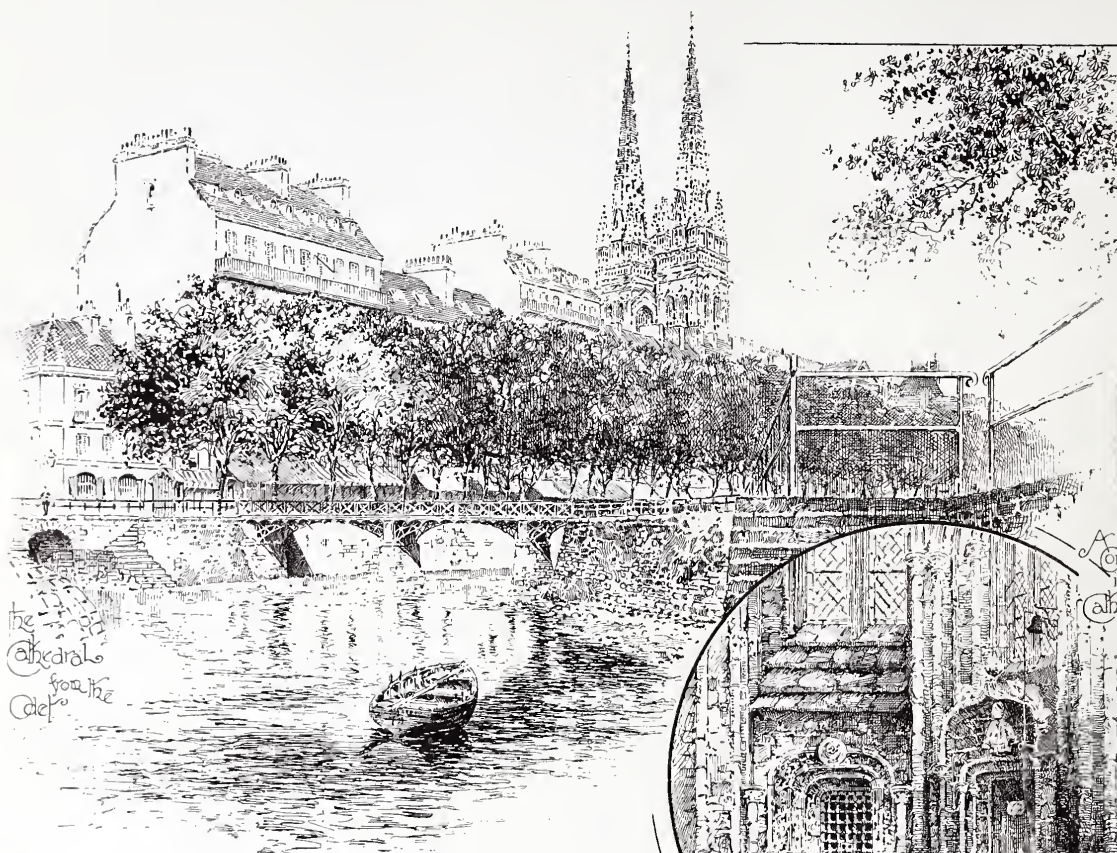
UNDER THE RAMPARTS, VANNES :

SKETCHED BY PERCY WADHAM.

and round the walls on the first Sunday in September. On the north side of the nave is the circular Chapel of Saint Sacrement, built in the sixteenth century by Jean Daniello, one of the Canons of the Cathedral. The exterior of the building is plain, and somewhat disappointing. The tower is of early pointed Gothic, dating from the thirteenth century, but the somewhat ungainly spire is of recent date, the former having been destroyed by lightning at the beginning of the present century. Leaving the cathedral, a short street to the right brings us to the small Place in which stands the old Town Hall, a low, unpretentious building, the principal feature of which is a pleasing circular flight of stone steps, in good

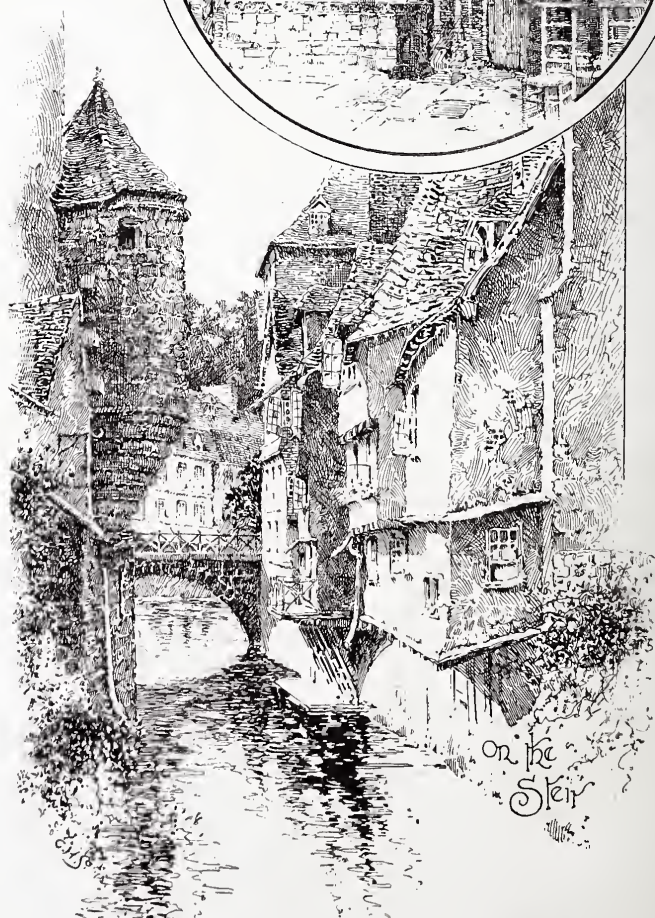
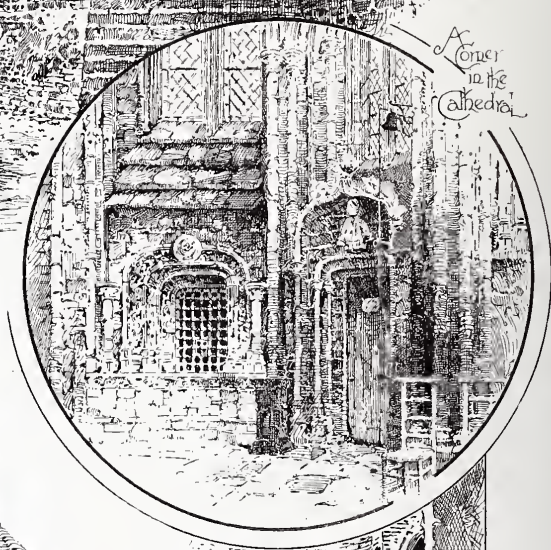
appear to have had the worst of the battle. It was here also that St. Vincent preached the doctrines of Christianity to the Breton folk.

At the further end of the old Place, under a cloudless sky and in the full glare of the mid-day sun, a lively market is taking place. It is a delightfully picturesque scene, full of animation and life. The little stalls are filled with all kinds of goods : fruits, flowers, freshly cut vegetables, poultry, curious shaped lumps of butter, bilious-looking cakes, hosiery, haberdashery, tawdry trinkets, and knick-knacks of all sorts. These Breton markets are admirable places for studying the everyday costumes of the people. The dress of the men is singularly quaint ; a short open jacket and em-



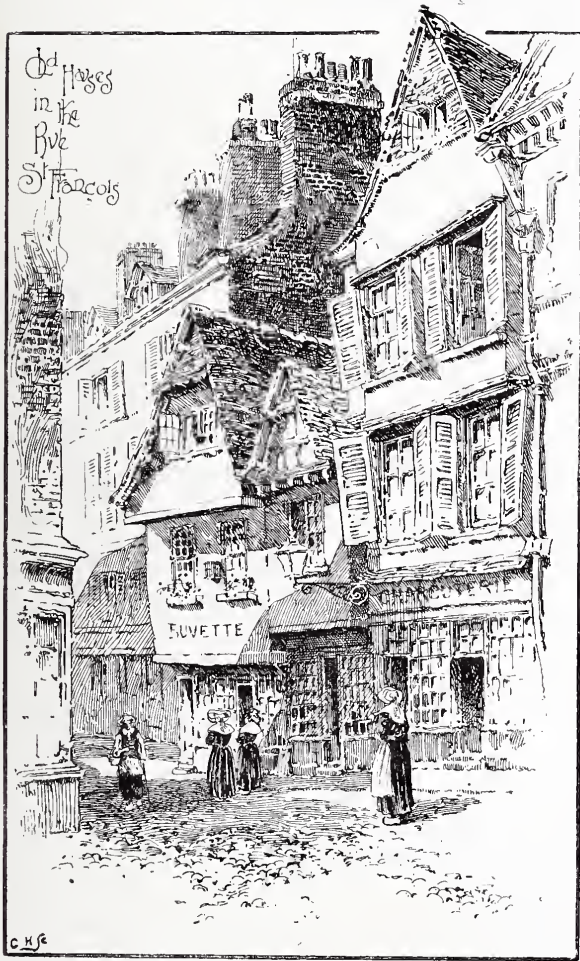
QUIMPER : SKETCHED BY PERCY WADHAM.

broidered vest, often of elaborate workmanship, full knickerbockers tied below the knee, and rough woollen stockings and sabots, a broad-brimmed hat, bound with black velvet and long streamers, completing the costume. Fine, well-built fellows most of these are, with handsome, clean-shaven faces. The women are usually dressed in black or brown, the bodice being trimmed with velvet. The white linen caps and large market apron are common to all, but the delightful head dresses vary greatly according to the town or village to which the wearer belongs. On entering Brittany via Angers and Nantes one is struck at once by the serious and thoughtful faces of the women folk, the matter of fact way in which they go about their business. English-like, they seem to take life from the most serious side, in strange contrast to the vivacity and gaiety, the verve and light-heartedness of their French sisters. Amidst the general bustle and hubbub of the bartering throng, the stall-holders conduct their business in a calm and sedate manner. The older women sit peacefully knitting and gossiping on low wooden chairs, while the younger ones busy themselves with the disposal of their ware. The scene before us is wonderfully picturesque and paintable. In



the foreground a group of Artillery officers are talking to a *confrère* on horseback. Further on two priests have stopped to speak to some children.

A sprinkling of white-gaitered soldiers amongst the marketing townspeople; and beyond, forming a background to this mass of bright colour and busy life, the ancient houses rise in irregular lines, the old slates on the steep roofs glistening with a silvery hue in the bright sunshine. Before leaving the old Place a visit should be made to the museum, which contains a very interesting and well arranged



OLD HOUSES, QUIMPER: SKETCHED BY PERCY WADHAM.

collection of Celtic antiquities, discovered in the Cromlechs at Carnac and neighbourhood.

It is pleasant, after the noise and uproar of the market place, to wander down to the quiet port, and rest for a while in the cool, shady Promenade de la Rabine, a long avenue of trees bordering the port on the right; to watch the happy children playing in the pathway, while the white-capped nurses clatter over their work at the neighbouring seats. Facing us, on the opposite side of the port, are rows of gardens full of trees and flowers. A couple of sea-going boats lie moored to the quay side, and boatmen are standing in twos and threes along the bank, but there is nothing to ruffle the glass-like surface of the water. A little further down the avenue is a monument erected by subscription to Le Sage, the author of "Gil Blas"; while behind us, through the trees, can be seen the

Bishop's palace, and the monastic-looking building of the Communauté du Père Éternel.

It is interesting to recall, as we sit here, some of the early history of Vannes, when the Veneti—a hardy and warlike race, who peopled ancient Amorica, and whose fleets commanded the seas—offered such a stubborn resistance to the Romans, by whom they were finally conquered, under Cæsar, their leaders being put to death, and their people sold for slaves: not, however, before they had colonised the Adriatic, a fact from which the Venetians are said to have derived their name. In the fifth century Vannes succeeded in throwing off the Roman yoke, and recovered its independence. Later, it became a residence of the Dukes of Brittany, until, in 1532, owing to the marriage of Marguerite of Brittany with her uncle Francois, Comte d'Etampes, Brittany became united to France. From this time down to the Revolution the historical interest of the town practically ceases.

Continuing our ramble, and passing the Porte St. Vincent, a handsome archway in the Italian style, built in the seventeenth century, a short walk brings us to the Promenade de la Garenne, where in 1795 a number of the Quiberon emigrants were shot, amongst others being the Bishop of Dol.

Standing on the little bridge in front of the Porte Poterne, we obtain a magnificent view of the old city. Above the grey, moss-grown stone walls, overrun with ivy and every variety of creeper, the russet and olive tinted roofs rise in fantastic groups, while higher still the Cathedral stands out clearly against the blue sky. Close to us, the so-called Constable's Tower frowns down upon the sunny apple orchard, laden with golden fruit, nestling at its base, the rich green foliage forming a pleasing contrast to the deep toned greys of the crumbling masonry. Beneath us, in the shadow of the old wash houses, fast falling into decay, quaint figures kneel at the little wooden boxes, stirring up the otherwise placid water of the narrow stream which flows between the ramparts and the Promenade de la Garenne. From the shadow of the old archway come leisurely figures, their white caps and brightly polished pails and pitchers glistening in the sun-light, while along the dusty roadway some curious looking bullock waggons trundle lazily by, driven by bronzed faced peasants in blue smocks and wide brimmed straw hats. At the end of the promenade, passing the imposing Préfecture with its shady park, we come to the Porte prison, another of the old town gates of Vannes. Originally it was flanked by two massive towers, one of which remains, surrounded by a group of quaint houses. In a niche over the archway is a shield, containing the arms of Brittany, immediately beneath which is posted a notice telling us that the interesting old Gothic structure is for sale.

It was here, according to Souvestre, that Oliver de Clisson was entrapped by Jean IV., Duke of Brittany. The Duke fearing that Clisson, who had taken service with the King of France, meant to dethrone him, resolved by a bold stroke to get the Constable in his power, thinking that by so doing he might regain the favour of the English and prevent the invasion with which the country was

his opinion as to how the work was being carried out. But no sooner had the Constable entered than he was surrounded by armed men, seized and cast into irons. Not contented with this, the Duke gave orders to Bazvalin, the Governor of the Castle, to have his prisoner drowned. "Aussitôt la nuit venue je veux qu'il soit clos dans un sac et jeté à la mer." Happily for Clisson, the Governor foresaw



THE PLACE BRULÉE, VANNES.

SKETCHED BY PERCY WADHAM.

threatened. He decided to convene a meeting of Parliament at which Clisson was to be present; afterwards he planned a visit with the Constable to inspect the new fortifications he was having built, and once inside the Tower the unsuspecting guest was to be made prisoner. The idea was scarcely a brilliant one, but it succeeded admirably. When the pair arrived at the Tower the Duke, excusing himself on the plea of fatigue, begged his companion to enter without him and examine the building, adding that he was most anxious to have

the Duke's remorse, and postponed the execution of the order until the expected countermarch arrived. Clisson, however, was not released until a heavy ransom had been paid. Close to the old gateway is the peaceful church of St. Patern, which contains a handsome white marble high altar, and is approached by a quaint double flight of stone steps, while behind the church is a cluster of narrow streets well worth penetrating by those who can appreciate picturesque "bits" and quaint scenes.

Entering within the city walls once more, we



SKETCHED BY PERCY WADHAM.

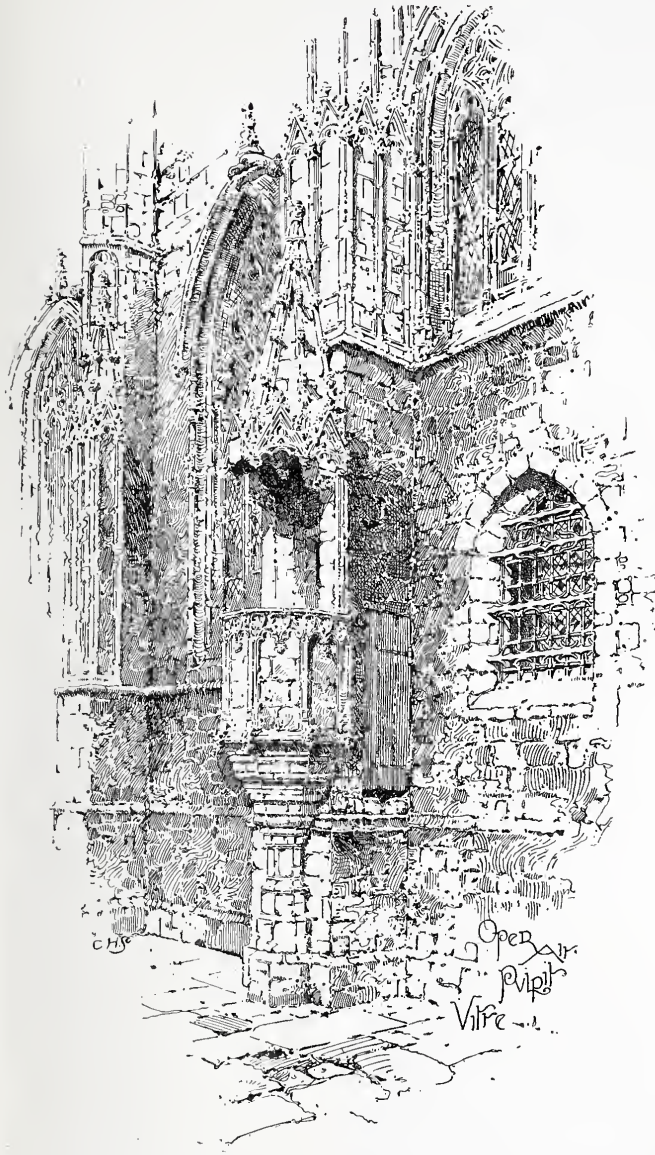
wander through the old sleepy streets, lined with curious timber-fronted shops, stopping now and again to purchase some curio or simple souvenir, that may help to recall when we shall be far away—when actuality shall have become but a remembrance—the happy hours passed in this demure and peaceful mediæval Breton town. And so back to the pleasant old-fashioned hotel, where we can sit for awhile in the cool basket-chairs, by the open windows, and enjoy a quiet rest until the bell sounds, inviting us to dinner. Later, over our coffee and cigarettes, we can discuss our plans for the morrow—but our time is so brief, and the tempting excursions so many. Where shall it be? To picturesque Josselin, with its noble old fortress, built by Clisson, on the banks of the Oust, overlooking the gentle valley. To the romantic village of Elven, with its ruined castle? Shall it be a sail to the queer little fishing village of Sene, or a visit to one of the numerous sunny islands in the sea of Morbihan? Or shall we ramble once more among the antique buildings of Vannes, and stroll out to the old sixteenth-century windmill of Camsquel, and examine its curious carvings? For, indeed, we have but taken a cursory glance of this delightful old-world city, amidst the apple orchards of Brittany.

But Vannes is not by any means the only characteristic, mediæval town in Brittany. East and west of us by the rail there lie both Quimper and Nantes; the latter to be reached only after passing through the interesting old town of Rendon. To this place, as to so many French towns, is ascribed a miraculous origin, and the quaint old legend is still affectionately remembered by the townspeople. It is to the effect that, more than a thousand years ago, the place, where the town now stands, was marked only by a few straggling huts, while near by stood the populous town of Rieux. One harsh night a little child, almost naked, and starved with cold and hunger, came wandering upon the banks of the river seeking charity. At Rieux he had been turned from the doors, but the desultory inhabitants of Rendon received him kindly. The legend gives it that this little child was Our Lord, and that he blessed the place so that Rendon grew and prospered, while Rieux dwindled gradually to insignificance through the years.

Those who stay in Rendon have an opportunity of seeing the remains of the old Abbey, and of visiting the Château de Beaumont; but, continuing our journey, we make at once for Nantes, the most considerable town, and once the capital, of Brittany. The country as we approach Nantes is a pleasing contrast to the monotonous scrub and brushwood which passed the carriage window during the greater part of the journey from Vannes to Rendon, and as we near the famous town the country grows less wild. In the quiet meadows the kine browse, while the pretty Breton girls, each with her white cap and the crucifix on her breast, and her rosary at her waist, spend the day beside them, minding them, as they knit, until the evening falls, and the patient creatures follow their fair herds to the milking. Arrived at Nantes, we take a preliminary stroll upon the quays, which lie for two miles along the north bank of the Loire, somewhat marred, it is true, by the railway that runs their whole length, and wander on to the immense scheme of bridges by which Nantes is approached from the south. There are seven of these bridges to effect a crossing of the river, for the immense water way of the Loire has now forced many channels for itself through the low plain. It is but some eighty miles up the river, just above the junction of the Maine with the Loire, by Angers, that is to be seen the



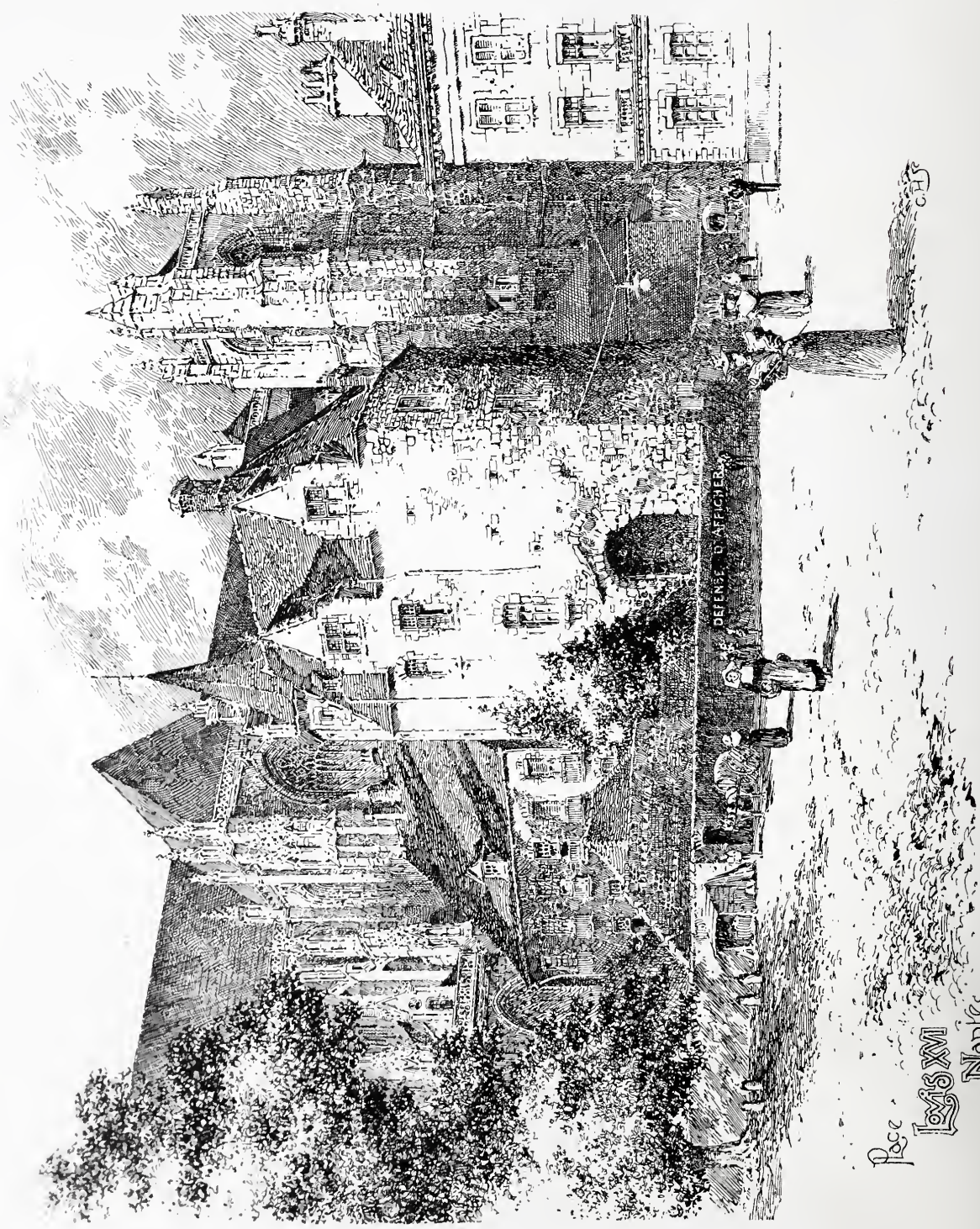
A STREET IN
VANNES: SKETCHED
BY PERCY WADHAM.



famous "Ponts de Cé," or Cæsar's Bridge, with its 109 arches. Nantes, we soon notice, has those marks of commercial activity which were so remote from all our impressions of Vannes, and though the Breton idea of commercial activity is a very easy and pleasant affair, the contrast with our delightful experiences at Vannes made the place not greatly to our taste. A canal is being cut to enable vessels of heavier tonnage to reach the quays, for the treacherous quick-sands of the Loire are constantly silting up the old navigable channels, and in many other striking particulars the contrast to the drowsy irresponsible life of Vannes is strongly marked. A visit to the Cathedral of St. Pierre gives us a certain shock of disappointment, as it is still in an unfinished state. The work, however, has been proceeding for many years, with the ultimate view of completing the church according to the original design of its foundation in 1434. It is said that the twelfth century saw a Roman Basilica on the site now occupied by the cathedral, which itself replaced a church or hermitage raised

as early as 570. The main body of the church is now complete, and, upon a nearer view, which showed us the western facade with its lofty portals and the rich scheme of sculptures representing the "Last Judgment," awoke our admiration. This part of the building was completed in the fifteenth century, and the carving is in good preservation. We were, however, very much more impressed by the interior of the church, which is of lofty proportions, as is usual with French cathedrals, and on a grand scale, the nave vault being nearly twenty feet higher than that of our Abbey of Westminster. There is, of course, the apsidal end, and it is in this quarter of the building that the builders are now employed in raising a new choir, with chapels opening on either side. It was in the south transept, however, that the greatest surprise awaited us. This was the superb Renaissance monument raised to Francis, second Duke of Brittany, and his wife, Margaret. The central feature is an altar tomb, composed of rich variegated marbles, below a huge black marble slab, upon which lie the recumbent effigies of the Duke and his Duchess, the head of either being supported by a sculptured angel. At the four angles are placed symbolic figures of Wisdom, Prudence, Justice, and Power, all cut life-size in white marble, and of a quaint allegorical design. Wisdom is represented double-faced, and Prudence bears a lantern and a horse's bit, on the exact interpretation of which latter we were much exercised. In the niches about this central group upon the tomb are the sculptured effigies of saints, the apostles, and, below, sixteen figures symbolic of grief, all carved in black marble. The sculptures are very finely rendered, and we learned that the whole were cut, and, indeed, the tomb designed, by Michael Colomb, in the year 1507. The impression this truly magnificent work left with us disarmed the criticism that is so frequently heard on the subject of the memorial tombs in Westminster Abbey, and it must be the irregularity and the heterogeneous crowding of the tombs, and the triviality of their motives, rather than the origin of their Design, which provokes the wish that they should be stripped from their places, and erected elsewhere.

It is not to be denied that we were a good deal disappointed with Nantes, and yearned for the old-world breath of Vannes. The chief interest of Nantes seems to be rather in its military history than its Architecture. From Cæsar onwards, the place seems to have existed in a state of siege and bloodshed. During the revolution, 30,000 persons bled under the guillotine within its walls. The Vendéans, too, sustained heavy losses in and about Nantes. St. Florent, the centre of the rising, is but some fifty miles up the river. Quimper, and her Cathedral, interested us a good deal more than did



SKETCHED BY PERCY WADHAM

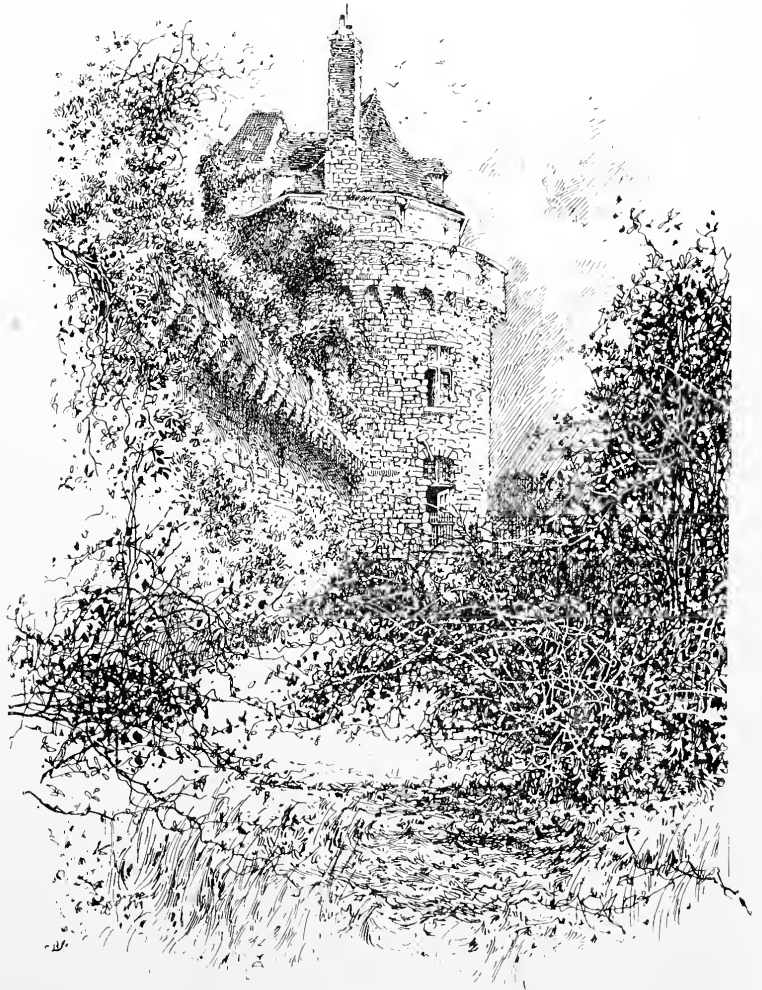


IN THE RUE THIERS : VANNES.

Nantes. It is dedicated to St. Corentin, a Breton Saint. Like that of Nantes, Quimper Cathedral is of modern completion, the two spires having been built about 1850 by Monsieur Bigot. The manner of meeting the cost of this addition carries us back to mediæval times, and to those wide sentiments of enthusiasm of which the Churches of the period are a lasting record. The expense of Monsieur Bigot's work, amounting to some 150,000 francs, was defrayed by a halfpenny subscription, called "*Sou de St. Corentin*," and raised in the diocese during a period of five years. The Church is dwarfed in proportion, the nave vault being but 65ft. above the floor of the Church. We were most pleased by the detail, particularly the west porch, with its triple row of sculptured angels. The west front, however, is somewhat marred by a modern equestrian statue of King Grallon, which fills the angle of the gable between Monsieur Bigot's spires. The interior has been restored at some recent date, and apparently in a right feeling, but the general vista is greatly marred by a strong set of the choir to the North. The church looks warped and askew. We noticed some good glass in the clerestory, and a very rich carved and gilt pulpit in the best manner of the Renaissance; but its richness did not suit our Gothic

mood, and we were reminded of Cockerel's aspersions on the inapplicability of the true Renaissance forms to the artistic needs of a Christian place of worship.

One last stroll through the narrow picturesque streets, where the old women sit knitting at their doors and the babies crawl in the roadway; one last look at the timbered oriels and the carved gabled fronts, hiding the peaceful domesticity of Breton life, and we bid adieu to these notes of a happy tour when we have mentioned the Cathedral at Vitré, of which also we were able to have a glimpse before leaving Brittany. Here we saw again the pleasant irresponsible life of the Breton, and were bathed again in sweet lingering sentiments of by-gone times and by-gone enthusiasms and conventions. At the church we found a later style of Architecture, the building being raised in the sixteenth century, yet without inspiration from the Italian. Here we noticed in particular the open-air pulpit, and tried to recall, but without success, such another in our own country, beside the famous one at Magdalen College, Oxford. Here, too, we saw some unique enamels on copper, illustrating the story of our Saviour's life. And then, with regret, at the conclusion of so pleasant a holiday, we said *au revoir* to Brittany.



THE CONSTABLE'S TOWER : VANNES.



VIEW OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

BYZANTINE ART: BY ROBERT WEIR SCHULTZ: PART ONE.

BYZANTINE Art—the art of the Eastern Empire—can be studied to-day mainly in its ecclesiastical aspect. The civic buildings, the palaces, courts, and market places, the dwellings of gentle and simple alike, have almost entirely disappeared, whereas the churches remain in large numbers, mostly despoiled and stripped of their treasures of gold, silver, and ivory, of painting, textile, and embroidery, but retaining still, in many cases, their more permanent decoration of marble and mosaic, their carved capitals and inlaid bands, and their noble proportions and pleasing outlines, based on genuine straightforward structural methods, worthy of being carefully investigated and pondered over in these days of false construction and sham ornamentation.

The origin of the Byzantine types, both of construction and ornamentation, have been fruitful of much controversy, into the details of which we do not propose to enter. The influence of Byzantine Art has been far reaching; it played a not unimportant part in the development both of mediæval Painting and Architecture, and it spread eastwards and left its marks in Persia and India, while the Russian Art of to-day is its direct lineal descendant.

In the space of a short paper one cannot do more than touch slightly on its historical development, and draw attention to its main characteristics.

When Christianity became recognised under

Constantine, in the early part of the fourth century (323-337), the Christians at first worshipped in the old pagan basilicas, and, naturally, therefore, the earliest type of Christian church was founded on their plan and arrangement, which consisted of long nave and aisles separated by rows of pillars covered with a flat or coffered wooden ceiling, and terminating in an apse. This type was continued in the Western Church till later times, but, with the transference of the government of the eastern portion of the Empire to Byzantium by Constantine, and the establishment there of a new capital—the first capital of Christendom—new types were developed, largely based on ideas borrowed from the East, and these culminated in the great Church of St. Sophia as rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian, and finished in the year 537. In this church the arch and the dome assert themselves and dominate everything, and we have a lightness, a spaciousness, and a grandeur that had never been obtained in the finest of the basilicas.

This church remains to the present day the masterpiece of Byzantine Architecture and construction, and it fixed generally the type on which most of the future churches in the Eastern Empire were based. The dome became the predominating characteristic, both externally and internally, and the lintel gave place to the arch; the form and arrangement of the plan was altered of necessity to suit the new methods of construction, as were also the forms of the roofs, which, in almost all cases, were now vaulted and not beamed.

While this applied to all new buildings, the Byzantines were quick to adapt the old pagan shrines to the service of the new faith; not only so, but they, as it were, carried on the old traditions as well. This is not to be wondered at, considering that the old and new religions went on side by side. Christianity was not recognised as the official religion of the Empire till about fifty years after Constantine embraced the Christian faith; and, although the numbers of its adherents steadily increased, the old deities continued to be openly worshipped for several centuries afterwards. For instance, the worship of Athena, in the Parthenon at Athens, still went on until the year 529, when Justinian published an edict prohibiting it, and closing the building.

Gradually the old pagan temples were turned into Christian churches, and care was taken that the new patron saint should, as far as possible, correspond in his or her attributes to the old heathen deity. The people were still pagan at heart. The traditions of centuries could not be ruthlessly shattered by an edict, and hence, diplomatically, the leaders of the Church gradually extirpated the old worship by a somewhat extensive assimilation of deities and saints. Thus we find that shrines formerly dedicated to Poseidon, the god of the sea, became sacred to St. Nicolas, patron saint of sailors; Zeus gave place to St. Elias; the Theseum at Athens became the Church of St. George; the Parthenon, sacred to Athena, Goddess of Wisdom, was reopened as a Christian church dedicated to Sancta Sophia, the Holy Wisdom, and remained a Christian church till Athens was captured by the

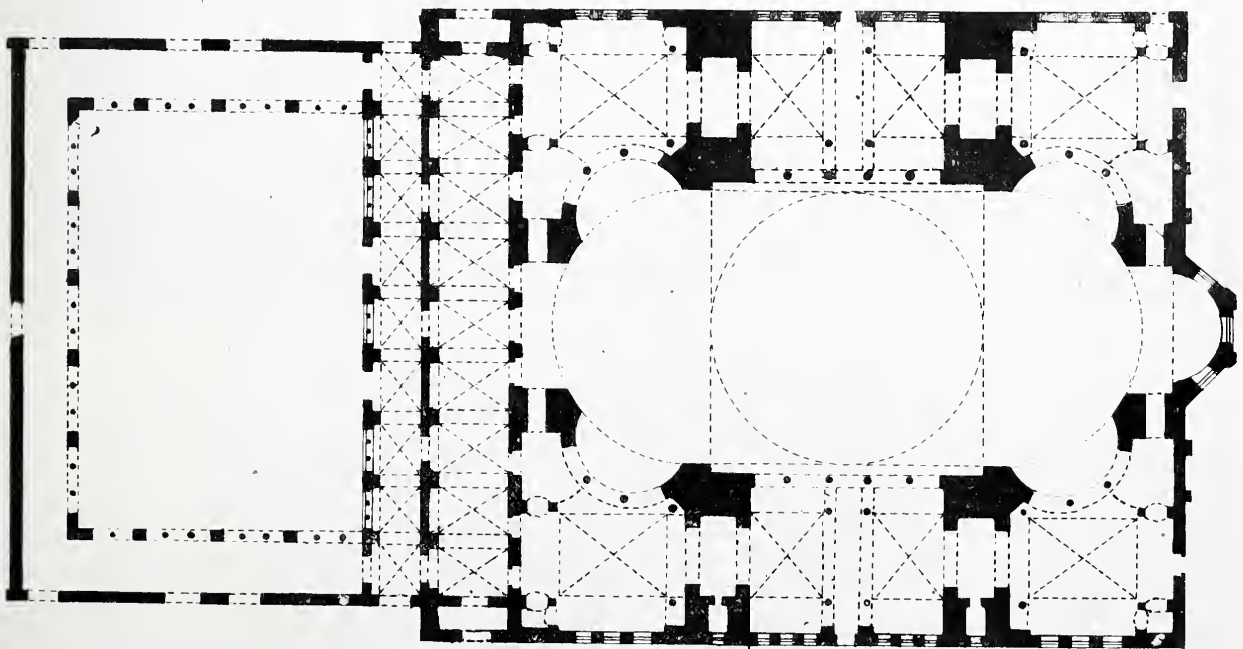
Turks in the fifteenth century, a period of over 900 years, or for about as long a time as it had been a pagan temple.

It may be said that these things do not concern the subject of Byzantine Art, but they have surely some connection, if they do nothing more than show that the Byzantines, as in Religion, so in Art, took hold of the traditions they found about them, and put new life into them.

The Emperor Justinian was the great personality in early Byzantine history and Art. Everywhere he erected large public buildings. Several of the finest of those remaining at Ravenna were built under his orders. In Athens alone he is said to have built twenty-four churches, and he left his mark on all quarters of the Empire.

At this period there was no fixed tradition in the Architecture. It was a time of experiment and progress, alike in its construction and in its decorative form and motive. Each particular building showed a striking individuality. Let us for a moment glance at some examples of this earlier period. In the basilican churches of Ravenna and Salonika we see how the arch began by supplanting the lintels over the pillars. The old classic type and proportion of column, with base and capital, remained intact, but was used in quite a different way.

The Greek and Roman builders used the column largely as a decorative adjunct, rather than as a purely constructional necessity, although they did apply it in a structural manner in the best periods, while later it became merely so much ornament. The Byzantines, on the other hand, used it from



SCALE 0 10 20 30 40 50 100 150 200 FEET.

PLAN OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

the first in a purely structural way; the rows of columns supported arches which carried the galleries and the walls over. The cella of the Greek temple, was complete in itself with its enclosing walls, and could have stood alone without the peristyle of columns, in fact, cases are known where peristyles were added later, and quite independent of the original structure, purely for decorative reasons. But while retaining the old form of column, the Byzantine builders began at once to display fresh thought and vigour in such small details as

capitals of the pillars at first followed closely the old Corinthian type, but these also showed fresh life and vigour, as the cutting of the foliage became free, crisp, and sharp in effect; and the leaves are grouped in a broad, simple manner although often filled in with elaborate detail. At first the capitals were all similar, as witness those in the early basilica at Salonika, and the ones at St. Apollinare Nuovo, and St. Apollinare in Classe at Ravenna. In this latter church the leaves are bent round the bell of the capital as if so blown by the wind.



RAVENNA: INTERIOR OF S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE.

the outline of the necking of the capital, where the projection of the torus became less pronounced, probably originally suggested from economical motives, in order to avoid cutting away so much of the marble, as this moulding was always worked on the solid of the pillar. The old dead form of the attic base was also soon departed from for more animated lines. Sometimes the pillars were raised up on blocks, as we find in later Roman work, and these blocks were often panelled on their faces as at the church of St. Apollinare in Classe. The

As Ruskin says with reference to the Byzantine capitals of Venice: "In the sweeping lines and broad surfaces of these Byzantine sculptures we obtain, so far as I know, for the first time in the history of Art, the germ of that unity of perfect ease in every separate part, with perfect subjection to an enclosing form or directing impulse."

Soon, however, each capital began to be quite independent of the other, and we find capitals of quite new treatment and form side by side with those more nearly allied to the antique. In fact the



RAVENNA: A BYZANTINE CAPITAL.

sculptor must have tackled each block by itself, and put fresh vigour and life into its form and composition, as the true spirit of the artist within him dictated. The architrave over the column still survived for a period in the form of a block, from which the arches sprung, these blocks at first were generally plain or splayed, and with mere discs or crosses cut on their face; in some instances, however, we find them carved also, but here the carving is flatter and cut back as it were from the face, so as to still suggest the primary motive of the block as a structural support. Sometimes they practically became merged in the capital, as in the example from St. Sophia at Salonika, with the small volutes under.

The Byzantines retained the form of the later Roman doorways for their churches, with their ornamentation, and even their treatment but slightly varied. For instance, in Syria and Asia Minor we find Christian doorways with the two-winged figures supporting a central garland in which formerly was represented the figure of the sun god, this place being now taken by a head of Christ, "the Light of the World."

The craft tradition of the mosaic worker was especially encouraged and developed by the Byzantines and brought to perfection very early.

In place of elaborate representations of pagan myths usually on the floor, this decoration overran the walls and vaults in great pictorial compositions, illustrating the incidents of Christian history and faith. The large use of gold enamel in place of marble cubes, or in conjunction with them, gave greater scope for decorative and pictorial treatment. The blaze of gold background which spread everywhere may have been suggested by the gilding which was used so profusely by the Romans in the decoration of their ceilings and vaults.

But here, again, considerable independence and individuality was shown in the choice and arrangement of the subjects, which later on became fixed, and conformed to rule and arrangement. The old Roman practice of the use of coloured marbles in their slabs as a decorative material for floors and for lining walls, &c., was continued by the Byzantines, and they did not scruple to dismantle old Roman buildings when they found they had no further need for them, and to use the materials for decorating their new edifices. In fact, it was quite a usual thing to transport great

columns from old Roman sites, and incorporate them in new schemes of building.

The way in which the Byzantines carried on the old traditions is exemplified further by comparing the Christian sarcophagi with the earlier ones. We find the same arrangement, the same grouping of figures, the same technique—only the subjects altered.

An interesting example of early Byzantine work, closely allied to the type of the sarcophagi, is seen in the remains of the Ambone, or tribune, at Salonika. Here we find apparently a number of figures under separate niches, but the subject is one—the Adoration of the Magi. The whole treatment is in the manner of the sarcophagi.

In the construction of their arches and vaults the Byzantines showed great ingenuity in avoiding as much as possible the use of centering, or, where it was necessary at all, as in arches, reducing its use within the smallest possible compass. The springings of the arches were often set back several inches from the line of the jambs, in order to allow of a rest being obtained for the beam of the centering, and so avoid taking the support down to the ground. The construction of some of the vaults is also very cleverly managed, as, for example, in the alteration of the lines of the

courses at certain points, and by building them in a slightly curved form, so as to let each brick support the other.

This is all gone into in great detail in M. Choisy's excellent work on Byzantine building.

For 150 years after Justinian's death the troubles of the Empire prevented the exercise of lavish expenditure to any great extent; but with the accession of Leo III. in 716, the Empire entered on a period of great prosperity, which lasted for three centuries: For the first century and a half of the time, however, Art was greatly hampered by the fierce iconoclastic controversy which raged over the question of image worship.

The use of images was unknown in the early history of the Church. Gradually the representation of Christian emblems, such as the fish, the dove, and the Good Shepherd, were introduced first into private houses, and afterwards into churches. But in Constantine's time a great change took place, and, as we have already seen, sacred buildings were elaborately ornamented with pictures of Scriptural subjects, and, after a time, with statues also, representing the Saints and Christ himself. The growth of this practice became more rapid in the East than in the West, and led to many abuses, and by the beginning of the eighth century religion in the Eastern Church had been overlaid by a mass of superstition and the spiritual element greatly obscured.

The controversy hinged mainly on whether worship should be as direct as possible, without the intervention of subsidiary agencies, or whether it was admissible to interpret what is beyond human comprehension by aids which appealed to the senses. On the one hand was the barbarous ferocity of the image breakers; on the other, fanatical superstition of the image worshippers.

Early in the eighth century an edict was published decreeing the destruction of images. Not only were statues and pictures condemned, but the "godless art of painting" was proscribed, the possession of images by private persons was prohibited, and

illuminations were removed from ecclesiastical books.

All this was not carried out without violent opposition, row, and bloodshed. The monks especially refused to give up the objects of their veneration, and cruel measures were resorted to in order to compel them. Some monasteries were confiscated with all their possessions. As the controversy went on, sometimes one party held the power, sometimes the other. Images were brought back, to be again prohibited. Eventually, after 150 years, the dispute was finally settled, and the long banished pictures were reintroduced with solemn pomp into the churches in the year 842. A great demand at once ensued for representations of sacred subjects and persons, but it is curious to notice that it never again took the form of Sculpture, in fact, the renunciation of Sculpture grew into a passionate aversion in the Greek Church, and where we do find it in later times it can always surely be traced to Western influence.

However, the art of Painting, mosaic work,



RAVENNA: A BYZANTINE CAPITAL.



ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE:
VIEW IN INTERIOR.

engraving on vessels of gold and silver, embroidery on vestments, illuminating on sacred books, all grew and flourished; but these Arts soon became hieratic, the broad individuality had disappeared, and its place was taken by a series of rules which governed everything. A remarkable book, compiled at an early period, became the text book for all ecclesiastical Painting, and still remains so till this day. It contains rules for the treatment of the subjects, specifies the position and attitude of the figures, both in the several compositions and in their relation to the whole scheme of the iconography.

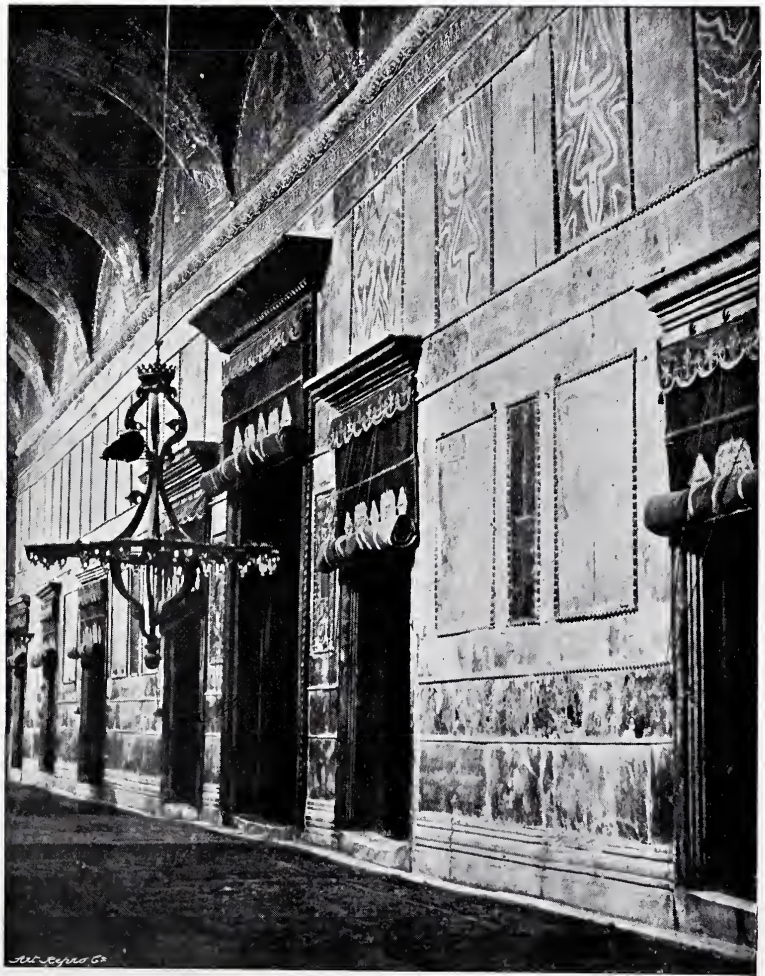
This settlement of ecclesiastical art into grooves more or less rigidly fixed, was the result of a clearly defined principle. M. Bayet puts it very clearly. He says:—

“Faithfulness to fixed types is a trait common to all religions. Popular idea attaches to them a sacred sense, and would consider it profanity to leave the field free to the caprice of the artists. Besides, even in repetition there is a real grandeur; to a

religion which is immutable, artistic forms which do not alter at the will of fashion are necessary; and in churches, where the idea of eternity dominates, Art should direct our thoughts thither by the apparent unchangeableness of its form.”

From the time we have alluded to down to the present day, the position of the Eastern Church has been stationary, her services remain the same, the arrangements unaltered. Her Art also has progressed but little, if at all.

No more great churches were erected like those at Ravenna and Salonika; no other masterpiece was raised to vie with Justinian's great temple of St. Sophia, but building still went on, and, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, another period of renewed activity set in. Probably it was due to the fact that the people exerted themselves to fresh vigour when they found that the world did not come to an end with



ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE: INTERIOR OF NARTHEX.



BYZANTINE CAPITAL, TORCELLO.

the close of the tenth century as had been predicted, but more likely it was owing to the more settled condition of the empire after the subjugation of the Bulgarians by the Emperor Basil in 1019.

The temples on the Athenian Acropolis had long been converted into Christian churches; the colour had faded from the exterior of the Parthenon of Pericles, but inside, the walls of the Christian church of the Holy Wisdom were resplendent with paintings of saints, martyrs, emperors and empresses, and in the apse which had been added at the east end there was a representation of the All Holy Virgin executed in mosaic in colours with a gold ground. A few faded remains of the paintings still exist on the walls of the opisthodomos of the temple, which had become the narthex of the Christian church. These consist of rows of nimbussed figures of saints. They have been painted directly on the marble walls, which had been prepared beforehand with a transparent film. On this the figures have been outlined with what seems to have been a broad red line, and only the draperies and other accessories show remains of strong colouring. The whole has even now a very transparent effect. This seems to have been the old Greek method, and no doubt the Byzantine artists were guided by old pagan paintings, of which there must have been numerous examples remaining on the walls of temples and elsewhere.

While no more great churches were built, during the eleventh and following centuries numerous small parish and monastic churches were erected. These are of two distinctive types, which may be recognised by the difference of their plans and the nature of their domes. The earlier is that with the large dome supported on arches springing from

square piers. Here unquestionably the dome dominates the whole structure. Its curve springs almost immediately from the band over the arches. The windows cut into this internally, and are small and numerous, generally sixteen in the circumference. All the smaller spaces are vaulted, and externally the lines of the dome are broad and flat. In the second type the plan is more open, the dome is smaller, its supporting arches rest on single detached pillars, and it surmounts the centre of a Greek cross. It is octagonal on plan externally, and rises well up above the lines of the roofs. Each face is pierced by a window—sometimes of two

lights. These do not cut into the curve of the dome proper in the interior, but pierce a cylinder on which the dome rests.

As this forms the more general type of the ordinary parish church, it may be interesting to examine its arrangement a little more in detail. In plan it is oblong in form externally, with either one or three apsidal projections at the east end. The interior may be roughly divided into three parts. Entering by the western door, you find yourself in the narthex or porch, an oblong chamber stretching across the west end. A wall, pierced by three doors, separates this from the Naos, or church proper. It is practically square, and comprises

CAPITAL: ST. SOPHIA, SALONIKA, AFTER
TEXIER AND PULLAN.



AMBONE, SALONIKA.

the Greek cross and the small squares, filling in the four angles. Over the crossing is the main dome, and frequently there are small domes over the angles as well. The arms of the cross have barrel vaults; in the north and south arms are additional doorways from the outside, and above them are windows of two or three lights. Beyond this, and separated by a screen—the iconostasis, or picture stand—are three chambers. The central one is the Bema, or Holy Place; on the north is the Prothesis, or Chapel of the Credence—here the sacred mysteries are prepared and kept—on the south is the Diaconicon, or vestry, and in it are kept the sacred pictures, which are brought out into the body of the church on their respective Saint days. Each of these chambers has an apse.

There is no proper choir, the singers merely standing in front of the screen. Inside the Bema stands the altar, or, as the Greeks name it, "the Holy Table." It was never a martyrrium, or tomb, as in the Western Churches, but merely a table. It sometimes stood under a Ciborium. The apse of the Bema has generally three windows externally, but sometimes only one, of two or three lights. The throne of the bishop usually occupied the end of the apse, and on each side were seats for his subordinates.

The entrance to the Bema from the Naos is hung over with a veil, which is only drawn aside at the

point in the liturgy when the priest brings the sacred elements out from the Prothesis in procession and advances to the Holy Table, and when he raises the Host in the presence of the people. This is a distinct contrast to the Western custom, where the whole office of the Mass is gone through in the sight of the congregation.

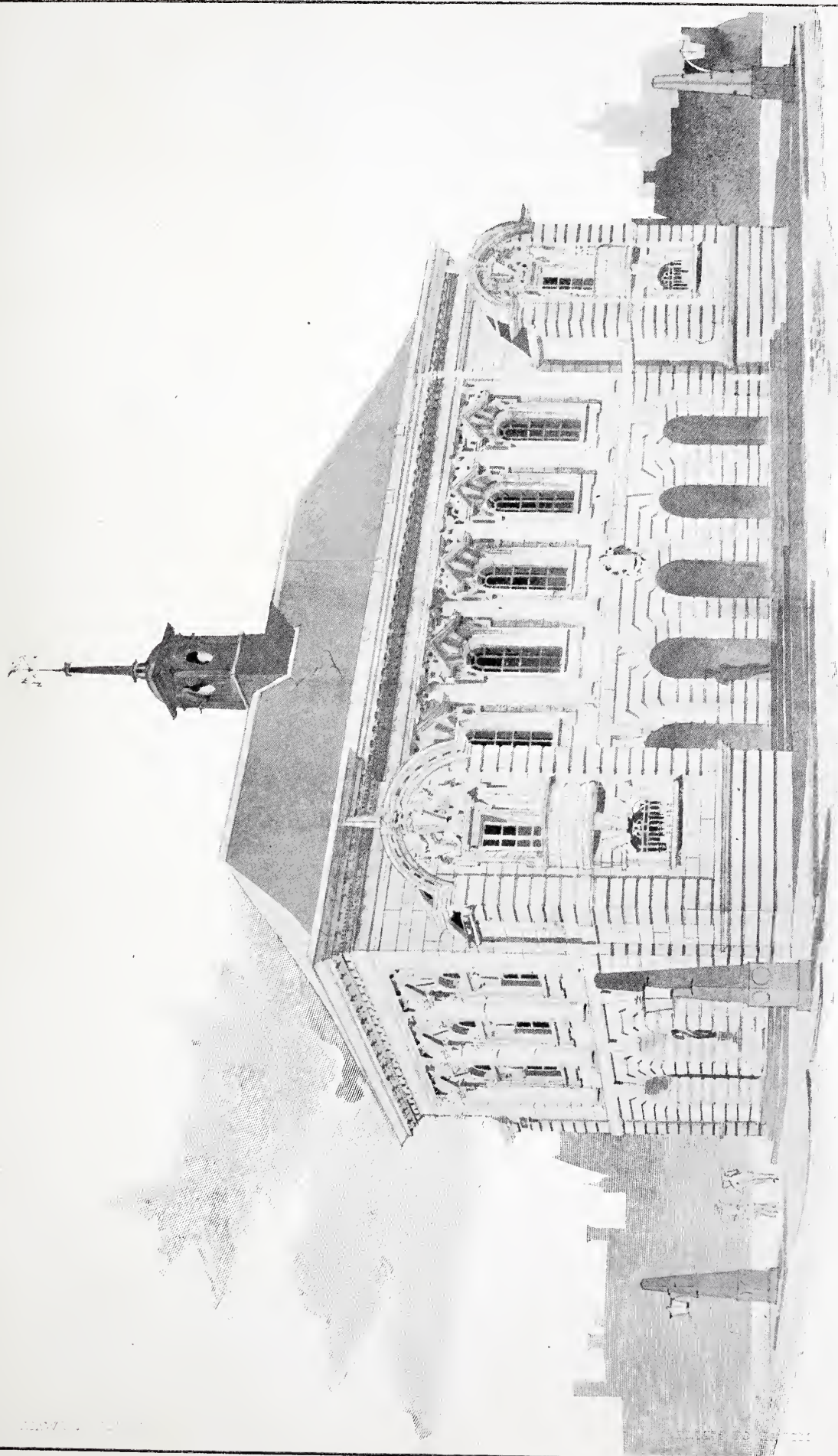
The Iconostasis does not take the place of the rood-screen in the Western Church, but is more akin to the altar rail. It was originally an open screen, consisting of two pillars supporting a lintel; at each side were carved slabs breast high, and, over these, curtains were hung; on the adjoining piers, one on each side, were pictures of, on the one side Christ the Pantocrator, the All-powerful King, and on the other, the Panagia, the All-holy Mother of God. Now the screen is covered with pictures; in addition to those of Christ and the All-holy Virgin we usually find the Baptist and the patron saint of the church, and, before these, silver lamps are suspended, and kept constantly burning.

The upper part has often a continuous series of pictures representing the twelve apostles and scenes from the life of Christ.

The lines of the exterior are more broken up than in the earlier types, and show clearly the general lines of the internal sub-divisions. The walls are generally built of squared blocks of tufa stone, with a row of tiles between each course, and often also upright tiles between each block. The lines of the window sills are emphasised by a zigzag band of tiles. The jambs of the windows are often built of tiles, as are also the arches generally, and the zigzag usually runs right round. Sometimes, as in Athens, where large blocks of marble were plentiful, these are combined with the smaller blocks of tufa. The doorways have simple mouldings round them, but sometimes these are carved with characteristic Byzantine leafage, such as a running vine, with birds pecking at the fruit. Along the eaves and up the gables the zigzag projects and forms a drip course. The roofs are usually covered with tiles.

Sometimes the string course takes a more ornamental form, and the ornament is made up from combinations of curiously shaped tiles stuck in on end. Sometimes ornamental, stamped, terra-cotta slabs are also used.

(To be concluded.)

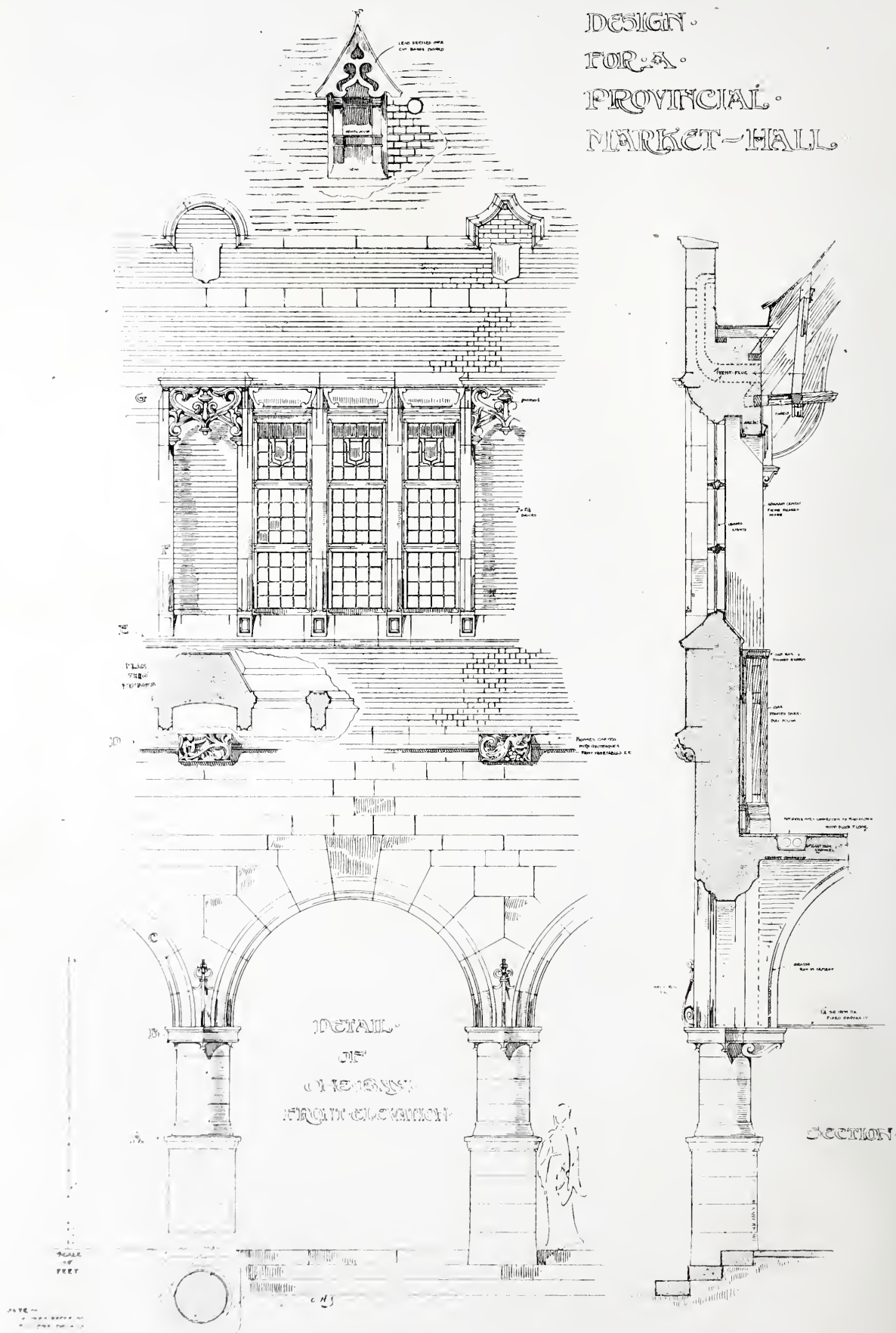


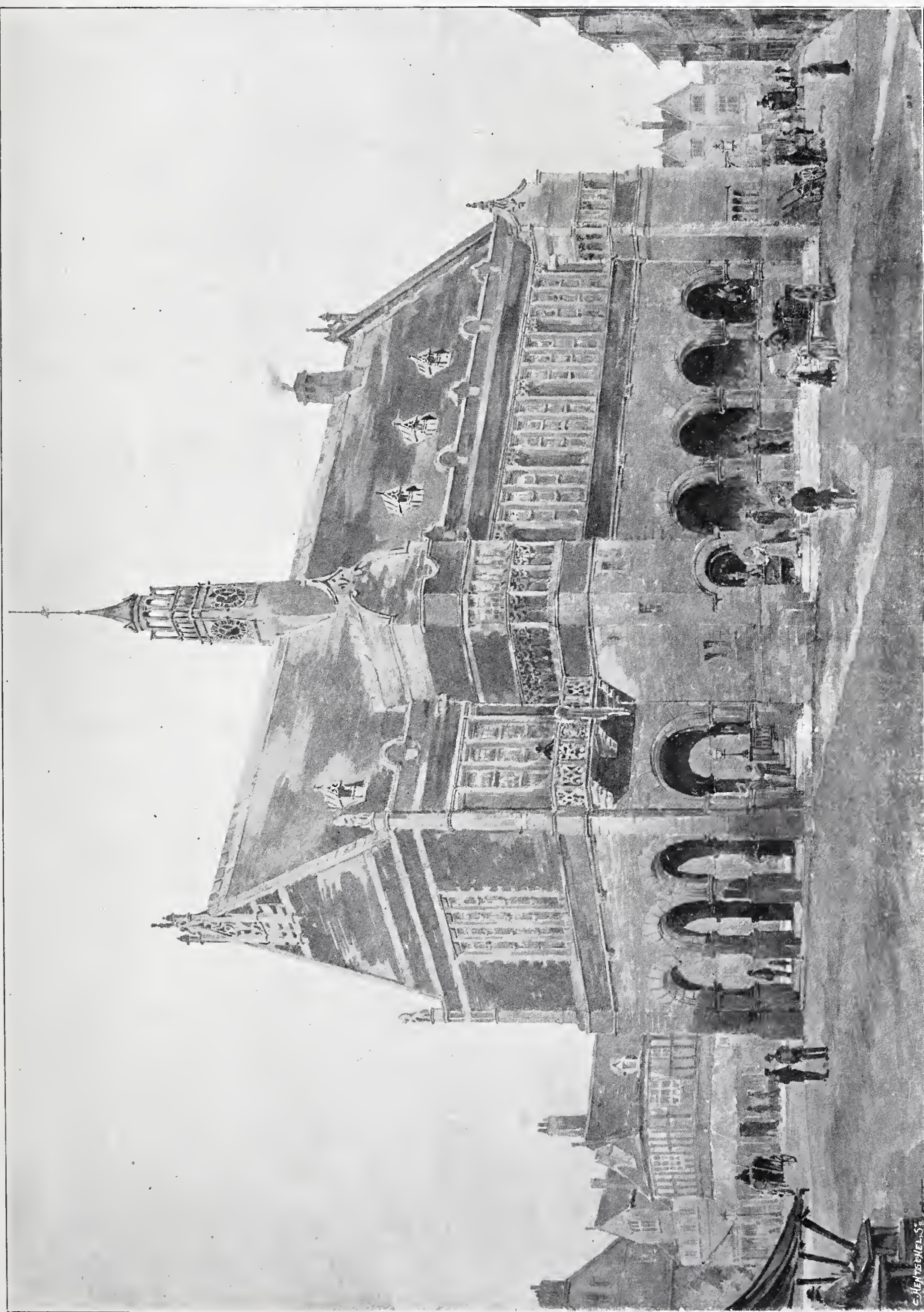
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"THE SOANE" MEDALLION.

PREMIATED DESIGN FOR A PROVINCIAL MARKET HALL BY J. A. R. INGLIS.

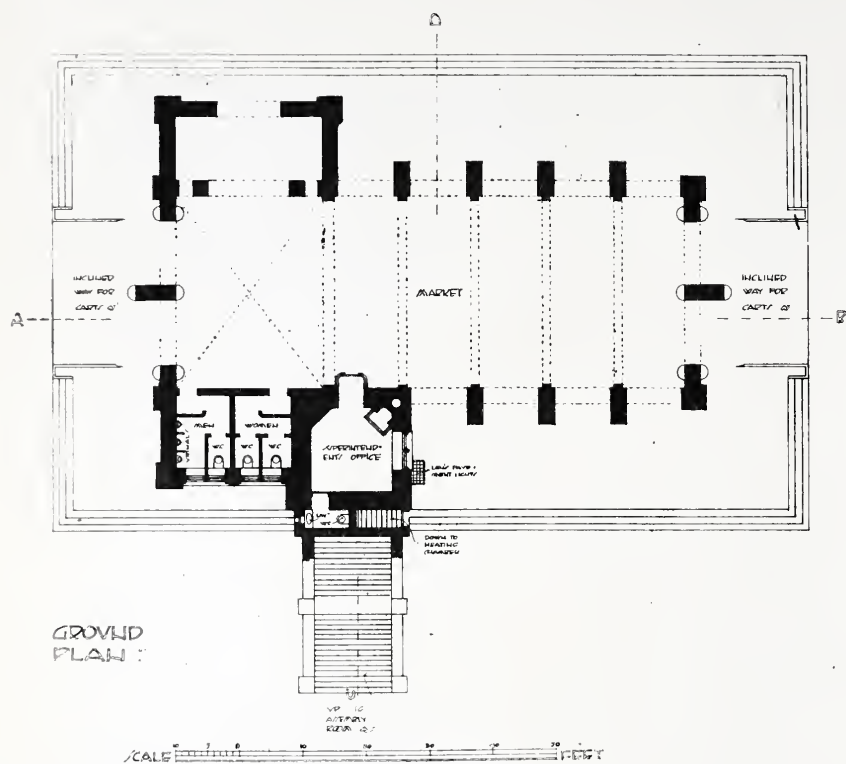
DESIGN
FOR A
PROVINCIAL
MARKET-HALL.





"SOANE"; MEDAL OF MERIT: JAMES A. SWAN.

DESIGN FOR A PROVINCIAL MARKET HALL.



"SOANE."

PLAN BY C. H. HOLDEN.

discussing any particular building, to considering whether it is a rational expression of the requirements of the case, whether the principles of Architecture are applied in conformity with reason and common sense, in a word, whether it is right or wrong—a matter of supreme importance; for though logic by itself never produced Architecture, no Architecture was ever produced without it, and though the most inspired creations may be above all reason, yet they are never contrary to it. Next, the critic may, if he pleases, consider whether he likes the building or not, whether it pleases his taste and appeals to his sense of beauty, though in this there is always the danger of proving nothing but his own lack of discernment. To express admiration or dislike without giving a reason for it is always unsatisfactory and proves nothing, though, at the same time, it is not always convenient—and among artists should not be necessary—to argue back from every feature to first principles. It is as if in proving a theorem by the 48th proposition in Euclid, one were expected to prove every proposition upon which it rests, which is not considered necessary among mathematicians.

It is in this spirit and with this method that we would approach the discussion of the designs here illustrated, and if the critic cannot always act up to his ideal, he is here, at any rate, on common ground with the Artist.

The three works submitted for the Soane Medallion being all intended to fulfil the same

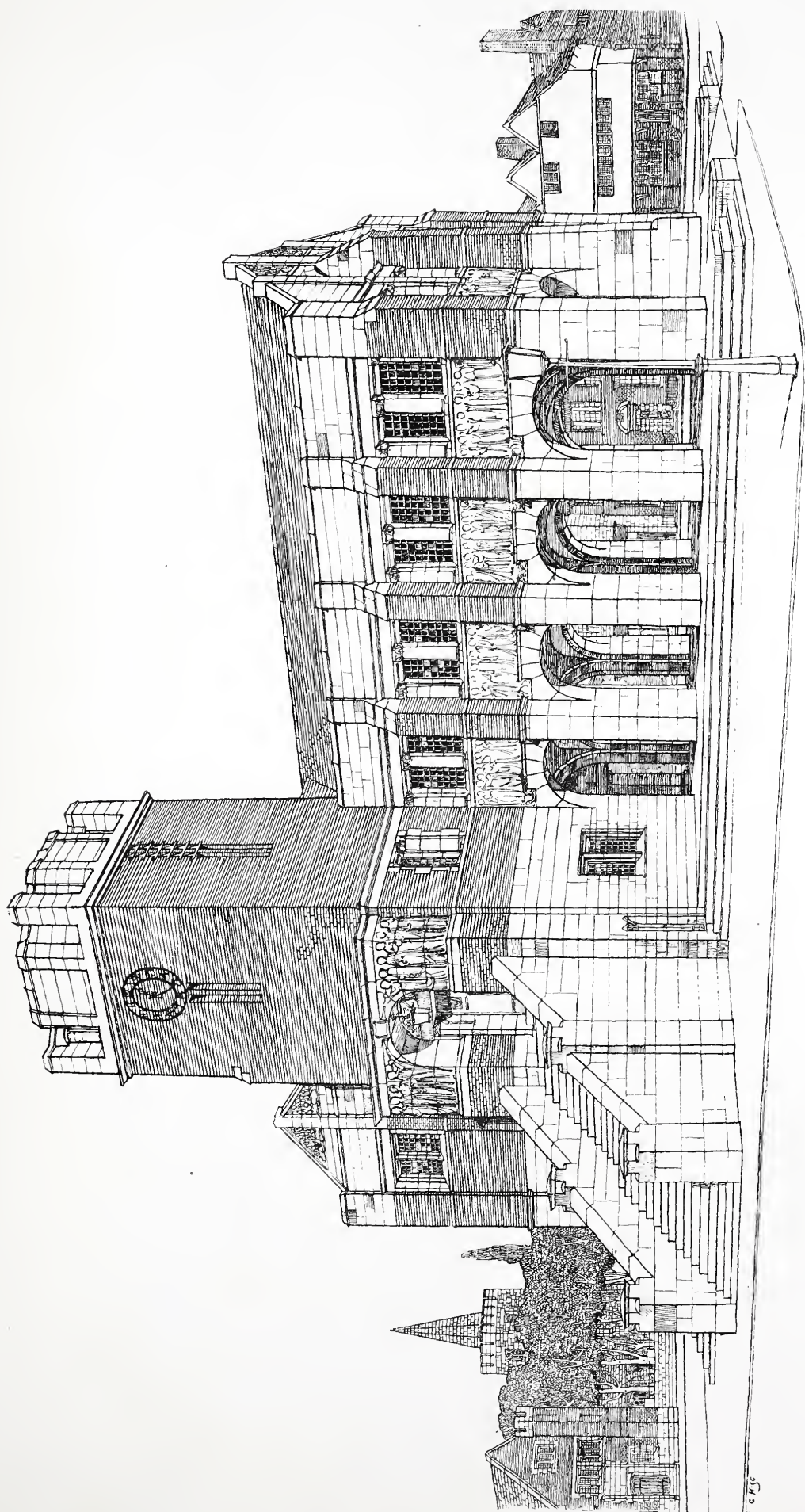
requirements, give rise on comparison to many reflections. It is difficult to see how three men living at the same time, in the same country, probably in the same town, and subjected to the same influences, reasoning logically from the same premises, could possibly arrive at such totally different conclusions. This is exactly contrary to all the experience of the past, and would lead one to suppose that if any one of these designs is the natural outcome of the requirements, the spirit of the age, the proper application of principle, the others cannot very well be so; that if one is right the others must be wrong, and that as they cannot all be right they may possibly all be wrong.

Such a thing as this could never have occurred at any former period in the history of Architecture, and even now in probably no other country but this. Is it that these

three Designs prove the foolishness of the method of the Architects of Greece, Italy, and of France in the Middle Ages, or is there something radically wrong in our conception and treatment of the whole subject?

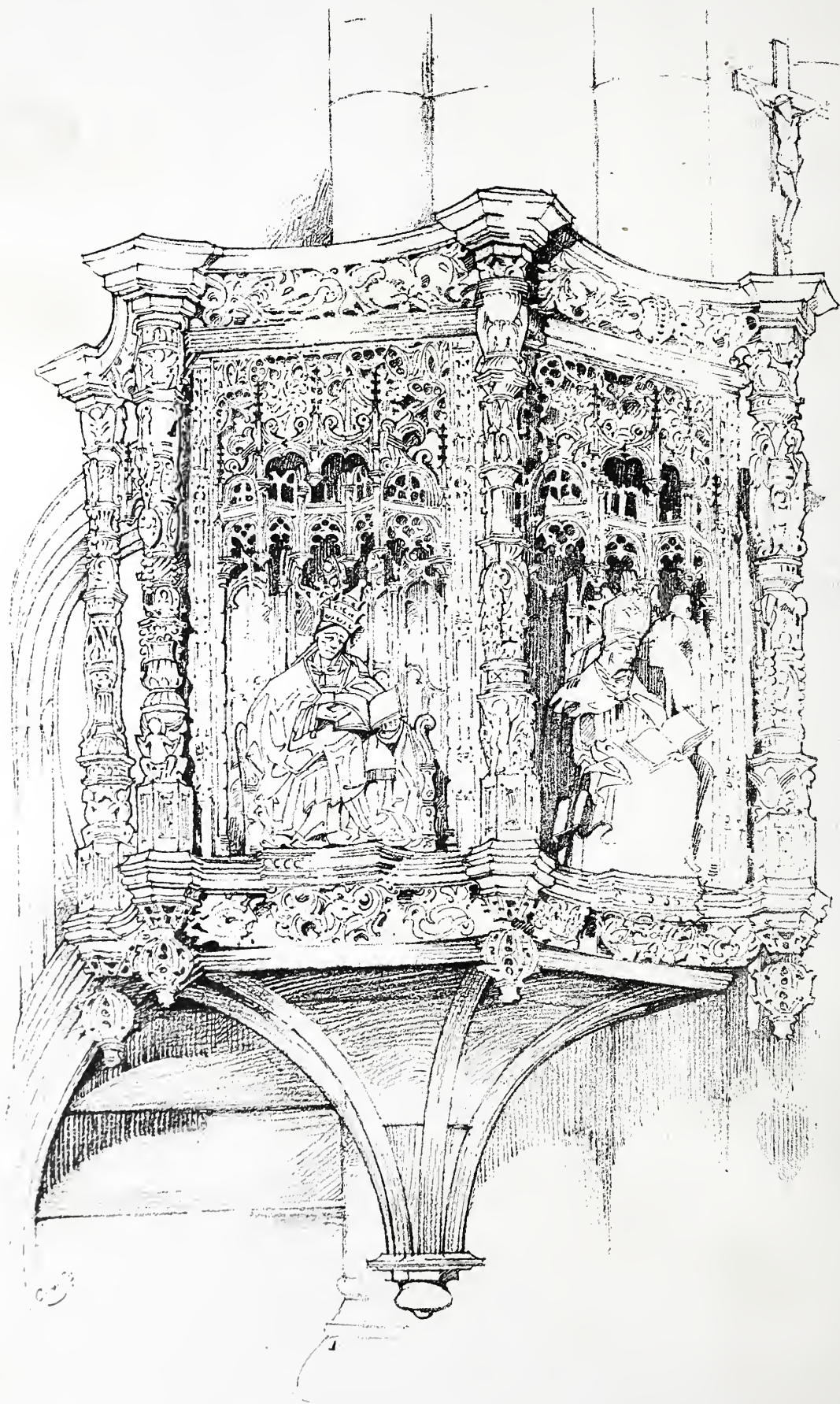
These three Designs, like the rest of us, are on the horns of a dilemma. There being no distinct living style of Architecture in this country, which satisfies the needs and appeals equally to the emotions of all of us, what is the Architect to do? He must either adopt some bygone or foreign style, and obey the laws thereof, expressing himself in it as best he can, and be labelled an Archæologist, or he must fall back on general principles, and apply them directly in some new method to the wants of the time, with the crudest results, and for his courage, in attempting what has never yet been successfully accomplished, be put on one side as a crank. To borrow features from one, or many styles, simply for their charm of effect, and use them without any regard to their meaning, is nothing, and less than nothing. It is as if one would write a poem, using words and phrases from any language, simply for the sake of their sound and rhythm.

The subject given for this competition was a Provincial Market Hall, covering an area not exceeding 4000 superficial feet, detached on all sides, and forming the centre of a market place. A market place, when in use, presents a busy and crowded scene, and every foot of space is wanted for the display of goods, live stock, and farm



"SOANE"; DESIGN OF A PROVINCIAL MARKET HALL.

HONOURABLE MENTION : C. H. HOLDEN.



PULPIT IN ST. CHAD'S, BIRMINGHAM. VIEW FROM NAVE AISLE.
DRAWN BY W. HAYWOOD.

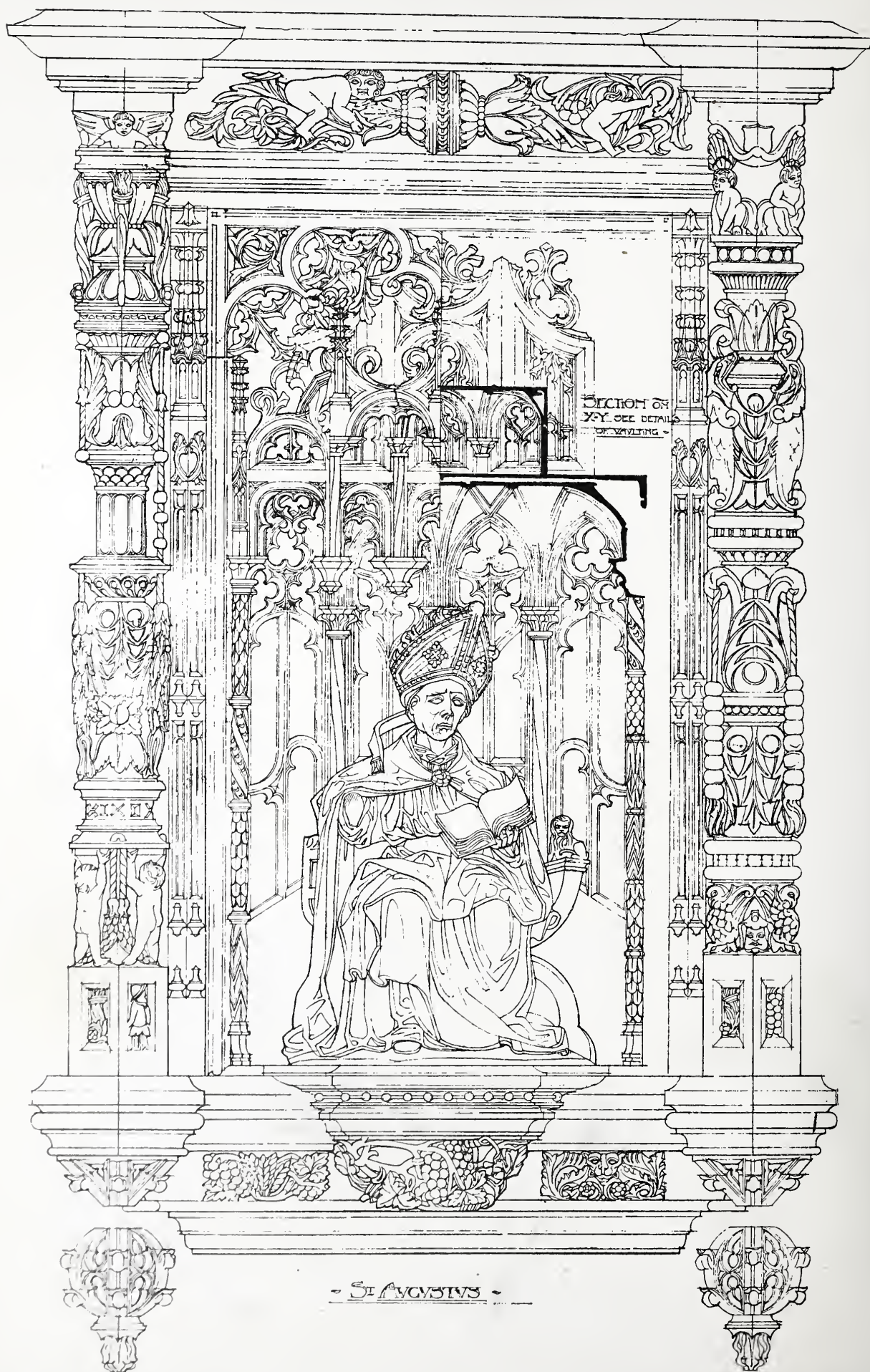
"PUGIN" STUDENT.



St. Jerome

"THE PUGIN."

PULPIT IN ST. CHAD'S.



implements, as well as for the necessary freedom of traffic. For this reason it would seem that the best form of building to be placed in the centre would be one which was as simple and regular in plan as possible, a plain square or rectangle, with no projections or excrescences, which only get in the way of the traffic, impede the freedom of view, and waste a good deal of space between them. It is a general principle of design never to introduce any feature that is not absolutely necessary, and without a reason for it, for there can be no artistic expression in a thing that has no meaning—in this case, not only are all these projections from the main lines of the plan unnecessary, but positively in the way, and harmful. The size of the site being fixed at 4000ft., and the building on this site presumably being arranged in proportion to the size of the town and the accommodation required, if these projections are kept within the lines of a general stylobate or platform at the limits of the site, then they reduce the size of the Hall, and make it too small for its requirements. This is a case in which space outside the building is as valuable as space inside, and, in all the old examples, we remember this fact has been kept in view.

In the prize design, "*Russet*," by Mr. Inglis, the projections at the sides and end appear to us the more unsatisfactory part of the design; we think the reason for this is that they ought not to be there, or, if they ought, that they are wrong in treatment. To throw out a projecting wing at each end would require more suggestion from the plan, would need different proportion, and would lead to a different system of roofing, which would be out of character, and for which the scheme is too small. The difficulty of the roof seems to have been felt, and an attempt made to overcome it by keeping these projections down as low as possible, and butting their roofs into the main wall. A slight break, however, has been carried up, and the main cornice returned round it, and then, when we expect some roof treatment to correspond, we get the gutter taken straight through and a plain hipped roof over all. This is not pleasing, and is due to an attempt to fit a roof to a plan that does not suit it, or rather in this case, to keeping the form of the roof natural to the main lines of the plan, and then breaking up the plan for the sake of an unnecessary false effect, then expecting it to fit the roof all the same. These projections in their detail do not strike us as being up to the level of the main front, and illustrate the danger of trying to invent improvements on the features of any style. Where an order is introduced one has to be most careful with any new features one uses. The main staircase projecting out at the back, and filling up one bay on that elevation, would be very cramped and awkward for an exit from such a large room; it

is not good to bring a crowd out from a Hall right up against a balustrade, and turn them suddenly down a twisted stair like this. This feature in elevation coming just out of the centre would not look nice under such a symmetrically treated roof. If one adopts a Renaissance treatment in elevation, one must have the same in plan, and, above all things, the plan must be simple and straightforward; this is a case in which the perfectly simple is also the simply perfect.

Possibly a better arrangement for this scheme would have been to bring out the main building to the site line, and put the main staircase opposite to the relief staircase; then, the space between them would form a covered entrance lobby below, and a good landing or vestibule above. This would give a better treatment to the end of the hall, and would prevent the inside from having the same treatment of arched windows and pilasters taken round the two sides and end, which always looks monotonous. In such a comparatively small hall the lights opposite to the speakers would prove very disagreeable. The retiring rooms also might be kept inside the end of the building, and not made so much of, and the stair to the platform might possibly be left out. This would probably give a more characteristic effect, and, we think, more reasonable, and it could be naturally roofed in as at present.

This design, and, indeed, all three, give one the idea that their authors first worked out the accommodation required, and then were not content to make an unpretentious and characteristic building. After the accommodation is settled, it is necessary to cut down and simplify with a remorseless hand, to sacrifice all one's preconceived ideas, to wipe out every feature that cannot justify its existence. For a building, like a mathematical formula, is always best when expressed in the simplest possible terms.

This design is, generally speaking, quiet and restrained, showing appreciation of proportion; it strikes one as being, in its general conception, a little too magnificent in style—not quite provincial—somewhat out of character with the size and nature of the building. The perspective which illustrates this design is, at first sight, pleasing, being delicate and fresh, but on examination it shows some lack of knowledge of light and shade.

To the design by Mr. Swan, which takes second place, and which is not so ambitious as the first, the remarks as to the general shape of the plan apply with equal force. This design being based on the Gothic, it may be thought more characteristic of the style to throw out the staircase boldly, and make a feature of it; but, if so, it is surely overdone in this design, and taken higher than is necessary, as though the stair looks narrow and insufficient in plan for its purpose, yet in the perspective one is

surprised that so important a feature is only a stair. If the methods of the Gothic Architects are to be followed in one part of the design, they should be followed throughout, and the features and detail should be in harmony.

The arches to the market seem to be standing on stilts, and have their proportions spoilt by the introduction of high pedestals. Is it reasonable to put projecting mouldings just shoulder high in openings where there is a crowd?

The perspective illustrating this design is from a very striking coloured drawing, which may possibly have influenced the judges in their award.

In the design by Mr. Holden the same want is still more apparent, so much so as to destroy the character of the design, which in the general lines, both of plan and elevation, looks more like a church than a market hall. It is difficult to say exactly what one thinks about a design of this sort, where a considerable latent ability is combined with a lack of knowledge of the guiding principles of design. It spreads itself out, and wastes the greatest amount of space with smallest amount of accommodation. Can anything be more inconvenient and out of place than the large flight of steps projecting out into the market place, right into the traffic. What is the tower for, and why is it there? Is it for the clock? This tower with its steps may or may not be a pleasing feature; this is not the question.

In considering the construction and the way it is expressed, the same thing is evident. Take the large buttresses in the centre of either end. Why are they there? What are they for? What purpose do they serve? Those at the side take the thrust of the roof trusses, but these seem to try and justify themselves by supporting the keystone of an arched opening. Why build an arch if it cannot carry itself? The only effect of these buttresses is to make the angles look weak.

If something had been wanted to break or soften the line of the coping, the top of the buttresses would easily have been raised, and any feature there would act as tailing weight, and so mean something. This design shows power, and the ability to learn.

To produce great Art, it is necessary to use both judgment and imagination, the reasoning faculty, and the artistic instinct; to possess the mathematic and the poetic faculties. The combination in one person of these opposite endowments is most rare, and is the reason why a great Artist appears but once in a generation.

To obtain such great results in Architecture, it is necessary to so master the science and the technique, that they become assimilated and part of

the Artist's very nature, and so are used unconsciously; then he can express himself with perfect freedom, but not before.

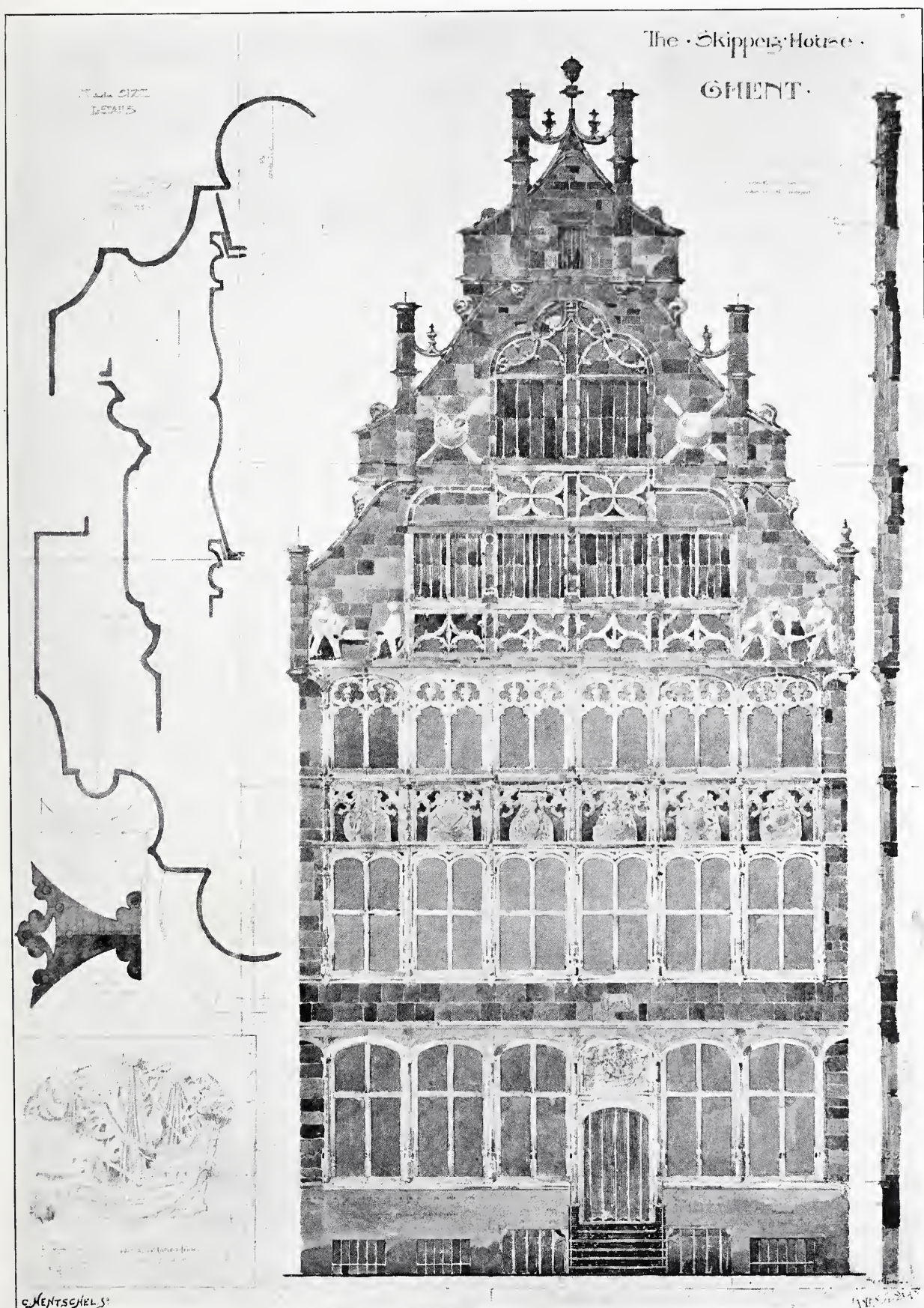
Architecture does not appeal to us as the outcome of the fancy, or the conscious effort of any man or nation, however gifted; but rather as an organic growth, the expression of the creative energy of nature working itself out through the brains and the hearts of men to whom have been granted a special insight and sensitiveness of feelings, who, like an Æolian harp, utter harmonies they know not why or wherefore.

It is a far cry from the designs here discussed to some of the buildings of which sketches are given, such as the porch at Lincoln by Mr. Dobson. This beautiful creation has always appeared to us more as if it grew in its position than as if it were consciously placed there, and we doubt whether its builders quite knew what they were creating. The fascination of this doorway is such that we are tempted to enlarge on its merits rather than criticise the drawings, an attitude of admiration is always more natural to the artist than that of criticism. The only thing we regret in this drawing is its unfinished state—the sculpture in the arch mouldings not being completed, the drawing hardly expresses the general effect.

This is a subject that cannot fail to repay the student for his trouble, but we do not think the same of some of the others.

The drawings illustrated from those submitted by Mr. Haywood, the Pugin student, are most careful drawings of what appeals to us rather as a marvellous piece of craftsmanship than as a design, and we do not think it worth all the infinite trouble that his drawings show. His perspective, and indeed the several sketches illustrated, exhibit a certain mannerism which seems to be considered the correct thing when sketching Gothic work. Black spots, dashes, and lines are put in, presumably in conformity with some rule or other, in places where they do not occur in the building, or if they do, they would equally occur in places where they are not shown. These things give one the impression that the Artist was thinking more of the cleverness of his own drawing than the beauty of the building he was studying. This is also in the pencil sketches and in the brush drawings by Mr. de Gruchy.

This style of drawing seems to us most unsatisfactory, and to be neither one thing or the other—they are neither genuine attempts at explaining the effect, nor are they simply notes for reference, nor are they diagrams showing how it is done; but they seem a mixture of all these.



THE STRENGTH OF BEAMS AND PILLARS: WITH DIAGRAMS FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF ARCHITECTS: BY WILLIAM DUNN.

IN determining the sections of joists, girders, and stanchions, certain calculations have to be made. To save the labour of repeating part of these calculations again and again, the writer plotted some of the results in a series of diagrams, which he has found very useful in his own work. To the architect, figures are generally distasteful, and any labour-saving device should be welcome.

THE FIRST DIAGRAM is intended to show the strength of rolled steel joists used as pillars or stanchions. The steel is assumed to be of mild quality of not less than twenty-seven nor more than thirty-one tons tensile strength per square inch, and the diagram shows the answer to such questions as the following:

Given the height or length of a stanchion or pillar, and the load to be carried, to find from the diagram a suitable section of rolled steel joist. If the factor of safety be $\frac{1}{5}$, find the load on the scale at the right-hand side of the diagram, and the length or height on the scale at the bottom; then find the intersection of the corresponding horizontal and vertical lines. The raking lines cutting the vertical above the intersection show pillars of the required strength.

Thus, let a stanchion 13·6ft. high be required to carry a load of thirty-two tons. Trace the intersection of the corresponding vertical and horizontal; the nearest sections are $10'' \times 6'' \times 42\text{lb.}$, $12'' \times 6'' \times 44\text{lb.}$, and $13\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 47\text{lb.}$

If the factor of safety desired be $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, . . . multiply the load to be borne by 4, 6, 7, . . . and take the horizontal line from the corresponding reading in the left-hand margin. Thus, suppose the height and load as before, but the factor of safety desired $\frac{1}{4}$. Then 32 multiplied by 6 gives 192; find this number in the left-hand margin and trace the intersection of the corresponding horizontal line to the vertical from 13·6. The nearest section is $12'' \times 6'' \times 54\text{lb.}$

It is impossible to predict the breaking load of a pillar, or to fix its safe load with the same certainty as the breaking or safe load of a beam. The reason lies in the difficulty in applying the load exactly in the centre of the end section, in getting the section uniformly symmetrical, in getting an exactly straight column, in fixing or in leaving free the ends, and in getting the material homogeneous. The ultimate values per square inch upon which this diagram is

based agree closely with experiment; they are the values adopted in the Pencoyd IronWorks book.

It is very important that these four points should be attended to. The homogeneity of the steel may be tested in the machine, the symmetry of the section and straightness of the shaft ascertained by inspection. The application of the load in the centre of the section or axis of the pillar should be carefully arranged by the designer. Where loads must be carried on brackets they should be arranged in pairs on opposite sides of the shaft, or when that is not possible, special calculations made.* For *small* departures from the centre line, the most practical way is to use a higher factor of safety, as, owing to the way columns are fixed in buildings, it is impossible to say whether the ends are "free to turn" or are "fixed."

It is usual to limit the length of any strut or pillar to thirty times the least side or diameter, and it is better to make twenty diameters the limit of length. The cap and base is formed by angle irons and plates, and there should be a sufficient number of rivets in the connections of joist and caps and bases to take the load in shear, as it is difficult to get the joist with a true bearing on the top and bottom plates.

In addition to the sections shown on the diagram, there are others of the same depths and widths, but of different weights per foot run. For small variations the strength varies directly as the weight; *i.e.*, if the section is five per cent. heavier the strength will be practically five per cent. more.

THE SECOND DIAGRAM is designed to show at a glance the necessary section of rolled steel joist to carry a given uniformly distributed load at a given span.

Let it be required to find a suitable section to carry a uniformly distributed load of nine tons at 11 feet span. Find the load nine tons in the right or left-hand margin, and the span 11 feet in the top or bottom margin. Trace the corresponding horizontal and vertical lines to their intersection. The curved lines crossing that vertical immediately over that intersection show joists of the required strength, the nearest in this case being $8'' \times 5'' \times 27\text{lb.}$ per foot run.

The various merchants and makers of rolled steel joists give tables of similar information, but none of their lists show as this does: 1st, the limit of stress adopted; 2nd, the limit of

* Rankine's Civil Engineering, 14th ed., page 238. Johnson's Modern Framed Structures, 4th ed., page 153.

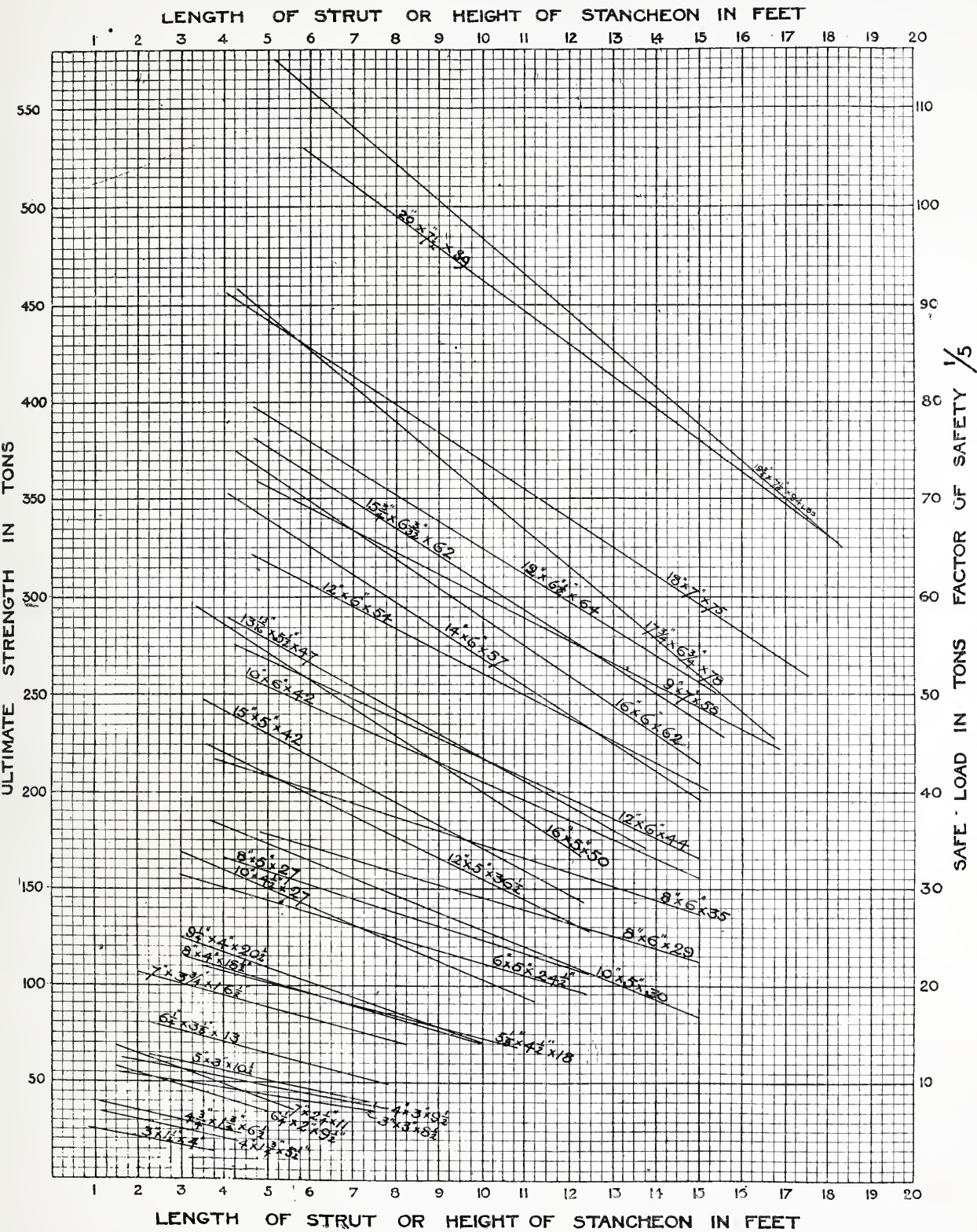


DIAGRAM NO. I.

ROLLED STEEL JOISTS USED AS STRUTS OR STANCHEONS ; ENDS FLAT ; THE ULTIMATE RESISTANCE BEING TAKEN.

For $\frac{l}{r} = 40$ at 46,000lbs. per square inch.

= 60	42,000	"	"	"
= 70	40,000	"	"	"
= 80	38,000	"	"	"
= 90	36,000	"	"	"
= 100	34,000	"	"	"

l = length in inches.

For $\frac{l}{r} = 110$ at 32,000lbs. per square inch.

= 120	30,000	"	"	"
= 130	28,000	"	"	"
= 140	26,000	"	"	"
= 150	24,000	"	"	"
= 160	22,000	"	"	"

r = radius of gyration in inches.

deflection; 3rd, the safe load at any span within working limits, whether an exact number of feet or not. It is thought also that this form which brings all the facts so clearly under one's eyes when choosing a section possesses many advantages over a tabular statement of even the same facts. The limit of deflection is exceedingly important, having regard to the constant need for shallow joists in building work. The curves here given show at what sacrifice of economy shallow joists may properly be used. As an instance note the lines of the $12'' \times 5'' \times 36\frac{1}{2}\text{lb.}$, and $10'' \times 6'' \times 42\text{lb.}$ joists. They are of nearly equal supporting power, up to $14'3''$; beyond that span the lighter joist is the stronger.

The strength of the joists has been calculated from the formula:

$$\frac{W l}{8} = \frac{s I^3}{h}$$

where the left-hand side represents the bending moment, and the right-hand side the moment of resistance. From this we have—

$$W l = \frac{8 s I}{h} = c$$

a constant for each section. This is the equation to a rectangular hyperbola, and the curves are so drawn up to a point when the load is fixed by the stiffness, and not by the strength. That is to say, at a certain proportion of span to depth, a beam may be under a perfectly safe stress, and yet have too great a deflection. It is usual to require that this deflection should not exceed one inch in 40ft., or $\frac{1}{480}$ of the span. The deflection of a beam of uniform section uniformly loaded is—

$$\delta = \frac{5}{384} \cdot \frac{W l^3}{E I}$$

It follows that when $\delta = \frac{l}{480}$

$$W = \frac{384}{5} \cdot \frac{E I}{l^2 480}$$

An average value of the modulus of elasticity in rolled steel sections is 12,000 tons per square inch, and with that value the deflection of a beam of uniform section, uniformly loaded, becomes $\frac{1}{480}$ of the span when the span is 17.142 times the depth. Beyond that limit the proper load for the joist is fixed by the last formula.

In these calculations the ends of the joists are

taken as supported only and not fixed. It is practically impossible to fix the end of a beam in a wall or on a column in such a manner that the end tangents will not move when the load comes on the beam, unless by making it continuous with another similar beam to which it is rivetted up. It is better to disregard entirely such little additional strength or stiffness as may be derived from building in the end into a wall.

When the weights of the sections are varied within small limits, the supporting power is very nearly as the weight, *i.e.*, an increase or decrease of 1 per cent of the weight causes an increase or decrease of 1 per cent. of the supporting power or safe load.

These joists are supposed to be secured against yielding sideways, and when the span exceeds twenty-five times the width of flange, special attention should be given to this.

ARCHITECTURE AND RECENT COMPETITIONS:

FOR Mr. Robson's opinions I have naturally the greatest respect, for it was he who decided in my favour the first public Competition I ever won, now alas, some twelve years ago. But I would like to point out that it is not fair to compare St. George's Hall, Liverpool, with the Sheffield Municipal Building. The former practically consists of four great halls, of which the "small" Concert Hall seats no less than 800 persons, while the Great Hall is immensely larger. On the other hand, the building at Sheffield (which, by-the-bye, is not a "Town Hall," so that Mr. Robson is perfectly justified in thinking that it does not look like one), is a concentration of more than 120 rooms, of which the largest is 60ft. by 40ft., and the average size would probably not exceed 25ft. square. Obviously, therefore, the two buildings are of such an entirely different character that comparison between them is impossible. Moreover, St. George's Hall, which I take to be probably the finest modern building in England (possibly in Europe), is not only much larger, but cost at least three times as much as the Sheffield Municipal Building. If Mr. Robson wished to make a comparison, there is the Liverpool Municipal Building, ready to his hand. Although, naturally, this also is a larger building, the accommodation provided is of precisely the same kind as at Sheffield, and it would, moreover, better illustrate his point, not being the result of a competition. To such comparison I should make no objection.

E. W. MOUNTFORD.

* In this and the following equations W =uniformly distributed load in tons; l =span in inches; s =maximum stress in extreme fibre in tons per square inch; h =half the depth of the beam or joist in inches, the joist being symmetrical above and below the neutral axis; δ =maximum deflection at centre; E =modulus of elasticity in tons per square inch.

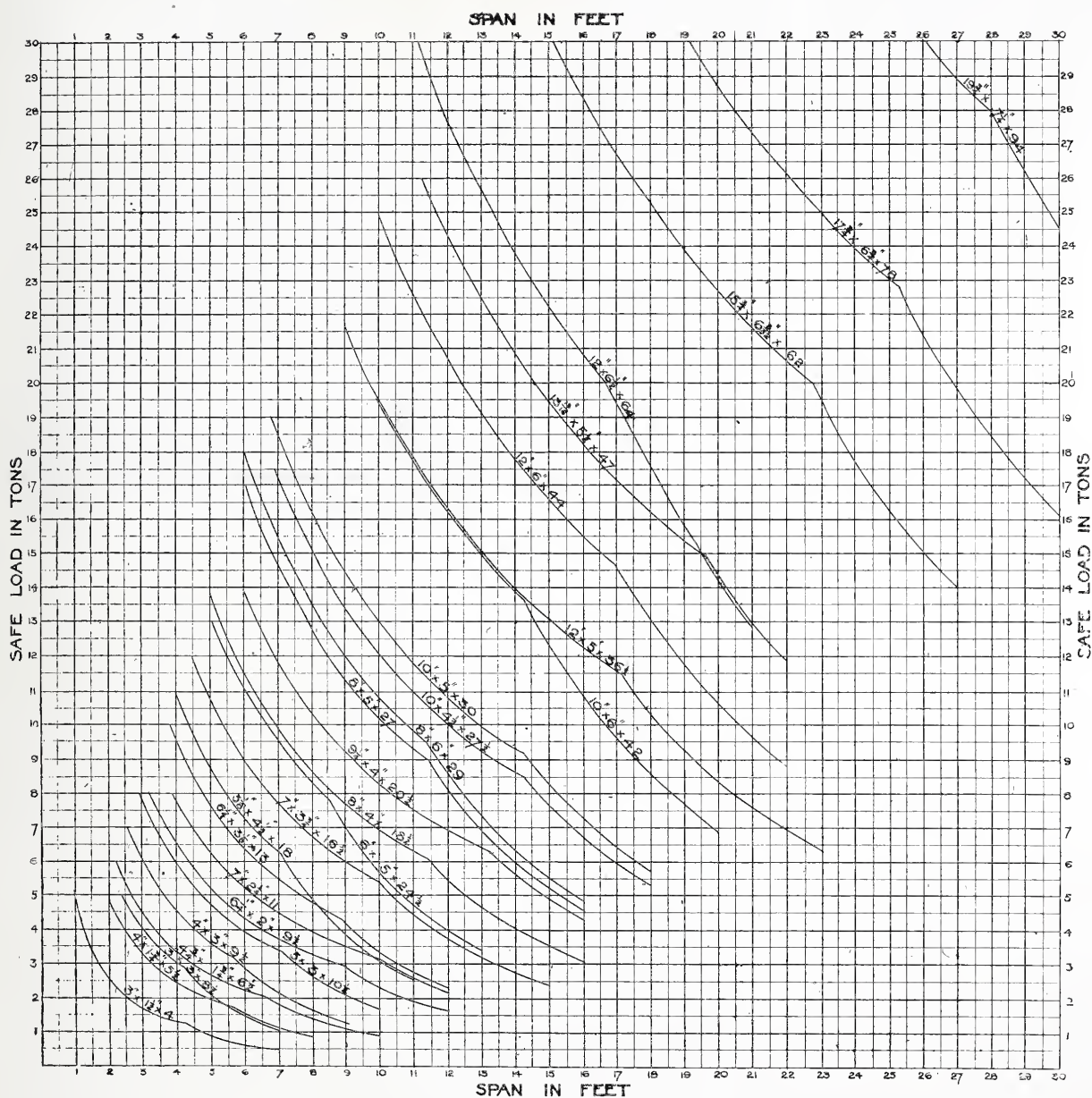


DIAGRAM No. II.

Showing the safe uniformly distributed load on rolled steel joists when the maximum stress is limited to seven tons per square inch and the deflection to one inch in forty feet; the modulus of elasticity being taken at 12,000 tons per square inch; the joists secured against yielding laterally.



ROMA RIVISTA: AFTER A DECADE.

YOU may be interested to know how it strikes a stranger who has not been to the Eternal City for more than a decade. We had a pleasant run to Dover; crossed the streak without any mishap; passed through the Douane; and so on to the Gare du Nord, at Paris, arriving in time for dinner to strengthen us for the all-night journey up to Modane. The weather, which had been lowering, now asserted itself, and laid a white covering on the landscape; and for the next 600 miles the panorama unrolled before us, though varied and beautiful in form, was in one key—that of black and white. This had its artistic value as a fitting preparation for Italy, as when (after an afternoon and night at Torino, and a morning spent in rolling southwards through Piedimonte and Liguria) we emerged from the series of tunnels under the Appenines, by Genova, the change was marvellous: not a stretch of snow and solitude, but, instead, the busy workshops of Sampierdarena and the Orange trees above Genova, with their wealth of golden fruit, gladdened the eye and roused my companions to enthusiasm. Lunch at Genova, and dinner at Orbetello, were pleasant incidents in the long journey to Roma, which we reached at midnight. On the way we had peeps, between the tunnels, of the lovely little villages in the eastern Riviera; of Nervi, Sta. Margherita, Chiavari,

Sestri, the splendid bay of Spezia, the mountains of Carrara, the woods of Viareggio, and then, slowing down to a station, the group of the Baptistry, Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower burst on our view. You will observe that I say "*the*" Leaning Tower, for, though there are many towers up and down Italy, at Bologna and elsewhere, which are not what you would call vertical, still this is *the* tower of towers. I had forgotten that we were so near Pisa, and the vista had all the charm of the sudden meeting of some old friend; while my companions, who had never been near the Arno, were in raptures to find that the two circular buildings were so exactly like some alabaster models carefully preserved by a travelled Aunt of theirs. So on through the desolate Maremma, with its weird and mournful landscapes, till the daylight died away, and then darkness—varied by the shout of some porter as we passed each solitary station—when the bustle of the *facchini* brought us back to civilisation, and our luggage to the omnibus that bore us to the Hotel Marini.

This is a comfortable hotel, very central (close to the Piazza Colonna), and (comparatively) reasonable. Supper and bed; and then, after a night's rest, I sauntered forth to renew an acquaintance of over 20 years' standing; and I give you my impressions for what they are worth.

Several of the beautiful old Gardens and Vigne are cleared away, or rather absorbed by the builder.

This, which has been objected to by some, is, I fear, inevitable, by the necessity for building land in providing for the increased population of the capital city, and, let us hope, as a consequence of the increased prosperity of the country; but, in some cases, there is the appearance of over-building which will retard the expected financial equilibrium. The princely and other landowners appear to have formed or joined syndicates to "develop" their property, as it is termed. There are whole new streets of barrack-like places, many of them looking out of elbows already; though this latter may, perhaps, be only the effect of the *genus loci*, for much in the city brings to mind the remark of the stranger that the Temples seemed to be in a state of disrepair. Some of them have been hard hit by the over-building; but then nobody pities the poor landowner nowadays; and perhaps, like some of our own, since Harcourt's Bill, they may just manage to make both ends meet.

The electric lighting, by means of suspended lamps, down the middle of the Corso is very good and effective; and the universality of electricity and of tramways is very convenient and useful.

The new streets are admirable. The Corso Vittorio Emanuele, from the focus of trams and omnibuses in the Piazza Venezia, to the Bridge of St. Angelo, is a great public improvement. Some of the old streets have been utilised in arranging it, with here and there a corner cut off; and there is a clever "cut" commencing at the Massimi, steering north of SS. Lorenzo e Damiano and south of S. M. in Vallicella, and thence to the Tevere, which is a pleasant shortening of what used to be a narrow, tortuous, and very disagreeable way to the Vatican collections. The few "old bits" that have been cleared away can be well spared among the wealth of finer bits that are made more accessible; and this road opens up a good wide thoroughfare where before were streets very much approaching to the condition of "rookeries." By it the fine buildings of the Renaissance seem brought nearer. We can now easily walk by the Gesù, the Altieri, St. Andrea della Valle, the Massimi, and the Cancelleria; while only a turning out of it are situated, on the left hand, the Farnese; and, on the right, St. Ignazio and S.M. sopra Minerva; and, further on, the Piazza Navona and St. Agnese, with St. Agostino, S.M. dell' Anima, and S.M. della Pace at its upper end. One misses, in this unification, the ring of the old street names—the Cesarini, Massimi, and Gesù; but this has followed that of the Kingdom, where the little Duchies of Massa, Lucca, Parma, and Modena, are merged in the one great name of Italy.

I felt a shock when I came to our dear little Massimi Palace, the *capo lavoro* of B. Peruzzi as regards plan under difficult conditions and site, looking

so small in the new and wide piazza. It suited its former environment exactly, when in the old Via Massimi; and it has been often admired by those who approached it from the Via del Paradiso, but it is to be most devoutly hoped that the owners will never, like some of our City Insurance Companies (under great pressure, I admit), add another story, and so ruin its proportion.

The Via Nazionale (with two elbows, it is true!) is brought to the focus in the Piazza Venezia, and is now a well-built street, with every sign of life and activity.

The Via Cavour is new to me. I remember the wilderness round the railway station, before it was projected; and now it is an accomplished fact, a fine wide street, with an easy gradient from the low-lying ground, running up between the Viminal and the Esquiline; and, though the old "hills" are becoming shorn of their importance by this engineering, the denudation, and the consequent silting-up of the interjacent valleys, and the historian may regret the loss of the old landmarks, yet we may remember that twenty years ago the ascent to the station was a severe thing for the horses to negotiate; and we may be glad that it is now made easier, and thank the makers, even though they did clear out a few modern buildings of no great interest. And further: this street cleverly avoids the Tor dei Conti, and it has brought S. Pietro in Vincoli with the Moses more in reach of the pedestrian.

The Ghetto is gone; and here a veritable piece of the Pope's Roma, with its mediæval fanaticism and its priestly cruelty, has vanished for ever. It was an unsavoury and forbidding place enough. I well remember being occupied one afternoon drawing in S.M. in Campitelli, when a young American lady artist came up; and, with an apology for speaking, asked me to accompany her into the Ghetto where she desired to purchase some old figured damask, explaining that she had gone to the entrance and had been frightened at the looks of the people. Of course I went as escort and "assisted" (as they say of concerts) at the bargaining and final purchase; and it was indeed an interesting place. The Painter will mourn those two wonderful old streets with their beetling doorways, and the delightful Oriental colour of those Ghetto-dwellers and their wares; but I have also seen it with ten feet of water in the middle, from the overflow of the yellow Tiber; so I cannot regret that the level of the neighbourhood is now raised, nor that the picturesque, but treacherous, stream has had curbs set to its devastation, by the embankment.

The embankment has destroyed several very interesting houses and several picturesque vistas; but probably life and health are, on the whole, of more consequence than even a charming picture;

and, moreover, when the healing hand of Time has passed over it, the friendly moss and lichen have added their touch of colour—then even this embankment may be paintable.

The Slums, of which there *are* some, are decidedly “smelly”; and some of them would be condemned under the “dangerous structures” clauses; but the owners appear to be inert so long as they can collect the rent from the unfortunate tenants. It has occurred to me that the misunderstood and much maligned philanthropist, Nero, must have experienced some difficulty with the property-owners of his day, and hence resorted to that summary if inconvenient method of dealing with structures which were unsanitary as well as dangerous. Oh, for a Nero at Bombay and several other places.

The monument to Vittoria Emanuele, against the scarped northern end of the Capitoline mount, is progressing. I would not in the least desire to minimise the debt that United Italy owes to the brave and simple Piedmontese Hunter King—the great honest man who kept to his promise, and who beloved and trusted, therefore, was called upon to go up higher and lead the destinies of a great nation; but surely the unity of his country, the “Corso Vittorio Emanuele” in every town, and his memory in the hearts of all true Italians, are his best monuments; and the money might, in their present circumstances, have been more wisely laid out in some *reproductive* scheme.

The recent excavations in the Forum interested me much—the alteration of the road across the N.W. end, is a great improvement. The old road passed between the Column of Phokas and the Julian Basilika, *on the Forum side*, and the Septimian Arch and the Saturn Temple *on the Tabularium side*. The new road passes to the N.W. of these two latter, so that they are included in the Forum; and the ancient Way is better understood. When the old road was cleared away, there were found under it the sites or remains of the complete Rostra, the Miliarium, and the (supposed) Tiberian Arch, with other objects of lesser importance; so that the gain to our knowledge has been great. It is a pity that the whole area, from the Tabularium to the Velia, cannot be opened-up; but, of course, the exigencies of the modern traffic have to be considered. If the wheeled-traffic were diverted, round the Capitoline Hill (say by the Marforio, Montanara, and Consolazione), and a light steel Suspension Bridge were provided, to continue the line of the (now abruptly ending) Via Cavour to join the Via della Consolazione, for foot passengers: then it would afford a useful connection and a fine vantage point whence a near and comprehensive view could be obtained of that end of the excavations.

The Vatican collections are more convenient, as regards hours of opening, than formerly. I remember being turned-out at a quarter to eleven in the morning and not admitted again until two in the afternoon. The present hours (ten till half-past two) are better, but too short; nine till four would be a boon to the student.

New Museums have been established. One in the (old) Baths of Diocletian contains Roman antiquities of various kinds: sculpture, paintings, vases, mosaics, stucco-reliefs, architectural details, etc., of great interest and value. Another, in the curious Villa di Papa Giulio outside the Popolo Gate, contains antiquities found at Falerii and other places outside Roma.

The steam tram to Tivoli is a very useful addition to the facilities afforded for locomotion. This is the best method for those who cannot afford the 30 or 40 lire for a carriage. The return ticket allows the passenger by the 9.30 a.m. tram to break his journey at the Villa of Hadrian for a couple of hours, and resume it by the one at 12.30, arriving at Tivoli in time for lunch. The two Temples are soon exhausted, but the scenery is very romantic. Tivoli is a fine place for a short stay; and if combined with a trip by vetturino to Subiaco and Olevano, the picture-painter will find much to satisfy him.

Some of the fine old-cruised institutions of Italy are still preserved, though in a less operative fashion, for the benefit of the *Inglesi*. There are no Fra Diavolos on the mainland; and the Camorra is almost extinct, owing to the unsympathetic action of the Government; but the street robbers still pursue their profession with more or less success. One of our party, coming out of St. John Lateran, while holding the door open for a lady, was set upon by four men, and, after much pushing, hustling, and struggling, was robbed of his pocket-book. He saw the robbers go down an adjacent road; but, knowing somewhat of the lonely character of the Cœlian Hill, he judged it not prudent to follow them. There were, of course, the usual pair of ornamental gendarmes, with cocked-hat, plume, moustache, and epaulettes complete, about a hundred yards away; but their function appeared to be to dignify the Piazza rather than the more prosaic one of rendering assistance to the foreign visitors, whose contributions help to pay their wages. The victim drove to the police-office, and—having given his name, profession, address, name of father, and age, together with a sketch of the chief robber—he was bowed out with much ceremony and many promises. Some days after a man was arrested, and my friend wasted a whole day and a lot of cab-fare in being sent from pillar to post with requests that he would go again

"*domani*" (*i.e.*, to-morrow); but he had wasted enough over that amusement and left the matter in disgust. The pocket-book contained nothing of any value to the robbers, only the return-tickets for two persons from Roma to London and some papers of no importance; so it is permissible to express sympathy for the four Professionals who had wasted their whole afternoon waiting for so unprofitable a haul. My friend had, of course, to purchase fresh tickets for his return; and he is still in hope that the Italian Railway Company may see the wisdom of refunding their cost.

I saw St. Peter's and the Vatican, and, if you desire, I will have a few pages of Fergusson transcribed, but he has said all that I can on the subject. I also went, of course, as a well-conducted student, to see all the text-book examples: the superposition at the Coliseo and Marcellus, the portico at the Panteone, and the Korinthian order at Castor and Pollux (that used to be "Jupiter Stator"). By the way, what troublesome people those archæologists are, to be sure! When all the world has learned to look up to and to swear by its Jupiter Stator, down come these sacrilegious scientists and dethrone the cloud-compeller. By Jupiter Stator, I like it not; but—perhaps it will be better for those who come after.

My serious work was at Napoli and Pompej, about which I will tell you another time.

H. H. STANNUS.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

An Ode addressed by Gontran, a poet, to his friend Bertrand, an architect, who has decided not to proceed on a distant expedition, together with the latter's reply, now, for the first time, done into English verse.

Ah! Bertrand, it was hardly kind
To fill my meditative mind
With dreams of the romantic Ind—
And then to dash
My castles in the air designed
At one fell crash!

I dreamed that far from Europe's woes
Where, from piled Himalayan snows
Past old Lahore, the Indus flows
To cool the sea,
A fairy palace home arose
For you and me.

A Rajah, lacking in rupees,
Had there designed to take his ease,
But, eastern-like, to think of fees
Did quite forget.
So, we upon the pile did seize—
Till paid the debt!

These were our terms—a thousand girls
With eyes like stars and teeth like pearls,
With raven tresses, ringed in curls
And many a braid,
Should wait on us (created earls)
Till he had paid.

For that domain on which you said
The "Renaissance" its lustre shed
(The Rajah's wish), but ah! instead
'Twas far more grand,
And came from your Mahatma head
Superbly planned!

A thousand towers, tapering fair,
A hundred domes in azure air
Curved out, like flowers which lightly wear
Their fairy grace,
And seemed upreared by wizards rare
Of elfin race!

Beneath each dome a fountain played:
While from a golden palm tree's shade,
In muslins scantily arrayed,
We, dreaming, scanned
The scene, while many a black-eyed maid
Our temples fanned.

Before the thrones, where we reclined,
The dancing girls did bend and bind
Their bodies, as the summer wind
Bows down the corn:
We died to Europe, and to Ind
Were newly born!

The modern fever and the fret
Wherein our restless lives are set,
Fell from us, with all fond regret
For western ways;
Our only doubt—what if his debt
This Rajah pays!

Still favourable to us was Fate,
The Rajah died—we claimed his state
(For so our bond did stipulate).
We took his place:
And wed to Begums, reared a great
And mighty race.

You covered all the land with piles
Of curving domes o'er long-drawn aisles;
While I, rejoicing in your smiles,
Did chant your fame,
And reared you, in Time's foremost files,
A lasting name!

Ah! Bertrand, Bertrand, was it right
To touch my misty days with light,
And then to plunge me into night?

You did me wrong.
I pay you, for my doleful plight,
With this sad song.

Go—miserable plodder—go!
And with dull “bourgeois” villas sow
The sombre suburbs, row on row,
Where’er your scene
Of labour, o’er your task will glow
The might-have-been!

That magic building, which I reared
Like poor Aladdin’s palace weird
To smoke wreath’s turned and disappeared
Because—ah, me!
To take the tide you coldly feared
On Fortune’s sea!

GONTRAN (J. F. T.).

THE REPLY.

Oh! Gontran, had I known your muse
Would grieve, like this, the chance to lose,
I had not ventured to refuse

Fate’s tempting offer,
Regardless of the Rajah’s views
Or empty coffer.

And yet, as o’er your verse I brood,
My chiefest doubts are all renewed,
My palace, though from marble hewed—
The Taj outvying—
Beside your dream one would be crude,
There’s no denying.

Its thousand towers—a paltry score,
Its hundred domes—reduced to four,
Its golden roof and ivory floor,
But wood and plaster:
Time would not serve me to deplore
A like disaster.

I own a carking, vain regret
Within me stirs, that I’ve not met
That troupe of girls your fancy set
Before my vision.
But there—we might have fought to get
A fair division.

Since there exists no sterner test
Of human friendship than the zest
Of rivalry in love—I’m blèst
If one fair she
Cause strife, what angels of unrest
All these might be!

Believe me, dear, reproachful friend,
Though distance its enchantment lend,
All paths are equal in the end,
On sand, or heather;
And, after all, we still may spend
Some hours together.

BERTRAND (H. I.).

ON THE RIGHT TO ACCESS OF AIR.

“IT is a light and air case,” is the expression we constantly hear used with reference to an alleged interference with ancient lights, and the right relied on is spoken of as a right to the access of light and air, as if the two stood on the same footing. “Diminution of light and air” was the language used in the old pleadings and decisions. But this coupling of the two as on the same basis is inaccurate, and in recent times a number of decisions have drawn attention to the fact that light and air are different matters, and subject to different rules of law. As, however, the cause of complaint in respect of air, if well founded, usually amounts to an interference with the light, the fact is lost sight of that the injunction is granted in respect of the light alone. It is singular how comparatively little authority there is upon the subject of obstruction of air. Even in 1866 we find Vice-Chancellor Wood asking, “Is there any authority for interference in cases of obstruction of air as distinguished from light?”; and the then Attorney-General (Sir R. Palmer), who was contending for their identity in principle, answering “Probably not” (*Dent v. Auction Mart Co.*, L. R. 2 Eq. 242). Six years later (1873) that same Attorney-General, as Lord Selborne, in the Court of Appeal laid it down that, “the nature of the case which would have to be made for an injunction by reason of the obstruction of air is *toto cælo* different from the case which has to be made for an injunction in respect of light. It is only in very rare and special cases, involving danger to health, or, at least, something very nearly approaching it, that the Court would be justified in interfering on the ground of diminution of air.” (*City of London Brewery Co. v. Tennant*, L. R., 9 Ch. 221.) And, so recently as 1879, Lord Justice Cotton declared that “in no case has any injunction been granted to restrain interference with the access of air,” adding, however, “it is unnecessary to say whether, if the uninterrupted flow of air through a definite aperture or channel over a neighbour’s premises has been enjoyed as of right for a sufficient period, a right by way of easement could be acquired.” (*Bryant v. Lefever*, L. R. 4 C.P.D. 180.) The possibility here suggested by the Lord Justice has commended itself to the Courts in later cases,

and it has been held that interference with the access of air, entering a house through a defined aperture which has existed for more than twenty years, is an actionable wrong. Accordingly, in *Hall v. Lichfield Brewery Co.* (49 L.J. Ch. 655), damages were given in respect of an obstruction of air to two apertures (in the nature of windows) in a slaughter-house which had existed for upwards of thirty years. In *Gale v. Abbott* (8 Jur. N.S. 987), stopping the air from coming to the plaintiff's ancient window in his back kitchen was held to be a nuisance, and an injunction was granted to prevent the impediment to ventilation; and in *Bass v. Gregory* (L.R. 25 Q.B.D. 481) the plaintiff's cellar had been ventilated for forty years by means of a shaft therefrom, which opened into a disused well on his neighbour's land, and an injunction was granted to prevent the neighbour stopping up this well so as to prevent the passage of air by the tunnel. On the other hand, there is abundant authority that a claim, not to have the air pass through some definite channel, but to float generally over the claimant's property without obstruction, cannot be maintained, as the law recognises no such right. Accordingly it was decided in *Webb v. Bird* (30 L.J. C.P. 384; 31 *ib.* 335) that the owner of a windmill had no cause of action against his neighbour for erecting a building so as to obstruct the access of currents of air to the mill enjoyed over such neighbour's land for upwards of twenty years. This was followed in *Bryant v. Lefever* (L. R. 4 C.P.D. 172), in which the cause of complaint was that the defendant had, by raising his house, obstructed the current of air (which had been enjoyed for upwards of twenty years) to the plaintiff's chimney, and thereby caused it to smoke. It is obvious that this was a claim of the right to the access of air over the general unlimited surface of a neighbour's land, and the Court held that the action was not maintainable. Again, in *Harris v. De Pinna* (L. R. 33 Ch. D. 238), the plaintiff had a permanent structure used for storing and seasoning timber and showing it to customers; it was a mere skeleton consisting of several floors, which were open at the ends to allow a current of air through for the purpose of drying the timber. One of these ends abutted on an open yard of the defendant, who began to build upon the yard, when the plaintiff sought to restrain him upon the ground, amongst others, that the new building would interfere with the access of air to the plaintiff's structure. The Court re-affirmed the principle of the previous cases, that the passage of undefined air over a neighbour's premises is not a right which can be acquired. In the latest case upon the subject (*Chastey v. Ackland*, L. R. [1895] 2 Ch. 389), the plaintiff alleged that the defendant, by increasing the height of his buildings, had obstructed the cur-

rent of air passing over the plaintiff's premises, and had thereby prevented their proper ventilation. As a matter of fact, the erection, to some extent, caused a stagnation of air in the plaintiff's yard, so that the exhalations from a urinal and conveniences in the yard were not carried off, and the plaintiff's house became less healthy through want of ventilation. It was held that, as the exhalations had not arisen from any act of the defendant, the stagnation in the plaintiff's yard caused by the defendant's new buildings preventing the undefined air floating over the yard, so as to carry away the disagreeable smells existing on the premises, was not actionable.

It must not, however, be inferred that the right to air through an undefined channel cannot be conferred by express or implied contract. If, for example, a person sells or leases land for a particular purpose, he is under the obligation not to do anything upon the adjoining land belonging to him which will prevent the land granted or leased being used for the purpose intended. Where, therefore, a lease was granted of land to be used as a timber yard it was held that the assigns of the lessor were not entitled to build upon adjoining property acquired by them from him so as to interrupt the access of air to sheds upon the demised property used for drying timber, and interfere with the carrying on of the business in ordinary course. (*Aldin v. Latimer*, L. R. [1894] 2 Ch. 437.)

J. H. REDMAN.

STUDENTS' WORK AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE ACADEMY SCHOOLS: CONCLUDED.

ON coming to the subject set for the English travelling studentship, a Club for Arts and Letters, several points strike one as being both curious and instructive. The shape of this site is rectangular, with light only at the front and back, and it is given like this, one must suppose, with the same idea of familiarising the student with the probable limitations of his future practice. The reasoning seems to be that as most club-houses are on just such sites, what better practice can you have, and what is the good of giving an open site in a park or garden, or on the banks of a river, with terraces and approaches thereto? Then, again, there is a curious lack of proportion between the amount of the prize and the difficulty of the scheme, compared with the Concert Hall. In one they offer £60 for a scheme which, from the shape of the site, is comparatively easy; and in the other, they offer £10 for one which is made well nigh impossible.

As a study, these deformed sites do not call for serious discussion; but, as a test of the results of study, there may be something in them. If

a student has exhausted every known variety of building, and has nothing more to learn, it might be interesting to give him one to design on a cramped site, just to see what he would make of it, and with what cleverness he could handle it, and how far he could adapt the principles of design, so as to make at least the suggestion of a fine building. But, even then, is it worth while?

On considering the designs done in the schools, and entered for the premiums, we must remember that, whereas in the prize drawings which are done at home the Academy is directly responsible for the subject set, and in a general way for the method with which it is handled, these premium drawings are done in the schools, under the eye and personal supervision of the visitors. To notice each design in detail would be a useless process, and, unless the drawings are at hand for reference, the justice of any remark when discussing particular details is not always apparent, but it may be said, once for all, that the great majority of them constitute proof of the uselessness of an examination as a proof of ability.

"Art," says Vitruvius, "consists in practice and theory." The practice is superficial and the theory is ignored. The whole system of Architectural teaching consists in giving the students certain subjects to design, and telling them to hammer away, over and over again, first at one subject, then at another, and some day they will do it easily, by sheer force of habit.

What is it the student wishes to become? Is it an Architect in the real meaning of the word, or merely a successful practitioner? The teaching of Architecture is not a matter to be relegated to the spare moments of a busy man, and placed on a footing with his other engagements. It is a calling which requires a rare combination of talents, and, above all, a sound theoretical knowledge of the subject taught, and a special faculty for imparting the same. Art is a sacred trust, and, upon the man who knows, lies the responsibility to hand on his knowledge to future generations. We are none of us of such importance that the world could not get on without our individual creations, but Art cannot exist and flourish unless someone is prepared to make a sacrifice of his personal convenience and material interests, to hand on its principles and traditions.

It has just been said that the teaching of Architecture requires a sound theoretical knowledge of the subject; but to practise Architecture successfully, and even to arrive at great prominence in the same, does not necessarily require any such thing. While a man confines himself to the practice of his art, doing the best he can with whatever knowledge he may possess, or relying simply on his own taste and judgment, everyone may not perhaps

admire his productions, but no one can complain. He does his best, and he does not pretend to anything more, and he is entitled to all sympathy and respect.

What chance have the men of the present day had to acquire the systematic training necessary? The schools of forty years ago were no better than they are now—much worse, in fact—as may be seen in a recent speech by a member of the Academy, in which he is reported to have said that he "was unable to obtain anything like regular instruction, picking up a crumb of knowledge here and there whenever possible."

A. R. JEMMETT.

THE GARDEN IN RELATION TO THE HOUSE :

MR. H. E. MILNER, in his paper at the Institute on the "Garden in Relation to the House," put the garden first. Mr. Milner appears to say :

"Yes, it really is a very pretty garden,
And the landscape in the distance may be seen,
You could see much further dimly,
If there was not frowning grimly,
An aggravating building in between."

Mr. Milner considers that the landscape gardener should be first called in to lay out the site, and when he has concluded his labours the Architect may be allowed to design the house, fitting his building to the design of the garden, and adapting its surroundings to the work of the landscape garden. This is an inversion of the ordinary practice, which is to build the house first and to lay out the garden afterwards, accommodating the garden to the points of view from the house. When the Victoria Embankment garden was laid out, the landscape gardener, a man of some repute, had so little consideration for York Water Gate that he partially buried it under a meaningless mound, and it had afterwards to be disinterred. A Frenchman or a Dutchman would have made the gate, *un point de mire*, a centre of attraction to which this portion of the garden should converge. A good example of the union of the work of the Architect and the landscape gardener may be seen in the long walk at Regent's Park, where the garden was designed by Mr. William Nesfield, and the charming lodge at the head of the walk by Mr. W. Eden Nesfield, his eldest son. It may, perhaps, be objected that, while the treatment of the garden and its accessories is classic and exotic, the lodge is late Gothic and native, but this is a detail. The result is delightful.

JOHN HEBB.



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ARCHITECTURAL STUDY FOR
"PYGMALION & GALATEA"
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES
SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR THE "REVIEW"

THE WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES: MORE ESPECIALLY IN DECORATION AND DESIGN: BY H. WILSON: PART TWO.

It is upon the question of Design as the foundation of all Art that I wish to draw more particular attention. If, as I imagine, Art is the material

expression of an individual perception of the harmonic relations of appearances, modified by the conditions of various media employed in that expression—the graphic formula of the Artist's mind; his own and his nation's type-image: then Design will be the shaping power, the sense of structure determining and underlying that expression; and it is clear that in studying its manifestations in other media we are looking at the laws of Art from other points of view, and gaining wider knowledge of them. The workers in each will be the richer for their knowledge of the others. A

consideration, therefore, of this quality of Design in the works of Burne-Jones cannot but be useful, while it may help us to approach some of the reasons of his excelling. A survey of the mass of Painting and Sculpture produced within the year will reveal how little the necessity of Design is regarded—how rare a quality it is. This, the faculty of knitting up and arranging, is the main thing which differentiates the work of a

master from the work of a follower, and from the rest of the work of his time. It is one of the dominant characteristics in the work of all the foremost painters of our day: we find it in Watts, in Whistler, in Puvis de Chavannes, in Madox Brown, in Rossetti, and in Abbey. In the works of these men the picture is not built up or composed in the common acceptance of the term.

The figures are not arranged according to any mechanical rule of composition or counter-change; but the component elements of each group seem to have crystallised round some axial idea, as if the thing pictured had been planned *thoroughly* as well as on the surface, the elements grouped in intimate relation to each other, and the whole in some secret proportion to the space they unitedly occupy. Each picture, if the comparison may be permitted, is like a sonnet in line and colour. As a poet will start a thought, pursue and turn it within the limits of a



STUDY OF A HEAD:
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

line, yet give the verse its due relation to the whole, so, to come to our particular instance, Burne-Jones does with the elements of his pictures. The lines bend and spring and turn with infinite variations within their boundaries: the forms seem almost fluid in their adaptability to the space.

The idea dominates the picture. Everything is subordinated to it. Neither colour nor form are followed for themselves, but only as they may aid

in disengaging the sentiment to be expressed. One sees how all the leading lines of the picture, the forms of the background, are compelled to subserve, to emphasise, and give completeness to the design. So that one does not know whether to admire most the colour, the grouping, the design, or the poetry which all these combine to produce. Yet more, each detail of the painting is made to contribute to the decorative effect. The movable and immovable structures are all designed, not painted, from some chance *trouvaille* in Wardour Street or South Kensington. The painter is by turns architect and mason, founder and goldsmith, sculptor and jeweller, broiderer and weaver, displaying in all a most fecund imagination and an exhaustless fund of imagery. As a result, the picture has a unity and completeness, which the most skilled handling of the antiquarian painter never attains. This, because the material out of which the painting grew, the knowledge essential to the shaping of it, had all been so assimilated that its manifestation came more as a natural outgrowth than as an artificial product. The whole conception is permeated by the painter's personality which supplies the unifying undertone. For lack of this, many of the most ambitious reconstructions of the past fail, not from lack of study. The material so patiently accumulated has not been thoroughly absorbed, not reincarnated, so to speak, and the very perfection of its presentment on the canvas makes the justification of its presence there more difficult. It is an intrusion of the real into the ideal. This I think also explains the unconvincingness of so many historical pictures. Though the incidents they illustrate are given with dramatic force against a background painted with obvious skill from the real place, there is a visible want of unity between the incident and its surroundings. This defect is traceable even in that, otherwise delightful work of Holman Hunt, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Though both are studied there is a want of connection between the background and the figures, the persons do not quite accord with their surroundings. The design has not been carried through the whole scene, the conception has not been fully matured. But with Burne-Jones the fine sense of Design, of style, shown in the accessories of the picture, adds to the cumulative effect on the mind of the spectator, though he may be little conscious of what goes to produce that effect. It gives the conception the penetrative force of a finished epigram; the presentation is grasped at once as a whole. As in an epigram also, the very completeness opens the doors to criticism, which a more suggestive, if less courageous, treatment would leave closed. It is a little remarkable that, with all this perfectness of realisation, the sense of mystery and remoteness is not lost. But mystery does

not consist in vagueness. Much as one admires the result, this extension of Design is, perhaps, open to one defect. It is a defect inseparable from the conditions of modern times. When, as at present it must be, the faculty of Design is exercised on so many things, when the range of its activities has become so widened, we get inevitably a certain thinness of work, a tenuity of idea. One man has to suffice for many. In mediæval and premediæval times the painter was surrounded by beautiful things of all kinds, the Crafts and Trades produced them naturally, as a matter of course; they sprang up for that purpose. Thus every painting was enriched with the work of many minds, combined by the wit and manual skill of one. The picture became a small treasury of the Artistic wealth of the period, a record of its Artsmanship as well as of its Craftsmanship. There has long been a dearth of both, and, though it is manifestly impossible for any man, however variously gifted, to unite in his own person and give effective expression to the varying degrees of excellence in the various Crafts which make up the artistic life of any particular time—the way Burne-Jones has faced and grappled with this, the foremost difficulty of our day, is full of inspiration and encouragement. Individual life consists in harmony with its environment, the balanced interaction of self and circumstance. But now, from causes which need not be dilated on, each Artist has first to make his own environment before he can live in harmony with it. He cannot spend all his energies in producing work. Some must be used in making an atmosphere in which to labour, in securing a peaceful corner in the world; yet other in preparing a receptive public for the result of those labours. He will be fortunate indeed if he succeeds in all this; but more is still to do. If he devote himself to creative work he has not merely to create his motifs but to provide the materials for their expression. He has to make the language and the poem; to spin the web and secrete its supports. Unlike Titian, or Tintoret, or Veronese, unlike Botticelli or Bellini, he does not live in a comely if simple house in a beautiful city, whose streets are a continual delight, wherein the daily passage of people along the pavements, in many-coloured vestures and various garbs, makes a perpetual pageant, providing endless solace and education to the eye. All this is denied him; he lives in a villa and travels on the underground. It must not be imagined that I am by any means blind to the interest of London streets, yet I venture to think that interest more psychological than pictorial, depending more on character than costume, more on atmosphere than Architecture. The picturesqueness is that of squalor, and is not the nitid beauty of mediæval times. Not until quite recently has the modern Artist been



DESIGN FOR SCULPTURE ON
THE SPANDRIL OF ARCH:
"THE ANNUNCIATION": FROM
THE ORIGINAL WASH DRAWING
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.



BUILDING THE TEMPLE:
THE CHARGE OF KING
DAVID TO SOLOMON: BY
SIR EDWARD BURNE-
JONES.

surrounded by skilful Craftsmen, whose work is at once stimulus and available material, whose presence inspires, whose knowledge enriches his. When in want of some detail for his picture—a throne, a chair, a casket, an architectural background, a sculptured foreground—he is not able, as earlier Artists were, to reproduce simply and naturally, with his own seal upon it, the memorised image of some existing thing, the production of contemporaneous activity; his task is infinitely more difficult. He must first put away from himself the obsessant and debasing memories of daily-seen vulgarity, the obscenities of commercialism, and get down to the bare facts of structure before he can set himself to design that he is in need of. The modern Artist must thus dissipate on subsidiary design the creative force which should go to intensify the central conception. With all these obstacles in the path that leads to perfection, what wonder that so many stumble and fall. How great, therefore, should be the triumph of those who succeed.

Mr. MacColl, in his interesting article on Madox Brown, laments that painter's activity in Industrial Design. But, in omitting to state the reasons for that activity, he does his subject less than justice. Madox Brown, his fellows and successors, were concerned not only with the immediate expression of their own sense of the beautiful, the normal attitude. Intent on lessening the hideousness about them, they addressed themselves as well to the beautification of their own surroundings, and thence to the designing of furniture and stuffs. They perceived long ago the prime importance for them, as Artists, of what we might call industrial beauty, and they strove to produce and reproduce it. The result was a kind of self-fertilisation: it led to intellectual cannibalism. This, I think, is the weak place in the pre-Raphaelite armour. But, whatever the result on them personally, the present improvement in the minor Arts, the rise of a School of individual Craftsmen, the increased public interest in these things, are all largely, if not wholly, due to their efforts in this direction. Any estimate of their work is incomplete unless we take into account the preliminary labours necessary to make that work possible, and unless we allow for the retarding influences, the intellectual friction, so to speak, which stayed their progress; the adverse influences of their spiritual climate. We must also place to their account whatever share they had in the work that has been done since their day, and it is a large share. Happily, the time for estimating what Burne-Jones has done is not yet. May its advent be long delayed!

But it may be permissible to point out that he gives us the work of a whole generation of Designers. His fancy has given us ideas for

a new Architecture, suggestions for household fittings; designs not merely for the costumes for his figures, but the fabrics of those costumes; not alone the fabrics, but the homes of his creations. He suffices in himself for the organised activities of a whole community.

Paint, to him is not merely a beautiful thing in itself, a thing to be glorified by itself for itself (a perfectly legitimate and reasonable view); but it is the means of the expression of things which could not be expressed otherwise, the visible habiliment of an idea. It may be a question how far the idea should dominate a picture; whether it should show as the main thing or be the invisible and unnoted framework, the impalpable and hardly conscious motive force behind the painting. Whether in fact the painter should address himself to the expression of sensuous beauty *per se*, or clothe with that beauty the idea. At present I am all for the idea—what I may think a year hence is another matter. After all it is a matter for the Artist himself to settle; he must follow his own star, and none may say nay.

What I am the more concerned with at the present is the interest which this aspect of Burne-Jones' work should have for Designers in general, and Architects in particular. They would find in it a world of suggestiveness, an inspiring novelty of treatment, indications of fresh themes, numberless open doors. Take the simple question of vista. It is a thing most valuable in a picture, of its very essence—and of fundamental importance in a building. How many Architects take the trouble to plan vistas, to scheme for their production, to show the infinite by the finite, to make a beyond by building a barrier. As a means of delightful mystification, Burne-Jones has never neglected it. He suggests illimitability in a limited space by apparently the simplest means. He frees our fancy and sets it wandering in his enchanted palaces and under his fairy vaults, compelling attention now to some bit of imagery, now to some piece of imaginative carving. A passage of necessary shadow is lighted up by glowing mosaic, we get glimpses into mysterious landscapes, our imagination is tantalised by a half-open door, we experience that "continual slight surprise" and momentarily-enlivened pleasure which comes to us from all living Art. We get a sense of *throughness* of construction in the depth of the picture, the planes and the plan are convincingly true. The structures are framed and contrived as only a born builder could do them. John Sedding once said, when looking at the courtyard panel in the Briar Rose series, "What a splendid Architect Burne-Jones would have made." And while we may be thankful, for his own sake no less than for ours, that the Painter's genius grew unchecked by the prejudices, unhampered by the untoward con-



THE LIFE OF S. FRIDESWIDE:
 CARTOONS FOR THE WINDOWS
 IN OXFORD CATHEDRAL: BY
 SIR EDWARD BURNES-JONES.

ditions under which modern building is carried out—that the almost insuperable difficulties which beset the career of the Architect were not added to those Burne-Jones overcame—yet all must acknowledge the truth of the remark. But the Painter had better things to do. Still, in the doing of them, in *Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid*, in the *Briar Rose* Series, the *Mill*, the *Chant d'Amour*, *Danae's Tower*, the *Golden Stairs*; in his designs for tapestry and stained glass, to mention nothing else, we have abundant evidence, not only of his interest in Architecture as a Fine Art, but of his real sympathetic knowledge of it. It would seem at times as if Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Madox Brown, indeed, all the painters of that school, were preserving unspoiled the traditions of Romantic Architecture for the inspiration of a future race of designers, who should be, not, in Ruskin's phrase, employers of labour on commission, as now, but real working Architects producing individual Architecture. Then would these beturreted fairy towns, with their mazy streets and trim cortiles, through which the spectator is led on from shine to shade, from battlemented tower to colonnaded court, thence by vaulted passages out to interminable vistas, views which "open widening chambers to surprise" and "lend a yonder to all ends"—then, would these dream palaces produce their full effect, their counterparts would rise on every side and modern life become a little less objectionable. But it is not only in the spectacular aspect of Architecture that Burne-Jones's knowledge is most displayed. We find it in the simplest details, in the fashioning of his constructive forms, in the carpentry of his pictures.

Take, for example, "*King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*." How much of impressiveness that painting owes to the shaping of the background, to the monumental throne, the balustrade, and the shaded vista behind. And yet the dignity thus imparted is not a factitious dignity. It does not impress us by recollection, nor appeal by reminiscence. The arrangement is so fresh and individual, informed so intimately by the spirit of the picture, so of a piece with the main conception, that something of the humanness of the figures appears in their surroundings, and somewhat of architectural dignity in the figures. Who, having seen it, has not longed to produce in palpable stone and wood and metal the effect of these filmy fabrics of the painter's vision, to realise something of the simplicity of design, the eremite restraint, the cloistered quiet of these conceptions? What suggestions for altars, thrones, and reredoses are here! Entirely different, yet equally interesting in another way, is "*Danae's Tower*." Here we have a more barbaric building; a less complex, a more barren Architecture. The Princess, against whose

foreordained fordoing the ineffectual tower was raised, stands before an open doorway, looking down a pebble-paved court on the busy builders of her prison. The contrast between her fragile form and the unyieldingness of the surroundings—the brazen door, the gloomy foreground, the walled-in court, the windowless walls, the cypress by the threshold—all unite in giving an impression of resistless, undeviating fate. But how instructive for us is the treatment! What an effect is produced by mere blank wall! How well the rare windows are spaced! How simple and organic it all is! One thinks of what we could still do if we could persuade ourselves to forget all about Renaissance and Gothic, about rules of proportion and columniation, and just begin to build naturally again.

In "*The Mill*," we come to an entirely new phase. We leave the classic, the monumental, the restrained and ordered kind of Architecture, and come to the homely, the native, the picturesque. There is still the same expression of mystery, the same delight in distances and complexities of plan unexpectedly revealed, with a sense of stillness and unruffled peace, made almost lyric for us by the figures in the foreground.

We have the complement of this native picturesqueness in the homely interior of the "*Sidonia Von Bork*." The sombre, romantic, and richly garbed figure of the heroine, set in the severe homeliness of her house, enhances that sense of the eerie, the uncanny, which pervades the book from which the illustration is drawn. The eye wanders from the tortuous witch-knots of the dress to the descending stair, the open window, with its ideal glazing. It dwells on the little inner room seen through the passage of luminous shade. The very quiet of the background adds splendour and dominance to the central figure. We have Architecture reduced to its elements—almost to its rudiments, recombined and saturated with the essence of the scene. What a relief all this simplicity is from the clever Architecture of to-day! Yet it should not be difficult to do such work. If the money spent on inept imitations of Empire extravagance, on mechanical mouldings, or cast-iron copies of Renaissance detail, on all the imbecile elegances, the pinchbeck splendours of modern building, were spent instead on material, and if our designs were directed to the display of that material—if only we could persuade people that applied ornament was not one of the necessities of life, the simple delights Burne-Jones shows us might be ours daily. So much, however, has to be unlearned before this desirable consummation, that one dare not hope to see it. There are too many "ifs." To turn again to a more monumental piece of design—the little corner of encrusted Architecture in the "*Annunciation*." In



THE FLIGHT OF S. FRIDESWIDE:
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES
(THE HEAD OF THE KING WAS STUDIED
FROM WILLIAM MORRIS).

this, the marble-veiled walls, the round arches, the cunningly-placed sculptures recall, without resembling, the Byzantine work so admirably described by Mr. Schultz in the present number. There is more resemblance in the "David and Solomon," in which the chief figure is throned under a Romanesque-looking canopy, besprent with gems in owches and overlaid with embossed metal plates. The throne itself, on marble steps, is enclosed within a quaintly contrived parapet, round which, in the foreground, is a range of weird-looking coffers, iron-bound chests, heaped up with coins, and jewels, and ingots, with chains and carcanets and pearls, the wealth which goes to make the Architecture of the East. In all the preceding instances I have only touched the fringe of my subject: some consideration of the Architectural qualities shown in the decoration of actual buildings is necessary. Nowhere, probably, do these show to more advantage than in the Rome mosaics, though the building is obviously a most difficult one to decorate. The spaces to be filled were awkward in shape, as often happens when the building is designed without due reference to the possibility of subsequent decoration. This defect could be avoided by timely consultation with painters and sculptors, for Architecture is a compound Art and can never be produced by one man alone. It is the product of many minds marshalled by one. In this particular instance, the unifying effect of Burne-Jones's design, the masterly simplification, the ordering and centring of interest, the crowning and satisfying completeness of the dome, all this, the work of one mind, is not a little remarkable. And in the cartoons for windows, the shaping, compressing, and contriving powers of the designer strike one at every point. The eye of the panel is seized on with almost unfailing instinct for the place of the principal figure, which thence dominates the panel, still keeping due relation to the whole. This grip of the capabilities of a space, which I find so lacking in the designers of our buildings, is I am sure one which might be cultivated. But, though in all the foregoing instances the qualities of design in the buildings and accessories are insisted on, it is clear that these very qualities will pervade the whole range of the work. This same sense of organic, logical development underlies the designs for the tapestries, lending the figures an Eastern solemnity of pose; it shows in the armour of his knights, ribbed and rayed like the bones and scales of certain fishes, or compact of overlapping plates, like the feathers of some strange bird; or woven of wire curiously twisted as if wrought by gnomes in the underworld; we see it in the crowns and

sceptres, in the robes and regalia of his kings and in the caskets of the magi; as well in the rude frames and wattled walls of the Nativity sheds as in the purples and borders of robes. We are incessantly reminded of Madox Brown's saying, "Let all your design be based on common sense and structure, and it will, if you are worth anything, inevitably have 'style.'"

But, above and beyond all that I have tried to show in the work of Burne-Jones there is one prevailing quality—the visionary quality—which stands out and sets it in a line with the works of Blake and Palmer, and much of Rossetti. The things presented have the convincingness of things seen. Before many of these designs we think of those rare visitations known to every designer, when the retinal dark suddenly lightens and lets us out into ranges of arched corridors, running into blue distances, or opening on halls of pillars, domed and vaulted, or roofed with fretted and misty canopies: imaginal fabrics, whose insubstantial piers change and interfuse, or open out into newer and more bewildering beauties, then die away as swiftly as they came. His work at times revives the memories of those seasons of magic which come to the commonest minds, when, standing on some mount, in that miracle-working moment of lingering daylight, we look out over the landscape to a distant sea; and from the ambushed dwellings below the sounds of life, muted by the distance and veiled by the sigh of the surge, come thinly up to our ears, and the whole scene looks strangely phantasmal and fleeting; when the trees pale down into stains on the sky but little darker than the clouds, and the stars become entangled in the branches, and the horizon melts out into mist, and the near and the distant are mingled; and the sounds of the day die down into the quietness of night, and the colour of all things is deepened; then the thought of the world recedes, and the business of life shows small and inconsequent when set beside the beauty of it, all that is primitive in us comes out to the surface; the sense of our kinship with these shows of time comes in upon us, tonic and penetrating as the chilling air; we set our passingness beside their permanence, the secret of existence seems to be disengaging itself, waiting to be seized, then—the dark comes, the dew falls, the enchantment fades away. If it be indeed the province of Art to seize these and kindred moments, and fix them, Watts, and Whistler, and Burne-Jones, perhaps more than any living painters, have earned the gratitude of posterity.

I shall reserve for another paper the practical bearing of this aspect of Design on the actual work of to-day.



THE GATE LODGE : ROMSEY :

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

WILLIAM EDEN NESFIELD, 1835-1888: BY J. M. BRYDON, F.R.I.B.A. PART ONE.

IT is somewhat surprising that though nine years have passed away since William Eden Nesfield's death, beyond the briefest obituary notices, no account of his work has, as yet, appeared. This is all the more remarkable because, not only was he a great Artist in himself, but his influence on the contemporary work of his day was second only—if that—to his friend Mr. Norman Shaw. Indeed, all during the "sixties" their names were so linked together, their published sketches from the Continent so similar in character, their work so wonderfully alike in design and intention, the conjunction Nesfield and Shaw so familiar in the artistic world, that it hardly ever occurred to Architects to think of them separately, and yet in spite of a brief partnership in the earlier days of their practice, they never really did a joint work. They shared offices and studies, had the same high aims and aspirations, the same keen artistic instincts; good comrades both, but each devoting himself to his own especial work; advancing along separate yet parallel lines in all that made for the culture and ennobling of the Art they mutually loved, and whose highest interests they did so much to promote.

William Eden Nesfield may be said to have come of an artistic stock; his father, Major Nesfield, besides being a well-known member of the old Society of Painters in Water Colours and a constant contributor to its exhibitions, became famous in his day for his facility in designing and laying out ornamental gardens, terraces, and parks. He had the happy gift—inherited also by his distinguished son—of making the mansion house and its surroundings part and parcel of the same design, inter-dependent one upon the other for the harmony of the result he sought for and secured. To Major Nesfield we owe the gardens in Regent's and St. James's Parks, the re-modelling of those at Kew, and at many noblemen's seats all over the country. He had a keen eye for architectural effects and may be said to have been the reviver and restorer of the old formal garden, the value of which as an accessory of domestic Architecture is now again admitted to be of the first importance. William Eden, the major's eldest son, was born on the 2nd of April, 1835, and was educated at Eton. He never forgot the famous School, and to the last was proud of his Alma Mater. Who can say how its associations, historic and otherwise, responded to or called forth the artistic instincts of the boy at the most impressionable time of his life; to its influence also he doubtless owed much of the uprightness and independence of his character, his



LODGE, REGENT'S PARK :

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

quick sense of honour, his desire to "keep his shield bright," as he enthusiastically phrased it, declaring that if Eton did not produce great scholars at all events it turned out gentlemen ; by birth and education, therefore, he was essentially the latter whatever his claims may have been to the former. How high his ideal was in this respect may be gathered from his facetious remark that old Professor Cockerell was the only gentleman in the profession.

After Eton came the question of his life's vocation ; a happy fate decided for Architecture, though his introduction to the mother of all the Arts was somewhat chequered. First of all he went for a few months to Mr. J. K. Colling "to learn to draw" ; then afterwards, in 1851, he became an articulated pupil with the late Mr. Burn. Mr. Norman Shaw was also a pupil in the office at this time, though the two met first at Major Nesfield's house at Windsor. Somehow the work in Mr. Burn's office proved uncongenial, he could not or would not take kindly to it, the result being that after a couple of years he left and entered the office of his uncle, Mr. Antony Salvin, where he remained till the midsummer of 1856, going down to Keele Hall, in Staffordshire—a large house Mr. Salvin was then building—for some months, to be under the Clerk of Works. He was then only twenty-one, and it must be remembered at that time the Battle of the Styles was in full progress. Mr. Burn may be said to represent the

classic, and Mr. Salvin the mediæval side of the question, and the Gothic revival, then in all its fervour, carried the young student along with it.

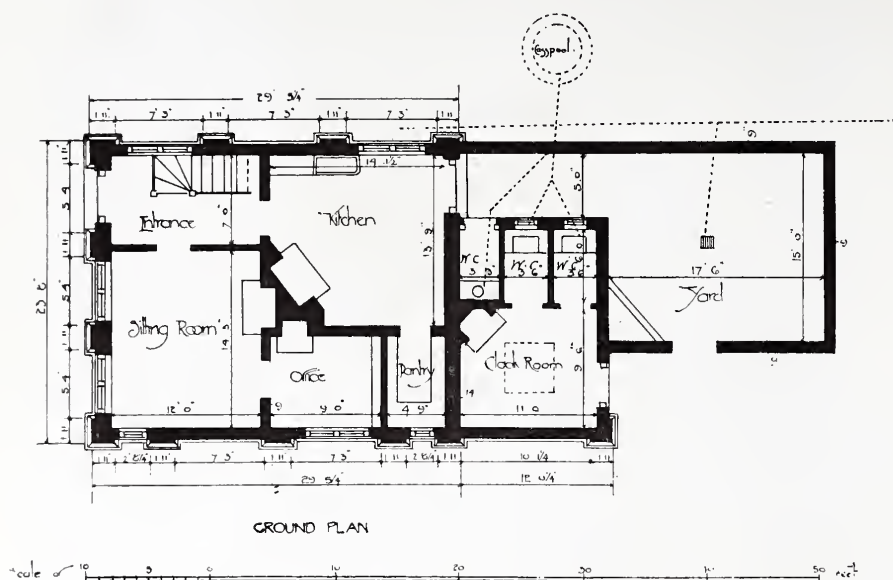
Having "learned to draw" very well, getting through his articles somehow, and seeing a little of practical work on a building in progress, he went off on a foreign tour, and to study in France, Italy, and Greece. He did much travelling, doubtless much observation, and a fair amount of sketching ; on his return, finding Mr. Shaw at work on his well known book, he was persuaded into following his example, but not having enough material for the purpose, set off again, this time principally to France, to make the sketches and measured drawings, afterwards published. The two volumes became the text

books of the Gothic revival, and brought their authors into the most prominent notice, not only as skilled draughtsmen, but as leaders in the movement. These books were marvels of Architectural delineation, and, what is more, could be thoroughly depended upon for accurate information. As Mr. Nesfield himself wrote : " My endeavour has been to faithfully represent the subjects as I saw them, avoiding, with few exceptions, such as had been touched by restoration, a process which, as at present conducted in France, frequently tends to destroy the character of the old work." Most of the illustrations in his book were drawn on the stone by himself, and the initial letter on the title page is probably his first published design, the figures on the same page being drawn by his friend, the late Mr. Albert Moore.

The period of probationary study being over, Mr. Nesfield settled down to work in Bedford Row in 1859, his first important commission being a new wing to Combe Abbey for Lord Craven, the nobleman to whom he dedicated his book of sketches. In 1862, on going into partnership with Mr. Shaw, he removed to No. 7, Argyle Street. As already said, the partnership was purely nominal, and lasted but a few years, though they shared offices together till 1876, when, the premises being required for other purposes, Mr. Nesfield migrated to No. 19, Margaret Street. His room in Argyle Street was a sight in those days, containing as it did a valuable



Wm. Nesfield



LODGE, KEW GARDENS :

W. EDEN NESFIELD.

collection of blue and white Nankin china and Persian plates, Japanese curios, brass sconces and other metal work, nick-nacks of various descriptions, and a well stocked library, in a case designed by himself. It was the studio of an artist, rather than the business room of a professional man; any samples of building materials being conspicuous by their absence. How proud he was of his Persian plates, and how enthusiastic over the flush of the blue in his hawthorn jars, or the drawing of the "Long Elizas" on his six mark dishes, only those knew who were privileged to hear him discourse thereon; at that time the Japanese craze had not broken out into an epidemic, and, as yet, "Liberty" as such, existed not, but Nesfield knew all about the movement;

he could estimate Japanese Art at its true value, and its place in the grammar of ornament, not hesitating to introduce the characteristic discs and key pattern into his work when occasion served. One loves to think of him amid the congenial surroundings of his room in Argyle Street, working away at the Art in which he delighted, within converse of his friend Shaw, and looked up to with enthusiasm by his fortunate assistants, as the man at his best; a memory that will never fade away. Here the principal works of his life, such as Combe Abbey, Cloverley Hall, and Kimmel Park, were carried out, here o' nights would come his artistic friends—the Painter, the Sculptor, the Poet—and with inspiring intercourse stimulate each other to higher and nobler efforts. The warm hearted geniality of his nature was infectious; his kindly counsel, and the brilliant example of his conscientious work, both as a designer and a draughtsman, were the highest encouragement to all who came under his influence. Men whose names are now well known in their Profession look back to those days with a feeling of thankfulness akin to gratitude that they were privileged to study under such a consummate master of his craft.

It is no part of the writer's intention to estimate the value of Mr. Nesfield's work or classify its standing in the history of nineteenth century Architecture in England, but rather to present such characteristic examples as shall serve to show the versatility of his genius, the wide range of his subjects, and the technical knowledge and artistic skill he brought to bear in carrying them out. He was a master of planning and of construction, no detail was too small for his attention; difficulties arose only to be solved, and that too in the simplest and most practical manner. He had a keen eye for the picturesque, and yet never lost sight of the dignity of his work, be it a cottage or a mansion. Nor was there ever any straining after effect for effect's sake; all grew naturally out of the requirements.

No one knew better than he the value of mouldings and ornament, drew them better, nor used them with more discretion. It was a pleasure to see him drawing out a full-sized detail for some elaborate piece of wood or ironwork ; every line instinct with life, and carried out with a thoroughness and vigour which were all his own. He had the true inwardness of decorative art, knowing when to use, and what is often of much greater importance, when to refrain from, ornament. As a result, in his work there is an absence of fussiness and a sense of quietude and dignity which is at once its strength and his reward. For convenience sake, and without attempting any strictly chronological order, it is proposed to consider—firstly, his cottages and lodges ; secondly, his mansions ; and then his churches, with one or two works which, perhaps, hardly come within either category.

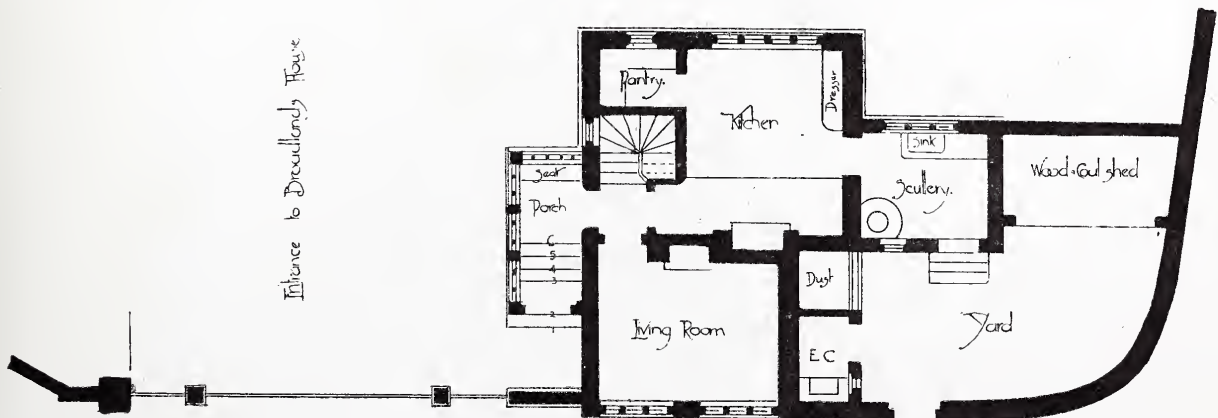
Nothing was more characteristic of Mr. Nesfield than his cottages and lodges. He took a pride in these little structures, and was one of the first to show how artistic, and yet so convenient withal, a labourer's cottage or a gate-keeper's lodge could be made. The lodges in Regent's Park, built in 1864, and in Kew Gardens, built in 1866, are landmarks in the history of such buildings. The former, bringing with it a whiff of the breezy weald of Surrey into the heart of London for weary eyes to rest on, was a revelation in red brick, weather tiles, and stamped plaster. It never seems to have been thought of before, yet here it is, no tentative effort either, but a complete little gem. As for the lodge at Kew, with its cut brick pilasters, high-pitched roof, tall carved chimney, pedimented dormers, plaster cove, and classic detail, it is a bit of fully-



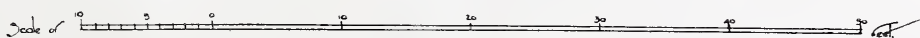
LODGE, KEW GARDENS :

W. EDEN NESFIELD.

fledged "Queen Anne," as it was called in those days—thirty years ago, be it remembered—when the Architectural world was still blindly floundering in the throes of the Gothic revival, the predominant note of the hour being Early French—a type on which Mr. Nesfield himself was then actually designing his work at Combe Abbey and Cloverley. Yet even at this initial period of



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF THE LODGE, BROADLANDS :

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.



LODGE, BROADLANDS: FROM
THE ORIGINAL PEN DRAWING
BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.

his career he was quick to perceive the limitations of this early Gothic work; the Lodges at Regent's Park and Kew were the beginning of the end of the then fashionable craze, the first notes of a change which was presently to bring about such works as Loughton Hall and Kinnel Park. Beginning with the cottage, the movement soon overtook the Manor and the Hall, the leading idea being that all should be thoroughly English, in the letter no less than in the spirit. Anglo-French was tried and found wanting, Anglo-Spanish we were mercifully spared, so the revival under such masters as Nesfield and Shaw settled down to be English first, whatever else it might be in addition. On similar lines were his cottages at Crewe Hall, Hampton in Arden, and Broadlands, and the school at Romsey. His autograph sketch for one of the Broadlands Lodges is here given; but even more characteristic than either of these, perhaps, is the Gate Lodge at Kinnel Park, a truly delightful bit of English Renaissance. In all these charming little houses there is a freshness of design and an adaptability to their purpose which mark the hand of the true artist. The days of the little Greek temple standing at the entrance to an Englishman's park, and the pointed windows and sham battlements of the Gothic with a "k" period, are over and gone, and the place thereof shall know them no more.

From the Gate Lodge we naturally find our way

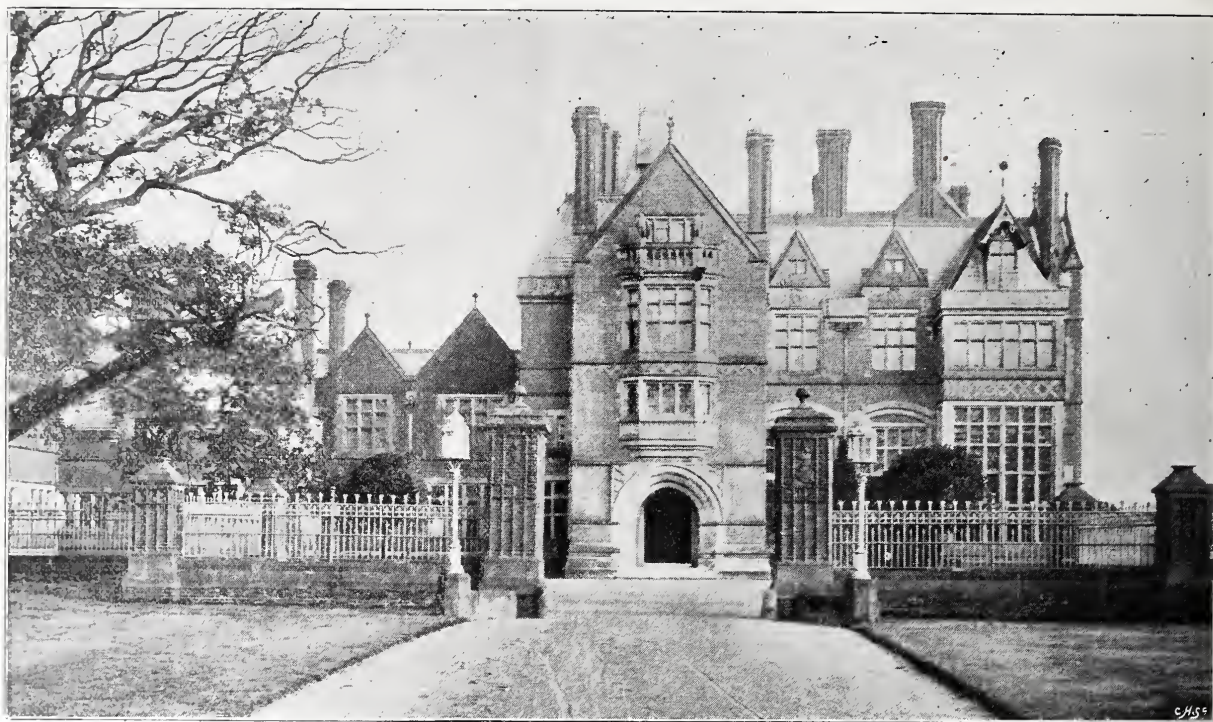
to the mansion. As early as 1862 Mr. Nesfield was busy with his first important work—a new wing at Combe Abbey for Lord Craven. Fresh from his studies in France, and doubtless swayed by the impulses of the day, it was hardly to be wondered at that Combe Abbey showed a marked Early French feeling throughout. As such it is certainly clever; as such it is just as certain that a few years later it would have assumed an altogether different character. It forms one side of a quadrangle. Two of the other sides—the main body of the house and a wing—are in a somewhat late, not to say debased, type of Elizabethan. The result is a jarring contrast, incongruous to a degree, and quite out of sympathy with its surroundings. For all that, there are, as might be expected, exceedingly clever bits of design—for example, the treatment of the end next the moat, with its boathouse and turreted angles. It is built of stone, with a slated roof, and, given the style, is most carefully worked out in detail, not, perhaps, with the thoroughgoing method of Burges, the apostle of Early French, but with a keen appreciation of its capabilities and—its limits. That he soon became impressed with these limits is apparent in Cloverley Hall, designed in 1864—when he was only twenty-nine—for Mr. Pemberton Heywood, which, though still founded on a French model, is distinctly an English country house.

The plan of Cloverley is remarkable, and may be studied with profit and advantage. The essentially English feature of the Great Hall is introduced with conspicuous success. The house is built on a sloping site, so the treatment of this Hall, its place in and relation to the other portions of the general scheme, with the clever arrangement of the different floor levels, is worthy of all praise. Mark the approach from the Great Hall to the principal staircase, and the skilful treatment of the latter as it rises to the first floor. Few modern mansions can boast such a dignity of entrance, such a clever adaptation of traditional features to modern requirements and the exigencies of the site. Never afterwards, perhaps, did Mr. Nesfield plan anything better than Cloverley. It was his first great opportunity, his genius rose to the



GATE LODGE, KINNEL PARK, ABERGELE.

BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.



CLOVERLEY HALL, SHROPSHIRE : ENTRANCE FRONT.

W. EDEN NESFIELD.

occasion, he seems to have thrown all his youthful enthusiasm into the task, and worked at it as a labour of love.

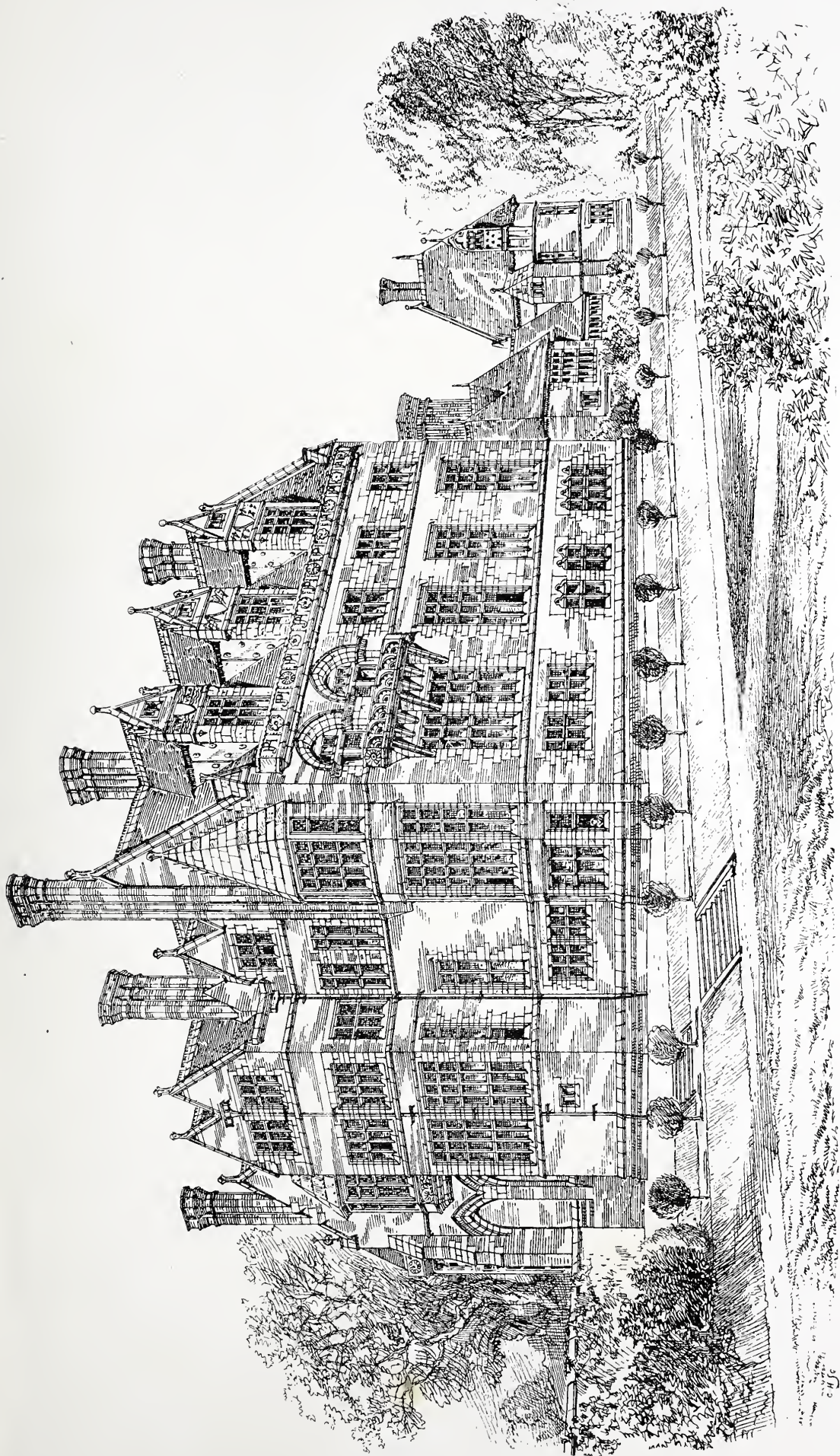
The illustrations will serve to give some idea of the general Architectural character of Cloverley, the effect of which Mr. Eastlake gives very succinctly in his "History of the Gothic Revival." "Externally the house possesses, in addition to the general picturesqueness of its composition, many distinctive characteristics of construction and design. The bricks of which the main masses of the walls are built were manufactured expressly for this building on the estate, and are far thinner than usual. They are laid with a thick mortar joint, resembling the style of work in old houses of the time of Henry VIII. The parapets—about 3ft. high—are of wood, covered with lead, which is beaten outwards at intervals in the form of large rose-shaped ornaments, quaintly intersecting each other. Above this parapet on the main (or garden) front rise lofty dormers, bearing in their gables sculptured representations of the seasons, carved by Forsyth from designs by Mr. Albert Moore. The effect of these figures, which are about two-thirds of life-size, and are executed in very low relief, is very striking. . . . The whole nature of the Design, refined and skilful as it is, may be described as the reverse of pretentious. Its graces are of a modest, unobtrusive kind. The work is homely rather than grandiose, and though it bears evidence of widely-directed study, it certainly derives its chief charm from its unmistakably national character."

Internally the house is remarkable for its

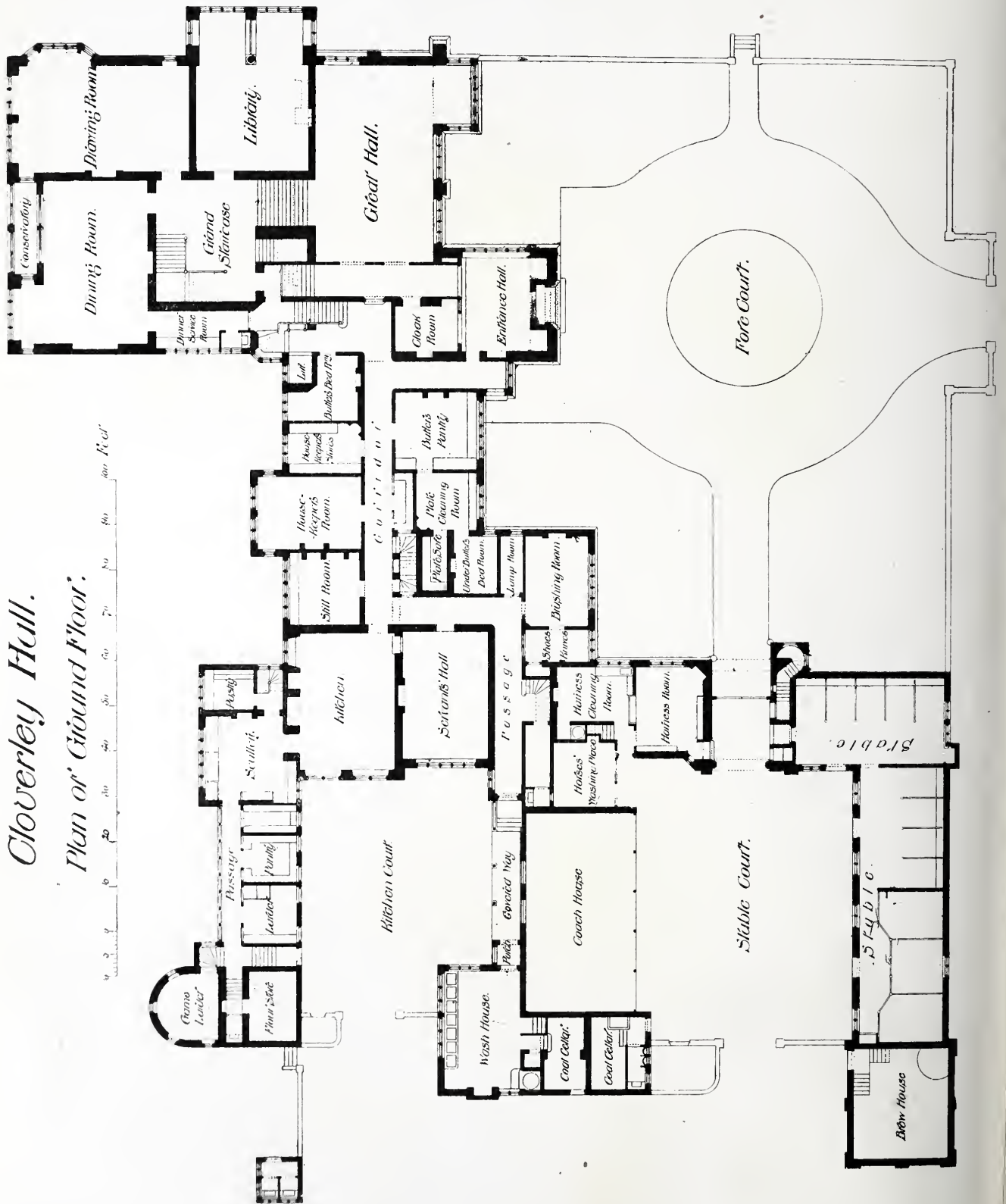
thoroughly artistic treatment—its oak panelling, rich plaster ceilings, magnificent stained glass in the bay window of the Hall, and in the staircase, and its sumptuous chimneypieces—that in the Great Hall having carved subject panels from Æsop's fables, executed by Mr. Forsyth. The oak screen supporting the music gallery in the Great Hall is also richly carved, and it is noticeable that here as elsewhere in the woodwork the *motif* of the decoration is of a distinctly Japanese character, so cleverly adapted that there is no sense whatever of any impropriety. The touch of the master's hand brings all into a delightful harmony.

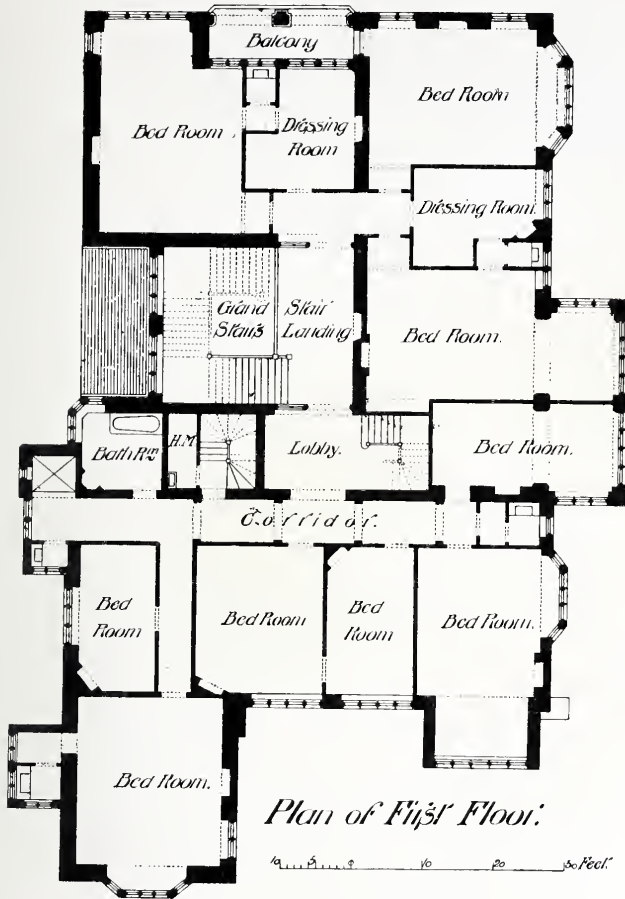
About this time also Mr. Nesfield was engaged on humbler, but in its way no less remarkable, work in the farm buildings at Shipley Hall, near Derby, and at Croxteth Park, near Liverpool, the features most worthy of note in each case being the dairies, the ceilings of which are enriched with decorative paintings by Mr. Albert Moore, who also designed the figures which enrich the fountain in the latter.

The general design of these works may be said to have been influenced by the Gothic revival, but Architecturally they were quite as much a revelation, in their class, as the little lodge in Regent's Park was in its, and the parallel also holds good still further as between the lodges and the mansions, for just as Mr. Nesfield designed the Queen Anne Lodge at Kew immediately after the one in Regent's Park, so Cloverley Hall was still in progress when, in 1866, he began the design for his great English Classic House at Kinnel Park, the two styles running concurrently, as it were, in his mind at this time.



CLOVERLEY HALL, SHROPSHIRE: BY
W. EDEN NESFIELD : FROM THE
ORIGINAL PERSPECTIVE.



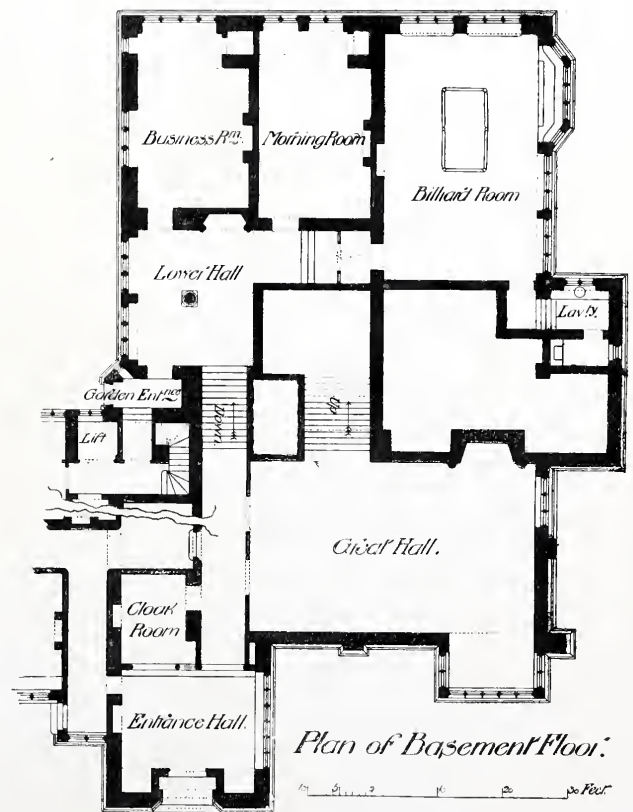
Cloverley Hall.

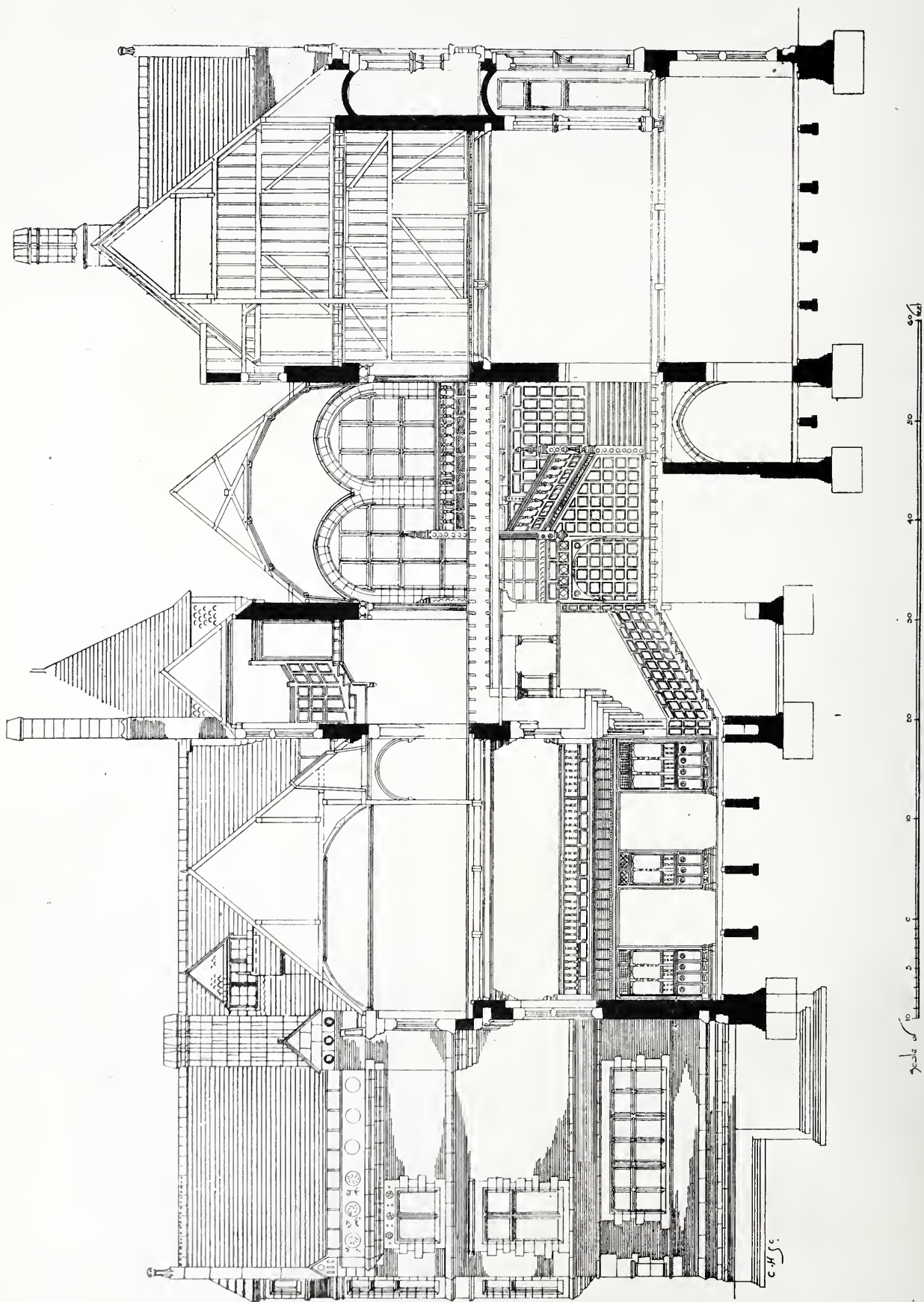
and in chimney-pieces. The hall fireplace is specially noticeable for the splendidly decorative effect gained by the panels of the overmantel, which reaches to the ceiling, being enriched with carved shields with their quarterings emblazoned in their heraldic colours; the result is very striking indeed.

The two great mansions of Cloverley and Kinnel stand out as the typical examples of Mr. Nesfield's country houses, so different in style, a contrast in Design, yet a harmony in Art. Others followed, such as Farnham Royal House, near Slough; Lea Wood (not to be confounded with Leys Wood by Mr. Shaw), Loughton Hall, and Westcombe Park, near Greenwich. The types varied, now leaning to the sixteenth century Manor House, and again to the so-called Queen Anne, but all characteristically English, and not to be mistaken for anything but what they are—English Country Houses. The multitude of charming features scattered through these Designs is amazing; their variety is seemingly endless. Take, for example, the chimney corner or ingle nook. We have them of all kinds, from the sumptuous to the homely, and yet all are homely. As Mr. Eastlake says—"There is, perhaps, no feature in the interior of even an ordinary dwelling house which is capable of more artistic treatment than the fireplace of its most-frequented sitting room, and yet how long it was neglected! . . . How picturesque and interesting an object a fireplace may become when Designed by an Artist's hand."

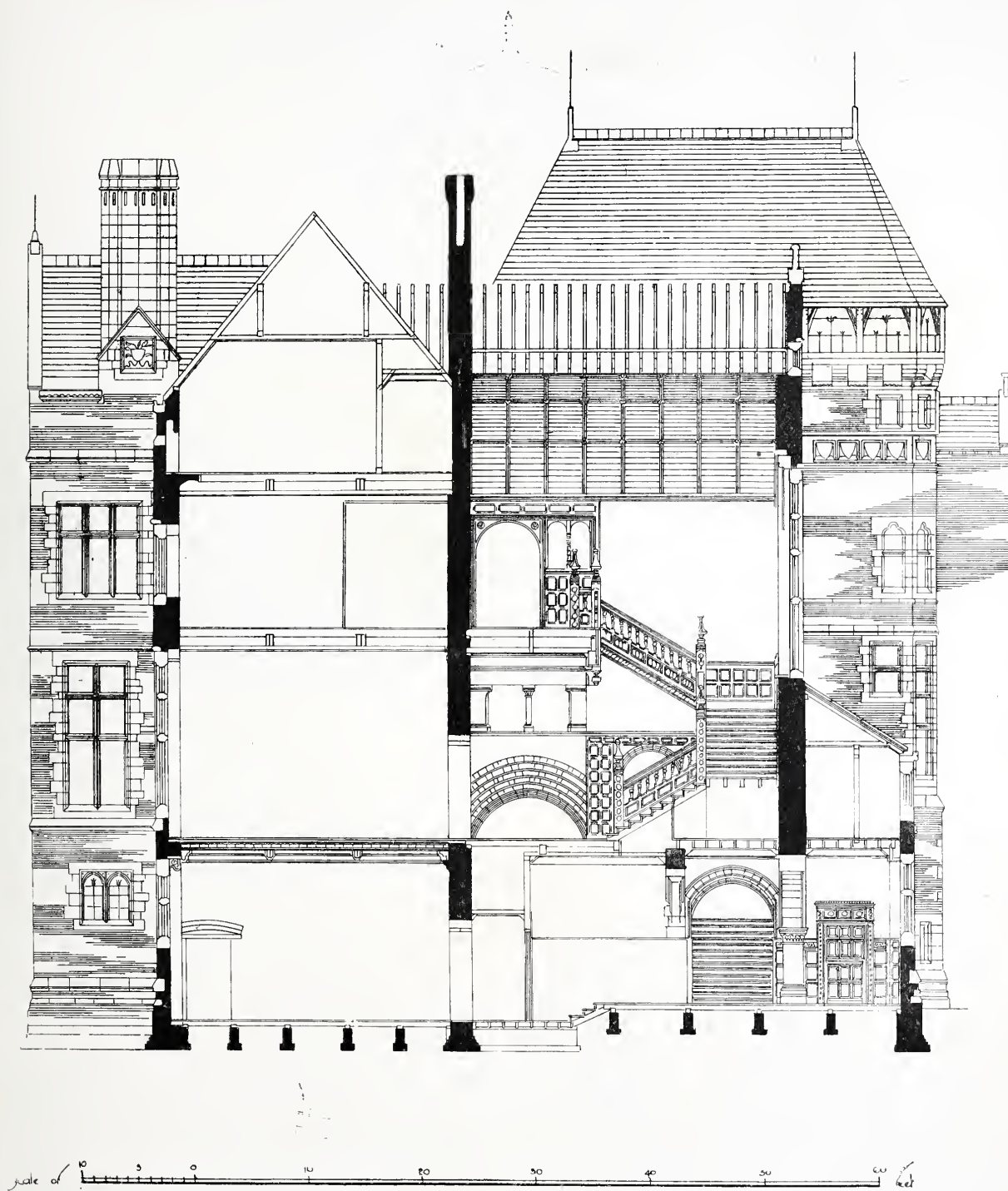
Kinnel was not an entirely new house like Cloverley, but extensive additions and alterations to a somewhat unpretending example of eighteenth century Classic. The additions, however, proved in the end of such importance that the place is almost a small Hampton Court in its way—indeed Nesfield's enthusiasm for this revived Classic, of which he was a pioneer, ran away with him to such an extent that the first design for Kinnel, when it came to be estimated for, proved too costly, so it had to be reduced and done all over again, much to his regret, and to that of everyone who saw and could appreciate so masterly an achievement.

As it stands, however, Kinnel is a splendid house, treated with a broad and dignified grasp of the subject, a sense of proportion, and a skill in detail unrivalled by any of its contemporaries. It is built of red brick, with stone dressings, and grey-green slates for the roof. The chapel is a noteworthy feature in the garden front, and it can be seen at a glance that it is the domestic oratory of a great country house, and does not ape a church-like effect. The same refinement of decorative detail prevails at Kinnel as at Cloverley. The interior is rich in panelling, in plaster work,





CLOVERLEY HALL : SECTION
THROUGH HALL AND STAIR-
CASE.



CLOVERLEY HALL :
SECTION THROUGH
STAIRCASE.



S. SOPHIA, SALONIKA.

BYZANTINE ART: BY ROBERT WEIR SCHULTZ: PART TWO.

BY IN Churches of Byzantine type the windows are of three varieties, either single lights or groups of twos and threes. The single light windows are small and simple, and serve to light the smaller apses, the sides of the narthex, and usually also the domes. In the two and three light windows the lights are subdivided by thin upright mullions of marble, rounded or splayed on the edges. The capital is of a splayed form, and projects much more in front than at the sides. In the space between the inner arch of each light, and the outer inclosing arch of the whole, we sometimes find an ornamental glazed lustre plate fitted in with tile patterns arranged in the spandrels at each side.

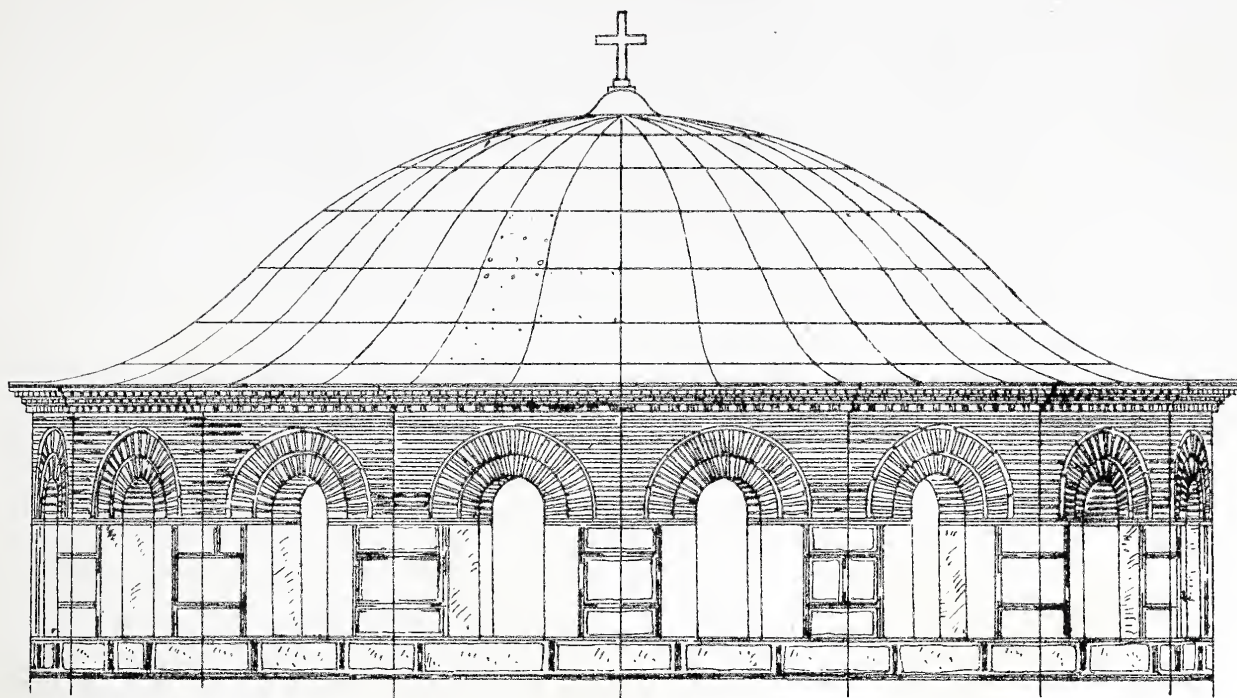
The two-light windows were used in the side walls, in the gables, and occasionally we find them in the apses as well. The three-light variety is sometimes found in the gables, and more often in the great apse.

A legend has been handed down to the effect that the Emperor Justinian, when he was building the great Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople,

intended to construct the eastern apse without windows, but that an Angel, appearing to the Architect, instructed him to light the Holy Table by three windows, in honour of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

The window openings were filled in with thin semi-transparent pieces of marble, and at intervals circles were pierced through these, into which discs of glass were inserted. These slabs were sometimes quite plain, but occasionally were carved with an interlacing pattern in low relief. A cheaper form of filling consisted in substituting for the marble slab one of cast plaster. This was almost invariably covered with ornament. Wood fillings were also used, and they were often made up of small pieces joined together to form a kind of lattice of diamonds, at other times they were arranged with curved lines.

Reference has already been made to the almost general use of tiles for the roof coverings of these Churches at the present day, but in some cases we find that the roofs of the domes are still lined with lead. Justinian gilded the domes of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and Eusebius tells us that the dome of the Church of the Holy Apostles



ELEVATION OF DOME: NO. ONE TYPE.

in that city was "covered with gilt-bronze tiles, which dazzled the eyes."

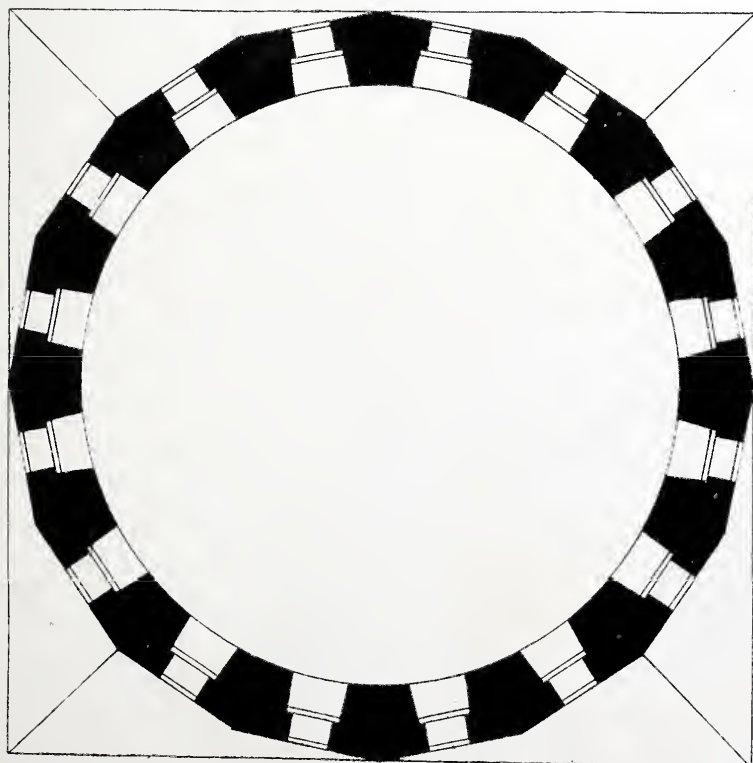
The effect of these Churches, with their walls of marble blocks, or yellow tufa stone, interspersed with lines of tiles and bands of tile ornamentation, and topped with a varied outline of red roofs and domes standing out against the deep blue of the sky or nestling amongst groves of olives or poplar trees, as we find them, for instance, in the neigh-

bourhood of Athens to-day, is exceedingly striking and picturesque.

The Churches of the monasteries followed on almost identical lines the parish Churches. There was no essential difference in the plan, and the forms and arrangements of the internal treatment and of the external grouping were materially the same. The most sumptuous of these Churches had their walls internally lined with various coloured

marbles arranged in strips and panels, and their vaults were covered with mosaics; the humbler ones were painted in fresco throughout, the lower part of the walls to imitate marble panelling, and the upper parts and vaults covered with a complete scheme of iconography.

It should, however, be noted that, before the marble linings and the mosaic coverings were added, these buildings were practically finished as structures, and the rest was only so much applied ornament which could be added at any time, and was often added later or sometimes never added at all. The marble was very skilfully used as a thin veneer affixed to the walls by metal holdfasts, and it was often carefully selected and arranged with a view to giving bright contrasts of colour and a general richness of effect, but always in a broad and masterly manner. Beautifully veined slabs of Cippolino were used for the panels, and these were split and



PLAN OF DOME. NO. ONE TYPE.

opened out, and arranged in series of twos or fours with splendid effect ; round these one generally finds a slightly projecting rounded fillet of white marble, and sometimes this is enriched with cut facettings.

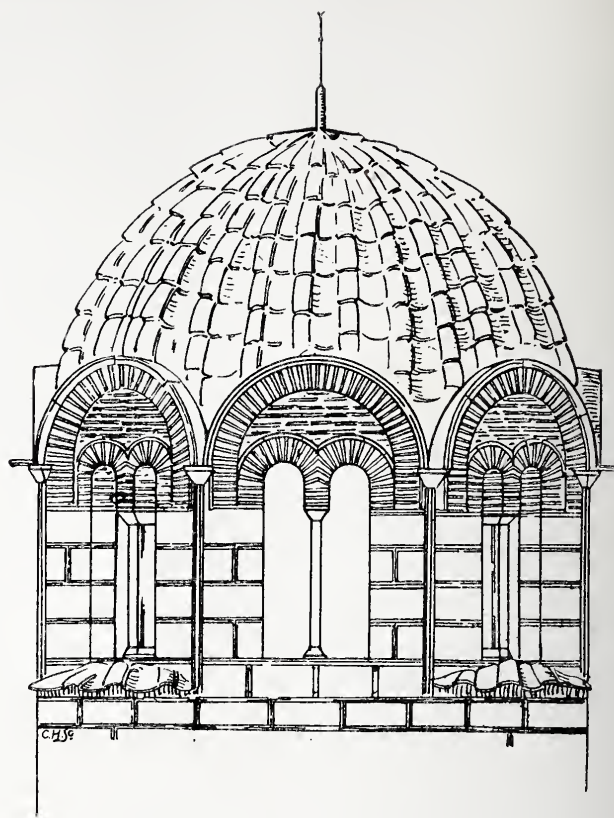
The borders were made of narrow slabs of red or green variegated marbles, which set off the delicate veinings of the Cippolino panels. A moulded base usually runs round the floor, and above this was often placed a high dado of slabs of green or grey veined marble ; above this, again, we may find a narrow horizontal band, perhaps of red or green, or sometimes of marble mosaic work arranged in patterns, the thin white strip or roll dividing the courses in each case. Next would probably come the large Cippolino panels with the darker borders.

The projecting string-courses over the marble linings were, in some examples, formed of white marble, either plain or with an ornamental pattern cut in from the face and filled up with red or green composition ; in other examples they were made of ornamental cast plaster fixed to a rough stone or brick core.

The mosaics covered the curved surfaces of the arches, vaults, pendentives, and domes. The general effect was a mass of gold with richly-coloured ornamental borders round the edges, and with figures of saints inserted in circles in the centres of the spandrels of the vaults, or rising from the springings of the arches. The richness of the colour introduced into these figures made them look like gems in a gold setting.

The tympana under the arches were often also covered with mosaics, which here took the form of pictorial representations of scenes illustrating events of sacred history.

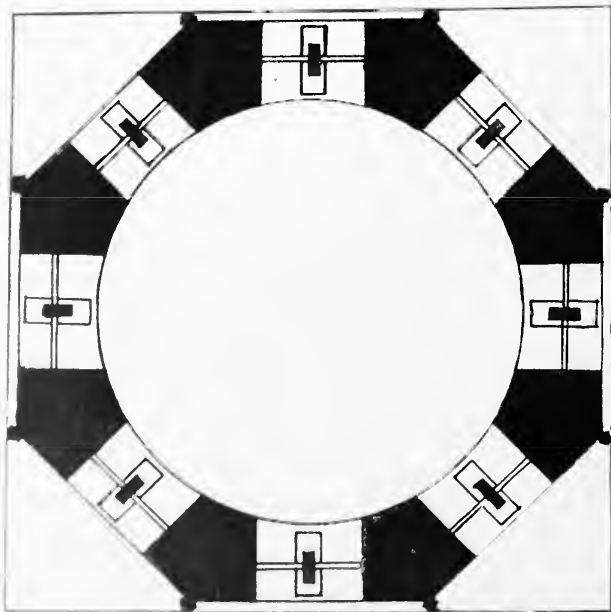
These mosaics were composed of small cubes of



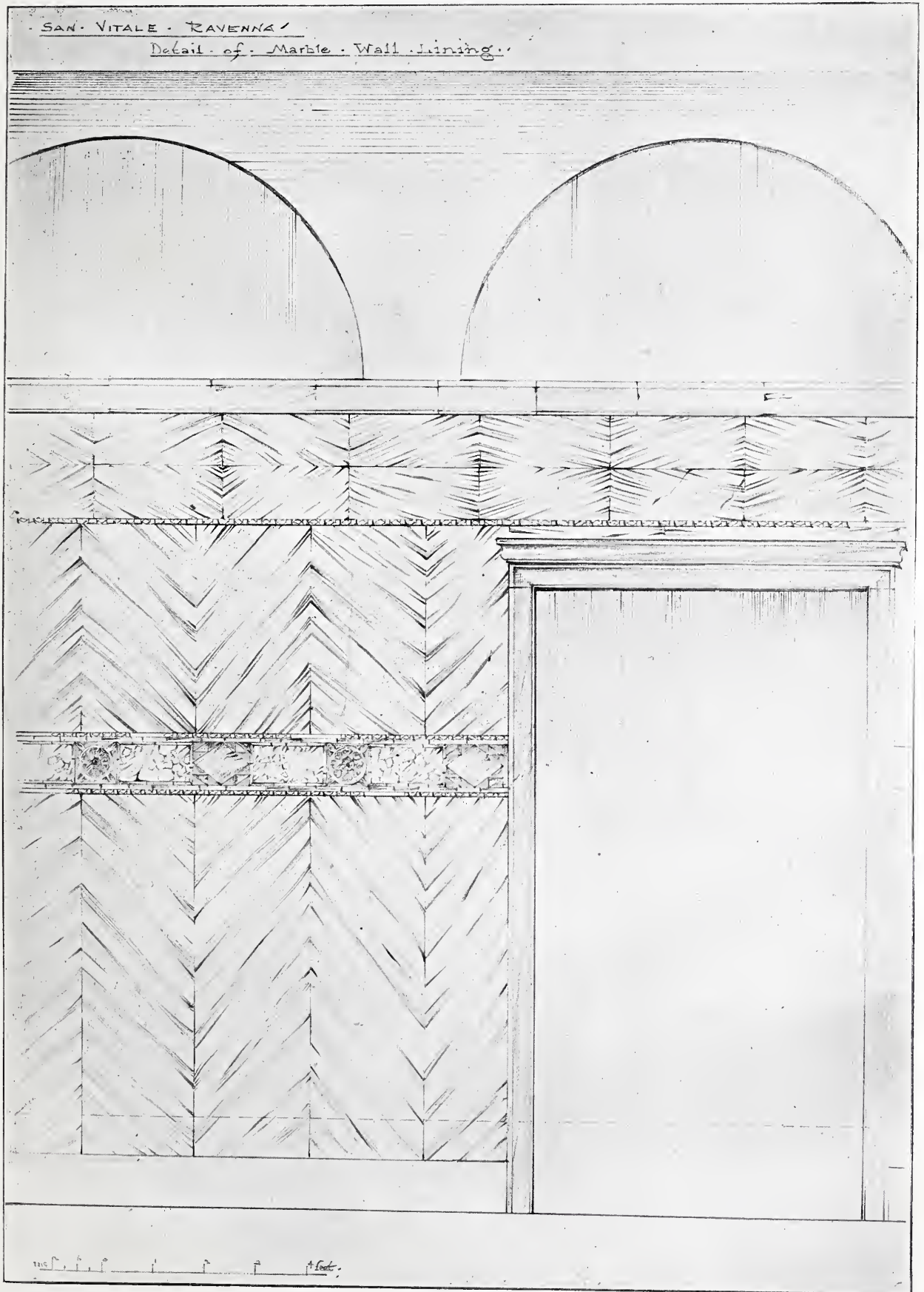
ELEVATION OF DOME: NO. TWO TYPE.

glass of bright colours, or covered with gold, and they were set in a plaster ground fixed to the brick vaulting or arches. All the cubes, however, were not of glass ; the whites and pale colours, as, for instance, those used to represent flesh tints and light draperies, being often of marble. In the earlier mosaics the cubes are more irregular in shape and size than in the later ones, where they average about three-eighths of an inch square, the marble ones used in the faces and hands being somewhat smaller. The gold cubes were made of clear glass, on which a thin flake of gold was laid, and then this was glazed over and burnt in, being thus rendered practically imperishable. The coloured glass cubes were of equal colour right through.

The plaster on which the mosaics were set was put on in two coats : a coarser coat next the brick-work, and a second coat, practically of pure lime, on the top of this. The lime must have been manipulated so as to set slowly. On it the outlines of the figure subjects were boldly drawn with colour, the space to be occupied by the figure being then lined round with two or three rows of gold cubes. The figures themselves must have been put in very rapidly by the Craftsman, as there had early been established a fixed type and disposition for each figure. Although thus bound in a general way by tradition, he was able to exercise his individuality in details, and it is very interesting to observe in a single series of figures, executed by two or three men, great variety in the quality and composition,

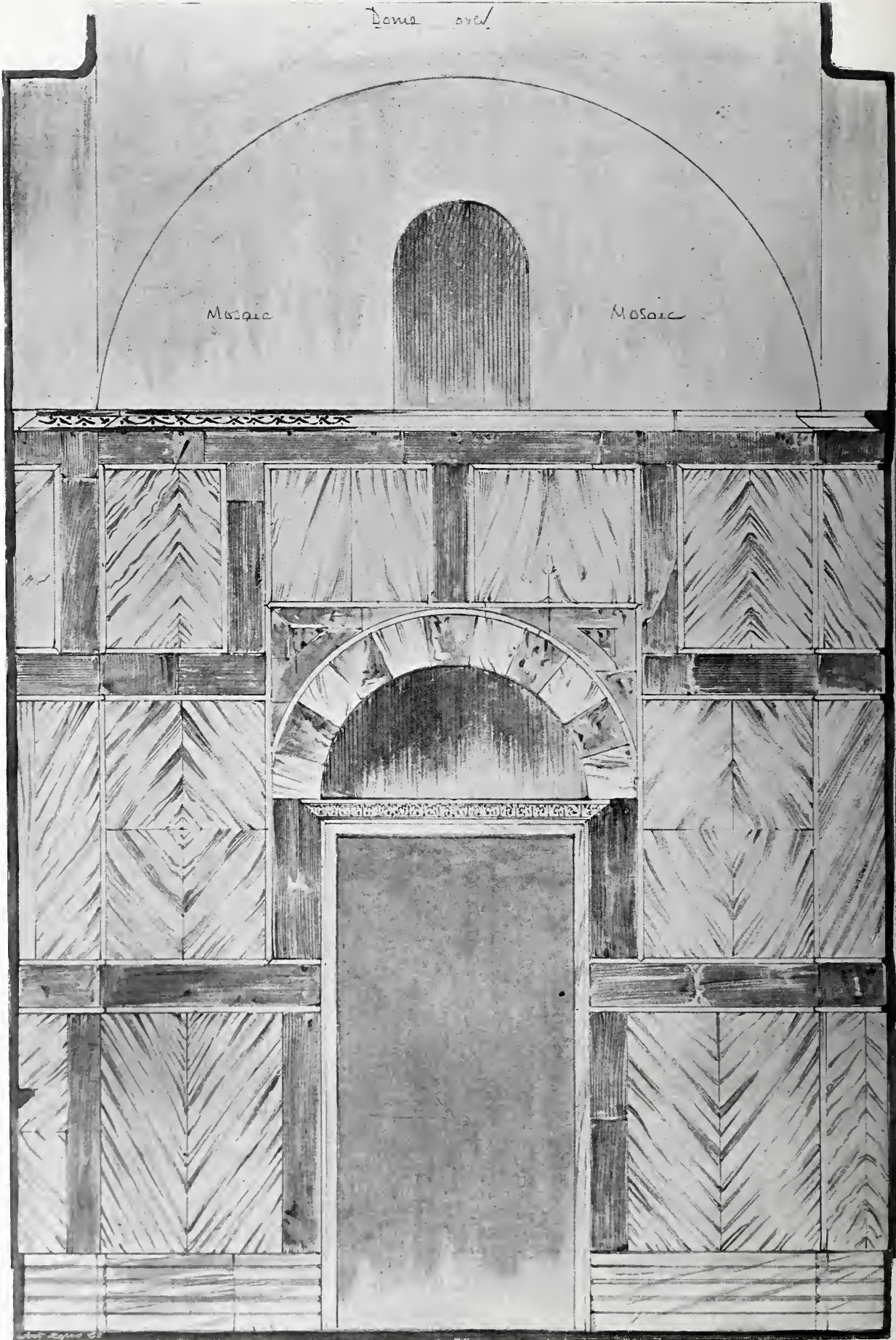


PLAN OF DOME: NO. TWO TYPE.



DETAIL OF MARBLE WALL : SAN VITALE, RAVENNA :

FROM A DRAWING BY R. WEIR SCHULTZ.



CHURCH OF THE CHORA, CONSTANTINOPLE: END OF THE NARTHEX:

FROM A DRAWING BY R. WEIR SCHULTZ.

and it is not difficult to distinguish which had been done by the same man. The work was all executed in position in a straightforward manner, the Craftsman working up the details of the subject as he proceeded. He did not follow rigidly the lines of a full-sized cartoon carefully worked out beforehand, as would be the case with a modern workman.

The cubes were pressed in to the moist lime, the interstices being filled up by the material thus pressed forward, and there was no washing or brushing over of the surface afterwards with a grouting coat. No doubt a flat bat was used to beat in the cubes, and, especially in the later mosaics, the surface is fairly regular and even, but not rigidly so.

The colour scheme was kept broad and simple, particular points of detail being emphasised by the use of bright spots of colour, pearl, gold, or silver, which formed striking contrasts with the broad simple lines of the draperies.

The general scheme of the pictorial decoration was, as we have remarked, arranged more or less on fixed lines. The Byzantine painters undoubtedly inherited the Craft traditions and methods of the Greeks. An examination of the remains of Christian paintings on the walls of the Opisthodomos of the Parthenon—the narthex of the

Christian Church of S. Sophia—tends to show that they were executed in the manner in which it is known that the ancient Greeks worked. The Greek painters followed traditional lines as to grouping and treatment of subject, and it is evident that their successors were not long in arranging the subjects appropriate to the new faith in compositions, which soon became fixed and accepted in their general

lines. With the composition of the subjects thus arranged, their proper positions in the scheme of decoration of a Christian church soon became settled, and especially in the smaller parochial and monastic Churches, where the lines of the structures varied from one another but little in essentials, the grouping of the iconography followed in similar lines.

The following is a general description of the main lines of the decorative scheme of one of the most perfect of the more sumptuous variety of the monastic churches.

The walls of the narthex are lined, as far as the springings of the arches, with marble, skilfully arranged in panels to show by contrast the splendid colourings of the materials. Above, in the tympana, are pictorial representations in mosaic of sacred subjects, "the Crucifixion," "Christ breaking down the Gates of Hades," "Christ washing the feet of his Disciples," "the Doubting of St. Thomas." Over the central door is a half length figure of our Lord, also in mosaic. He blesses with one hand, and with the other holds open the Book of the Gospels, on which is inscribed the passage from St. John commencing "I am the light of the world." Overhead in the central vault, are representations of the "Holy Mother," of the "Baptist," and of the two arch-

angels "Gabriel and Michael"—the guardians of the entrance. On the arches of the vaults are representations of the twelve Apostles, and elsewhere in the vaults, etc., are figures of various other saints.

Entering the church by the central doorway, one sees in the crown of the dome another great figure of Christ dominating the whole structure, symbolic of our Lord's triumph over death and



MOSAIC, RAVENNA :

MADONNA ORARATI.

Ascension into Heaven, from whence He watches over His Church upon earth. Grouped round under this are figures of the Holy Mother, of the Baptist, and of the four Archangels. Lower down between the windows of the dome are representations of sixteen Prophets, each holding a scroll containing a passage from his prophecies.

Running round under the dome is a carved band, or string-course. In the four great pendentives of the dome are mosaic pictures of the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, the Baptism, and the Presenta-

detail, and the walls below are all faced with marble lining.

The beauty of the interior of this church, with its wealth of marble lining to floor and walls, and its gorgeous mosaic decoration, is, even in its decay, quite wonderful, and one can imagine its great grandeur, when, in addition, it was filled with beautiful things in the shape of furnishings; gorgeous hangings, splendid lamps, etc. And this church is only one of the many that existed throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.



THE EMPRESS THEODORA :

MOSAIC, RAVENNA.

tion in the Temple. On three of the main arches are figures of warrior Saints, and on the sanctuary arch are the two Archangels once more. In the dome of the sanctuary is represented the scene at the Feast of Pentecost—the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the gift of tongues to the disciples. In the apse, the All-holy Mother, clad in a blue robe, and seated on a gorgeous throne, holds the Infant Saviour.

Such are the principal subjects and their disposition, but the smaller vaults and arches are also covered with saints and martyrs too numerous to

The civic and domestic buildings followed on the same fundamental principles as the churches. They were based on sound constructive lines, the decoration was applied in the same way; in the more luxurious the walls and floors were of marble, and the vaults and domes of gorgeous mosaic. One can get some idea of what the great palace of the emperors at Constantinople may have been like from a perusal of Labarte's book. The simple houses of the villagers were probably very much the same as we find to-day in the unchanging East, where the old sound methods of building



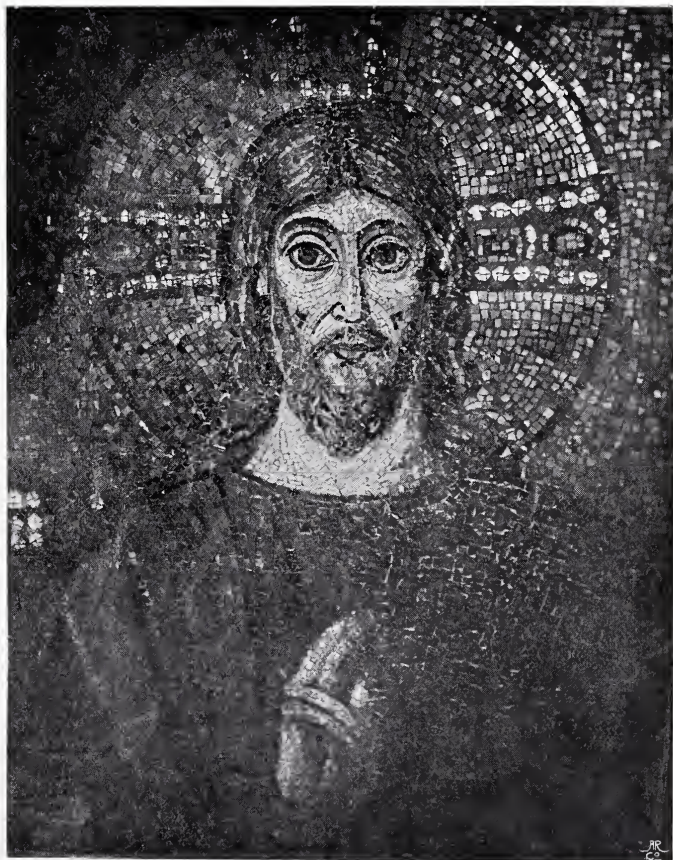
DOME OF BAPTISTERY : S. MARIA, RAVENNA.

apart from the constructional methods and results, should only interest us historically. They were built to suit other needs and other climates than ours. The arrangement and composition of their pictorial decoration in mosaic or fresco—their iconography—should also only claim our study from a similar point of view. The methods they employed, how they got the maximum of effect in the simplest way and with the least material, how they grouped their colouring so as to get full value for every tone, how the arrangement of their backgrounds set out the composition of the picture—these and such like are the points from which we may learn something. The mere form of the figures, the types of the costumes, the architectural accessories, all belong to a time and a state of things that is gone from us, and lives only as history.

and construction are still found carried on in practice much as they were a thousand years ago.

In conclusion, the main lessons to be learned from the Byzantines are on the structural side, their straightforward building methods, their grappling with great problems of construction, their legitimate and economical use of materials both in a structural and decorative sense—this can be seen well in their use of marble; marble used in great blocks and pillars as a strong material capable of supporting great weight; other marbles used in thin slabs as costly and beautiful decoration, arranged so as to get great wealth and contrast of colour with the minimum of material. Their application of gold in mosaic is a splendid instance of economy. Here we find the thin, fragile gold leaf laid on a glass ground, and covered over with a thin film of transparent glass, which rendered it practically imperishable.

In their carving again we see how they gained a richness of effect at comparatively small cost, and they enhanced this by using it sparingly, so that every piece told in the general composition. The particular forms of their buildings, and the details of the same,



HEAD OF CHRIST : BYZANTINE MOSAIC:

DESIGN IN DRAWINGS: WITH SKETCHES AND PLANS: BY BERESFORD PITE.

IN the absence of a general perception of Architectural beauty by the English builder, whether he be building proprietor, contractor, or surveyor, and being without an inherited national talent, or its equivalents, for the production of simple, natural Architecture, the Architect has to compose himself as best he can amidst the barrenness of his world and generation, and look around and abroad, into the distant past, and further yet into the Libyan desert of Archæology, trying to induce fermentation within and among the leaves of his actual or mental sketch-book. He tries to Design, and unnatural labour and the tyranny of



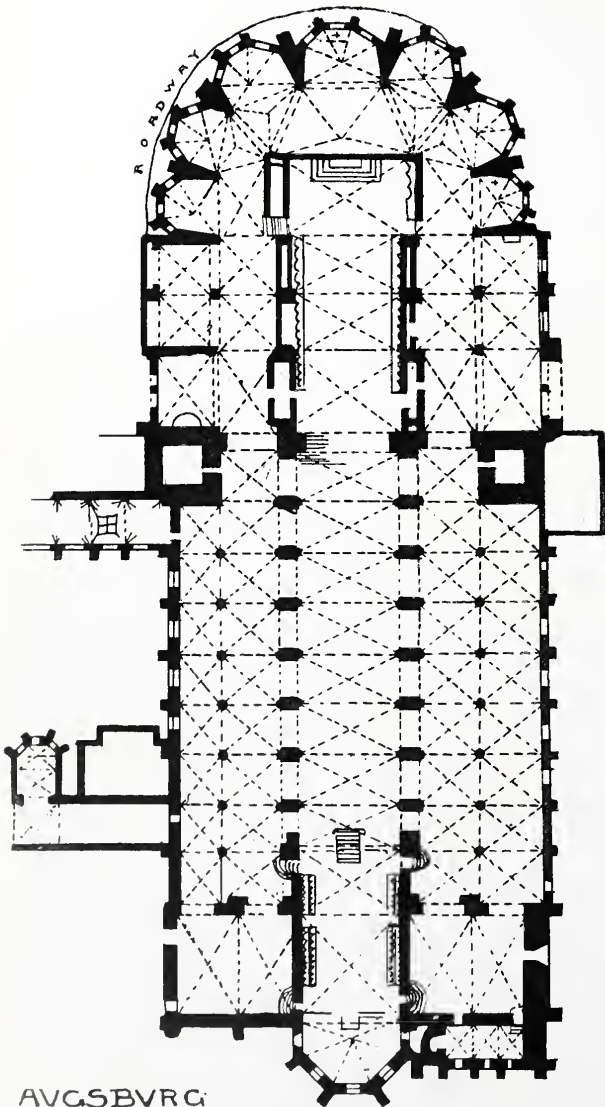
PLAN OF STONEHENGE

taste combine to make the operation unproductive of any expression of pleasant delight in his work, or of moral purpose in its mental evolution.

But it is seriously to be feared that until a more philosophical appreciation of the elements of true beauty, in character and in life, is imported into the public estimation of beauty in work, Architects who, from the teachings of simple analytical thinking know better than their practice evidences, whose thought of beauty has to be kept apart and nourished as distinct from the work that their clients demand and their circumstances permit, will have stoically to cherish hopes, which only a future generation may realise, of an Architecture in the building Crafts as sound in Design and construction as that of a man-of-war or of a railway locomotive.

They must preach and they must practise, endeavouring towards a day when their preaching and their practising shall become consistent, and that unnatural straining after an unnatural beauty avoided, which incapacitates the Artist from delight in its inception, through the unrest and distraction of present day study of Design.

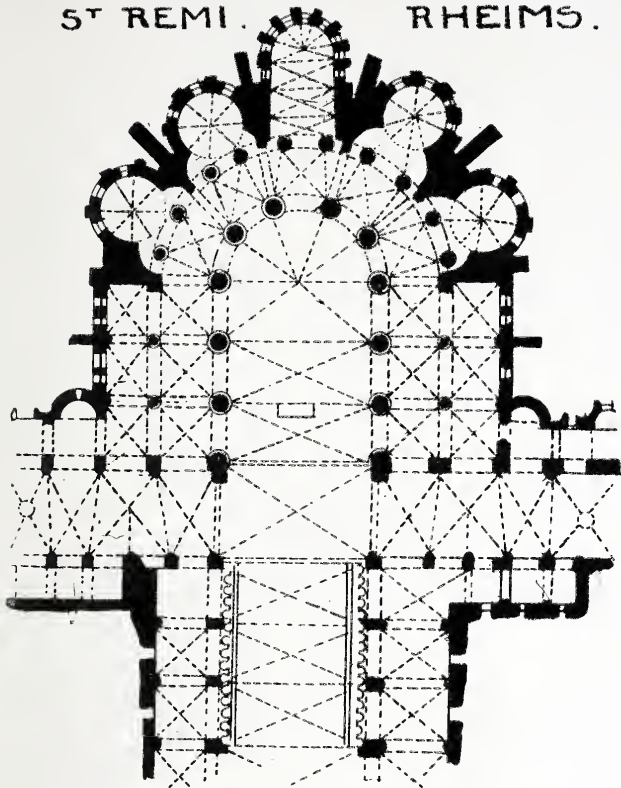
That an Architect's life is a compromise, between an Utopia of Beauty and the commercialism of to-day, must impress all who take up the study of Design, but a mutually sound basis for the study of how to impart beauty to form in building may be found initially in sound construction, effective purpose, and a personal idea and thought of what is most dignified, restful, and charming for the circumstances which have to be dealt with. The Architect has first to build his castle in the air before it can be seen on paper or erected on the earth. This work of imagining a Design is, perhaps, one of the most difficult experiences of the Architect. Visions cannot readily be conjured up to order; a barren mind cannot become fertile in



AVGSBVRG

CHURCH WAS BUILT FROM WEST END AND AT THE EAST END CONFINED BY THE ROADWAY.

ST REMI. RHEIMS.



NOTE.—In transepts, four bays on one side are vaulted into five bays on the other, necessitated by earlier piers on west side not agreeing with the choir arrangements.

ideas at dictation, and yet the *raison d'être* of the Architect, nowadays, is that he is professionally employed to bestow beauty, of which he has a concrete store, upon utility provided ready for his hand from his clients' and the builders' brains. The feeding of the imagination, therefore, with healthy stimulating food, and the cultivation of a recollection of beautiful proportions, forms, details, and colourings, with the exercise of a discerning criticism upon everything Architectural, however mean or simple the buildings observed may be, is advice of general importance.

Reasonableness in criticism, and discernment of the reason why one is tempted to like or dislike any object of criticism, are essential to such a designer. A poorly-furnished amateur may dislike, in an unreasoning agnostic spirit, red bricks or green paint, and be quite unable to say whether such a dislike is well grounded, and perhaps may be quite proud of the inexplicableness of his or her antipathies, but a professor of beauty, an expert in Design, an initiated follower of the mysteries of Architecture, an Architect, must know better and proceed upon some harmonic laws capable of analysis, not only to pass judgment upon what has been, but to imagine and create works that are to be with certainty, for without this certainty he had better do nothing at all beautiful, not only to his own eyes, but to all to whom they appeal, or they

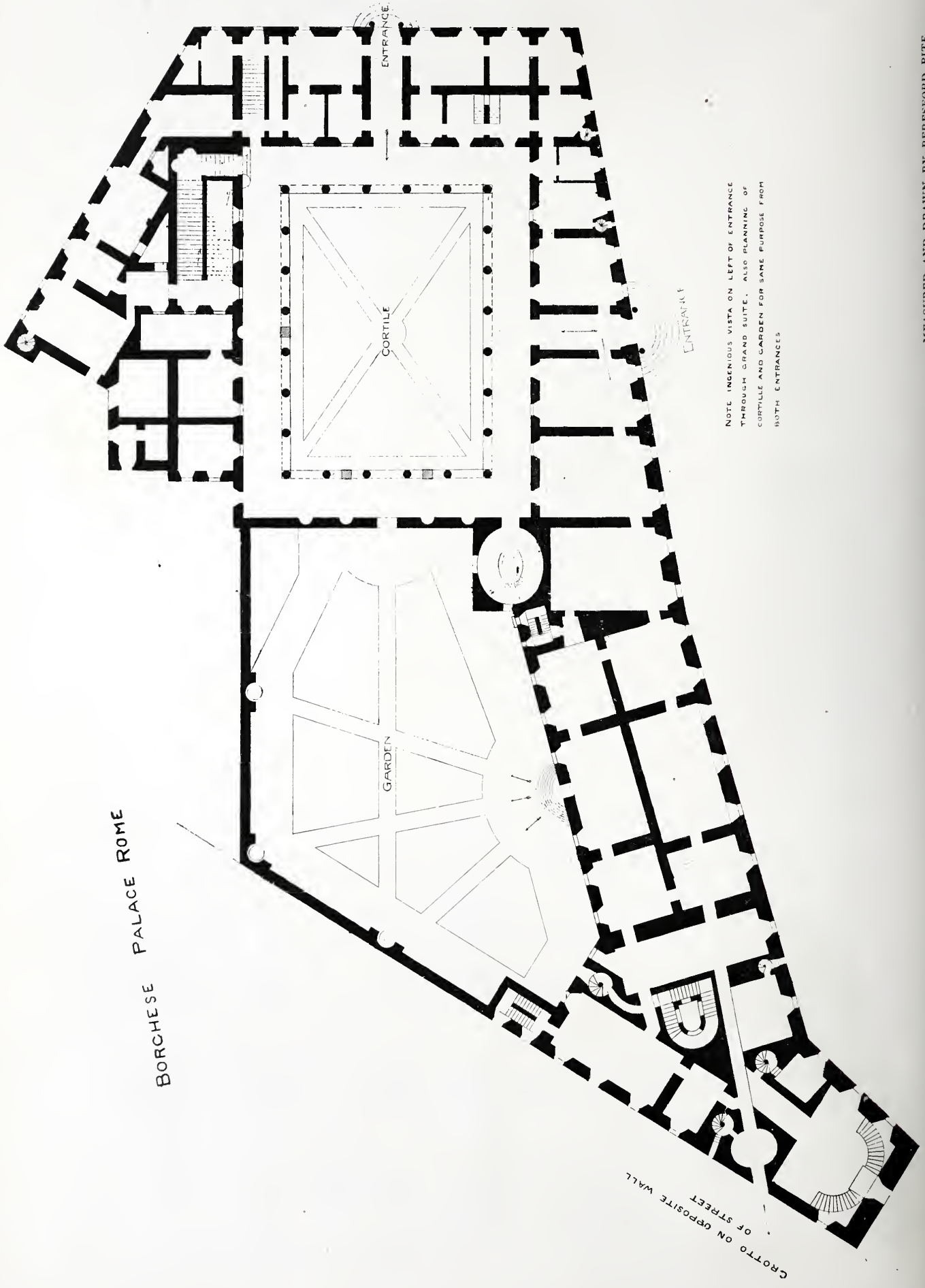
will lack that popularity which is the life-breath of a useful art.

I propose to discuss the subject of Design as practically as may be for Architects by associating the abstruse study of Design with the process by which the counterfeit presentment of the building is ordinarily produced, feeling that if we succeed in evoking interest and discovering pleasurable motives in our daily working drawings some considerable steps may have been taken towards an eventual advance in the right direction, if, as we hope, beauty is still the expression of a man's delight in his work.

Architecture is to building what music is to poetry, or what poetry is to prose; it is an intellectual exercise, a revealing by human thought of hitherto unrevealed harmonies and suggestions. These qualities the Architect has to embody in documents, contract documents, "designs, working drawings, details, and specifications." Something more, perhaps, than the score of the full orchestra, having the advantage of being visually almost the building in miniature. Though building, actual building in bricks and mortar, masonry, carpentry, and plumbing, is his goal, the illimitable pleasure of the Architect is the daily production of beautiful Designs in drawings. These documentary Designs have beauties of their own, apart from draughtsmanship, an Art of which it is in these days, unfortunately, the practice to speak slightly.

An Architect's drawings have special qualities of beauty which cannot be recognised in the building with any ease or pleasure apart from drawings. We have beautiful means as well as beautiful ends in view. A beautiful plan, as well as a beautiful perspective, is a well recognised possibility apart from any meretricious drawing or colouring. A good Architectural plan should not only be good in arrangement, good in construction, and good in style so-called, but should have an Architecture of its own, definite and distinct from the subjective elements of utility and relation to sections and elevations. This principle may be illustrated by the plan of Stonehenge, which has definite meaning and beauty, and though æsthetic elements are certainly not wanting in the elevation, its barbaric impressiveness is not directly due to the form of the plan. This beauty of plan and planning, apart from other considerations, governs the Design of a pavement, of a vaulted church, of a maze, a ceiling, or of a garden; and birds with the possible application of their vision to the plans of any great building are to be envied by Architects, more than by others who dream of them poetically as the unobservant messengers of lovers.

This beauty of plan in the drawing, the Architect is often left to enjoy by himself: in the actual building it is buried, unless surveyed and plotted;



BORGHESSE PALACE ROME

NOTE INGENIOUS VISTA ON LEFT OF ENTRANCE
THROUGH GRAND SUITE. ALSO PLANNING OF
CORTILE AND GARDEN FOR SAME PURPOSE FROM
BOTH ENTRANCES

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY BERESFORD PITE.



CHURCH OF S. ULRICH, RATISBON,
WEST GALLERY.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH
BY BERESFORD PITE.

This church has vaulted galleries all round four sides. Central space, however, has flat ceiling.

results to a single-handed student is to measure with a 5ft. rod. A plan of Lincoln Cathedral measured in this way, and drawn to a scale of 16ft. to the inch, filled nearly three weeks with most valuable study. Ratisbon Cathedral, with its very interesting cloisters which afford in the Baptistery and Roman Basilica instances of plan beauty, occupied a week to the same scale. In each case daily plotting and checking, in order to obtain an accurate result. A more rapid method, where time did not allow of plotting on the spot, was to use both rod and pacing dimensions, measuring bays with the former, and stepping long lengths. The plan of Noyon Cathedral, also to one-sixteenth scale, was thus obtained by one long

day's work. Little need be said as to the lasting value of such studies, either in the drawings obtained, or in the insight that the process gives to the meaning, purpose, and construction of every part of the building. Having obtained the plan, step aside and contemplate it as a work of Architecture in itself, and its proportions. Dignity and mass will begin to have a living meaning to you in the drawing that was unattainable visually in the building.

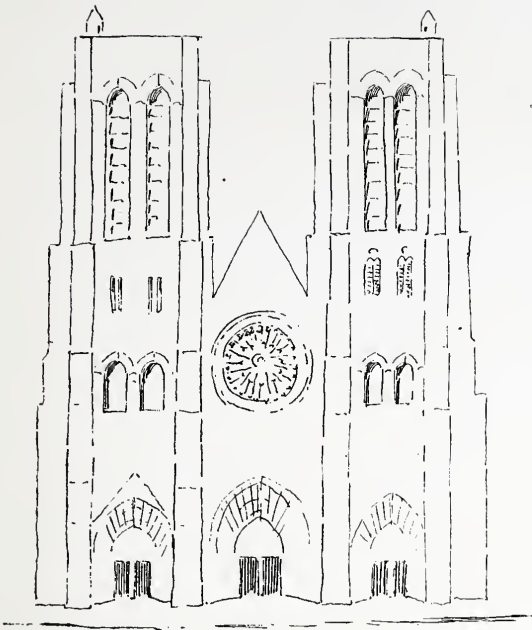
Proceeding from the plans, is it possible to take as great interest and to find such esoteric beauty in sectional drawings as maybe lies in the plans? There is a workmanlike quality about small scale sectional drawings with, perhaps, but suggestions of the design of the elevations, that, often, has prevented us from bestowing such attention upon them as works of Architectural Design as might quicken interest and pleasure. Sections are necessities, with their explication of construction of roofs, stairs, floors, and foundations, but there is more than mere necessity to be considered if sections have similar qualities of Design and interest to plans and elevations. That a good elevation is desirable, coupled with a good plan, is an incomplete and dangerous idea, and that granted as much as this, it is too often assumed the Architect has provided a combination of utility and beauty in the building, satisfactory to the smug formula as to being in the one case useful and in the other ornamental. Sectional drawings primarily are required to solve the constructional

problems of elevation, and secondarily to embody considerations of internal Architectural effect as well as to afford proper recessing and projection for the fronts. In large buildings such as churches, consisting of practically one great apartment, these two requirements combine, though the relation of internal to external effect is not a matter of any real necessity. That a cornice external to a building should coincide with an internal one is a sentiment that may have interest on a drawing, but on a drawing only. In sub-divided buildings there is naturally a key of scale and proportion internally and externally.

The first use of sections, that of solving the constructive problems of plan and height, has

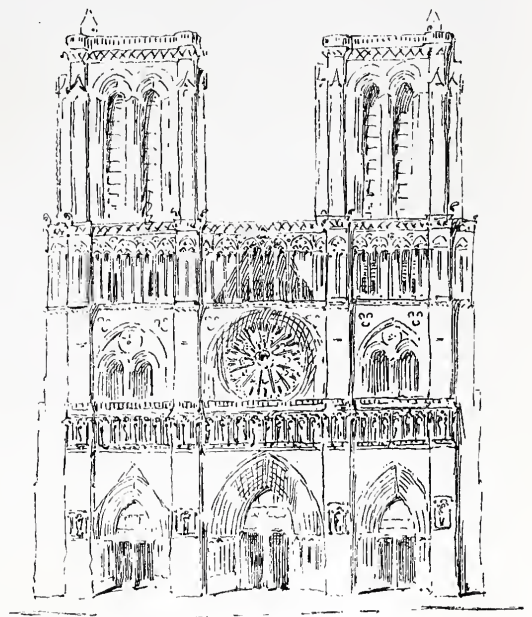


S. JEROME IN HIS STUDY.



THE CONSTRUCTIVE FACTS OF THE FRONT :
VERTICALITY—UNMITIGATED.

NÔTRE DAME, PARIS.
ILLUSTRATING METHOD OF
DESIGN :



DECORATIVE FACTS OF THE FRONT :
VERTICALITY BALANCED BY
HORIZONTALITY.

interest and beauty which is often confined to the drawings, such as that of the catenary line in vaulting abutments, and the poising and counterpoising of weight and thrust ; in the second purpose, that of expressing internal Architectural effect, drawings are not very much help, as beauty in the interior is dependent upon perspective and light and shade, effects which are more easily appreciated from a plan than a section. A charming type of sectional perspective, however, has been developed by Eugene Violett le Duc in the illustrations of his great dictionary, which should not be overlooked while dealing with sectional plans. But generally the difficult and unsatisfactory character of internal perspective drawing should be remarked. When accurately set up from possible points of sight they are delusive as to the true effect of the interior, in nearly all particulars of proportion and height ; while interior views sink into mere diagrams if set up from external positions which could not be attained in fact and execution. An internal perspective may be taken as nearly the antithesis of an external view, as useless and misleading in the one case, as in the other necessary and valuable. This is, of course, apart from considerations of pictorial value as to which the works of Piranesi and other draughtsmen are monumental protests.

In interiors the Architect may, and should be, certain of the justness and completeness of proportion, being entirely master of the situation and surroundings ; that is supposing cases where the furnishing is not inconsiderate and unfitting. His external proportions are too often at the mercy of

the neighbours' buildings, and are liable to a variety of change in surroundings that affect proportion. But how seldom is internal proportion anything else but a mere coincidence between heights fixed arbitrarily by the external elevation and by the dimensions of the plan ? A reference to the book of Inigo Jones' drawings will show how fully upon the sections he considered each apartment as a work of Architectural Design. The French Architects in perpetuating the system of projecting shadows at a consistent angle upon sectional drawings have imparted a thoroughness and sense of completeness to their work ; the real effectiveness of so conventional a method in the production of good Architecture may be well doubted, as an artificial and unattainable effect is all that is gained from the drawing. I would recommend that all the walls of any important apartment should be set up to one-half inch scale consistently, the placing of skirting, cornice, and door or window details, in their proper relation upon a drawing will involve little, if any, more labour, and greatly assist towards a satisfactory result. It may be remarked that for all internal work the one-half inch scale holds a relation to the eye very similar to that of one-eighth inch scale for external elevations.

The widths of chimney jambs, the heights of mantels and overmantels, and their proximity to corners and doors, are properly ascertained on such a drawing, and the Architect will be free from the not unusual surprise of finding how differently his room has worked out from the idea of his own drawing. This is the more true of halls and main

passages, to which a sense of proportion should always be imparted. The giving of a proper height to the ceiling, by the use of lower ceiling joists, than to the larger rooms, is a worthy and economical expedient, and will make the difference between the passages of a large house or public building having lofty stories, and those of a work-house or asylum where nothing but loftiness and light needs attention.

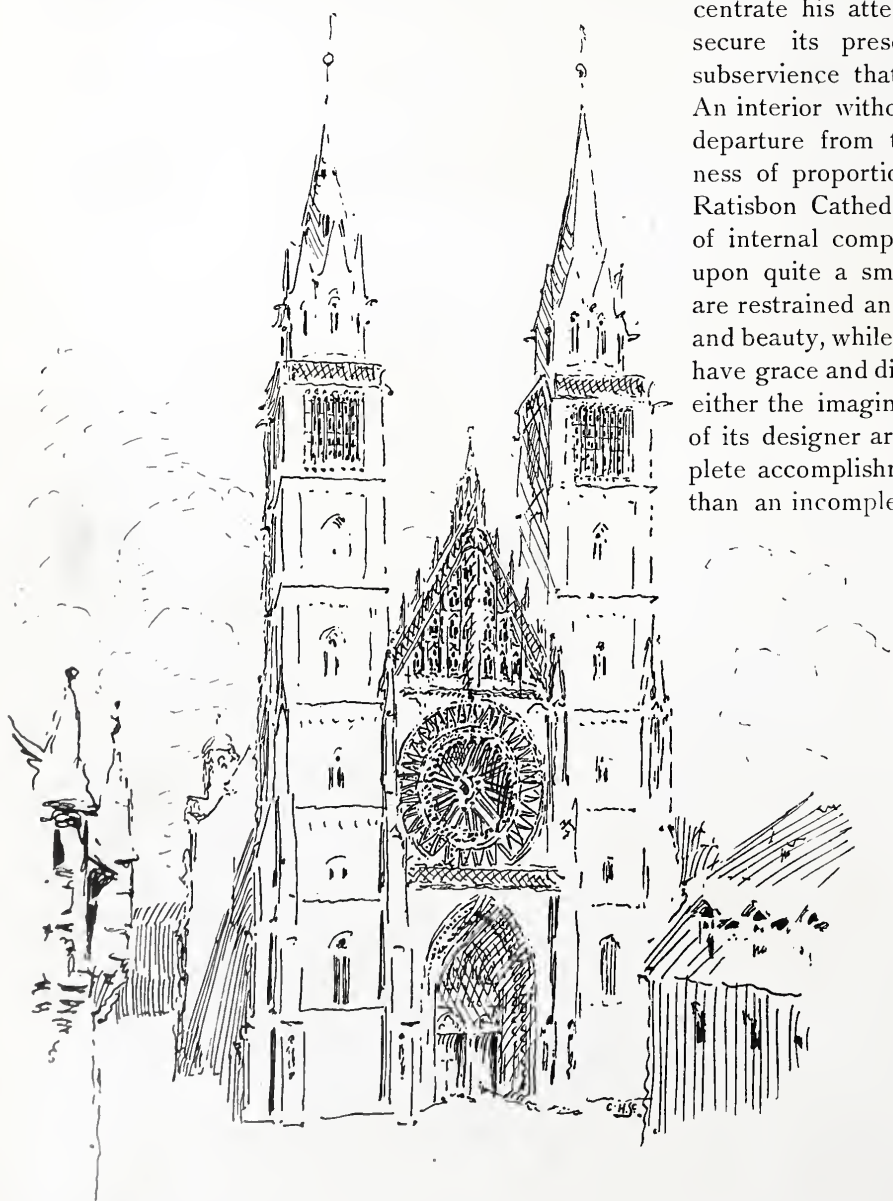
Churches, of all buildings with which Architects in general have to deal, provide the most interesting and important subjects for internal design. In them the interest concentrates itself upon the roofing, and a mental comparison between a flat ceiled and a vaulted or well timbered roof will illustrate this. There are almost endless varieties of composition of the simple factors of ground story, triforium, and clerestory, in our mediæval Cathedrals, each with meaning and interest of its

own. Among many points to be noted, bear in mind the importance of connecting the longitudinal walls by transverse arches or features; take care that the walls are not independent elevations, and that enclosure and compass, are expressed in the design of the ends.

The matchless front of Peterborough Cathedral, so original and entrancing an effort of design, has always suggested to me the design of the interior of a magnificent nave, spread out on the front for the spectator's benefit. The poising and sustaining of the roof above the large voids of a clerestory, and over the spaces of aisles, is not merely an engineering feat, but an æsthetic fact to be emphasised and enjoyed, lofty airiness, mysterious lighting, strength, and enrichment, as well as wonderment at skill, are all elements of thought at the disposal of the designer. In such cases it will be well for the designer, or student, to concentrate his attention upon one quality at a time, secure its presence, and subdue others to a subservience that shall emphasise the main idea. An interior without costly ornament or any marked departure from typical precedent may have justness of proportion and dignity of line and effect. Ratisbon Cathedral is a very remarkable example of internal completeness and justice of proportion upon quite a small scale. The lines of the plan are restrained and simple, yet full of thoughtfulness and beauty, while the internal elevations and section have grace and dignity, and please without straining either the imagination or memory. The ambitions of its designer are evidently satisfied, and the complete accomplishment of his modest idea is better than an incomplete example of vaulting ambition.

Among modern Architects, Mr. Pearson's work is important to the student for a manifest evolution and development of handling, and for a steady progression from one satisfactory result to another. His series of six or seven London Churches are worth a pilgrimage for consecutive study. They were erected, I believe, in the following order, and cover the best period of the Gothic revival:—(1) the Church in Bessborough Gardens, Vauxhall Bridge; (2) St. Peter's, Kennington Lane; (3) St. Augustine's, Kilburn; (4) St. John's, Red Lion Square, Holborn; (5) St. Michael's, Croydon; (6) St. John's, Norwood; (7) the Catholic Apostolic Church, Maida Vale.

(To be Concluded.)



S. LORENZ, NÜRNBERG:
WEST FRONT:

SHOWING CONCENTRATION OF ORNAMENT
SKETCH BY BERESFORD PITE.



PSYCHE—IN BRONZE—OR VENUS—IN CLAY: BY THE EDITOR.

THE boy had chosen Venus, though Psyche stood quite near. In extenuation it may be urged that the boy was born in Bethnal Green. He had wandered a little way, but it was still the East End, for the East End is limitless, like the Orient, though it has not the Orient's dawn. Venus and Psyche stood close together in the Museum, diminutive, and, I think, a little battered, plaster both of them, their fires and quarrels out. As a general rule, the East End knows Venus, but has its doubt about the Soul.

He was a pale boy with a strong mouth, his lips growing thin when he spoke of his ambitions. His body, it seemed to me, had grown thin a long while. He was a Board School boy—as if that mattered—and he was eleven years old. He was drawing upon a large card. I read upon the green front of the card the name of a once fashionable collar. This told me even a Board School boy had wits.

The boy saw me, but he never hesitated; he preferred Venus, and no man would blame him. A stump of crayon smudged his fingers. Once he let the crayon rest upon the card and he slipped the hand of genius through his restless hair, giving grey touches to his brow—washes in crayon. In a moment the boy grew old, his pallor grim; for ambition is an artist in grey.

He worked again, his left arm holding the card as if it had been a violin. I should never have spoken to the boy, for I had grown to reverence him, had he not broken breath with me.

There may have been subtleties he could not suggest in Venus—will not the years teach him?—or, maybe, he had done his best. That he was not content, serene, is in my power to prove.

He put the stump of crayon into his pocket, but it made its way out, for he had forgotten the hole. The little stump of crayon broke into merciless dust, and a boy saw his future die. *

At such loss he looked, with bowed head, and then some things we should all have known began to trickle down. They fell upon his jacket and to the floor, mixing with the broken dust, and, though I longed to put an arm round the boy, I knew there was surer solace within. Those strong lips grew thin, and I heard grief close the door with a sob.

"It's my last bit," he said.

Then his eyes flew to Venus. His Venus lay upon the floor, having deserted the lad in his hour. He picked the card up, taking it to his arms again, and I marvelled lest Psyche were working in revenge.

Bethinking himself, he came and said:

"Is it like *that*?" pointing to the battered figure. "I don't mind—," the boy's courage caught—"I don't mind what's broken. Is it like *that*?"

His accent was pure School Board.

He held Venus out to me. She was not a fleshly Venus, and hardly round enough for a man's fancy. It struck me, oddly, that Venus might have looked so when she grew old, though no painter ever trespassed so far. The outline was vigorous, if hard, and the contour was not devoid of naked beauty.

He read my thought.

"Down't say it *ain't* good."

There was a plaint, as if too many had told him that, effectually, with reinforcements.

His eyes flashed older.

"I'll get *her*," he cried, his lips thin and firm, "I'll get *her*—in the end."

He was old again; old enough to know the sex of Venus. His voice trembled with passion.

"Are you an Artist?" I asked, to help him over the years.

"No," he answered, accepting the word, "I'm going to make *her*—in clay."

"A Sculptor!" I said.

We were passing out, the boy with Venus, and happy, tantalized by her, consoled to think he was a Sculptor.

* * * * *

The remnants of a woman met the boy outside, her voice high-pitched, desirous, evil-mouthed, the last strength within her, save spirit.

She seized the boy's treasured card, and clenched both hands upon it.

It resisted; she ripped it to the air.

"Come 'ome, little bag of bownes," said she.

Those strong lips quivered with the old effort to grow firm; his Venus lay in awkward pieces in the mud; card and crayon gone.

The Soul broke loose within him.

"Oh!" he sobbed, "my card, my broken pencil, and my card," and his tears fell through his hands.

Will that boy mould Psyche—in bronze—some day?

THE PENDULUM OF ART CRITICISM:

It is interesting to watch how the great pendulum that ticks off the successive epochs in the history of Art, is now swinging aside from that revolution in æsthetic thought which we still are inclined to regard as a new thing; and is approaching upon other ideals. To Art a new wave of thought is nearing; and already we may feel logic of criticism swelling upon us other than that which has so long held sway in identification with the name of John Ruskin. It is true that this latter-day tendency is most noticeable among the painters, for of all the Arts, Painting, from the versatility and variance of its motives and aspects, has been least amenable to

the doctrines of Mr. Ruskin; and for many years Mr. Walter Armstrong, and, in a less direct manner, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson with other Art critics, have taken a stand-point diagonally opposed to that of "Modern Painters." It is, however, of Architecture we have here to speak: the subject to which Mr. Ruskin first applied his poetic instincts, and upon which his influence will be, assuredly, most lastingly felt. This may be said advisedly, for it must seem a logical conclusion from any comparison of his writings with the peculiar qualities of Architecture as differing from the kindred fine Arts. It is often and rightly observed (indeed, the saying has become a truism with us), that Architecture deals in abstractions: that it is a presentative Art, as distinct from representative; and when we recognise how the real value of Mr. Ruskin's work lies in its abstract teaching: in the spirit of its philosophy, and by no means in its concrete examples and specific figures and illustrations, we have good reason for believing (even did we not know it by a hundred subtle and convincing intuitions and manifestations) that the present revulsion of critical feeling in certain quarters will not readily spread to include Architecture. If anything is to be regretted of the noble books that have come from Mr. Ruskin's pen on the subject of Architecture, it is a too frequent divergence from his purely abstract lessons; and the pages wherein these lapses occur will always be of least value for us. We may well conceive this if we compare his works with those of a contemporary writer with whom he has much in common—Thomas Carlyle. Even in the essays written in criticism of the politics of his day, Carlyle contrives to keep clear of specific recommendation, of direct advice or practical suggestion: and it is his strength. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, is ready to enlarge upon the technical utility of the nail in the same page upon which he has invoked the Divinity. Too often, also, he runs his philosophy to ground. In his "Poetry in Architecture," for an example, there is a fine passage on the Woodland Cottage, emphasising the reliance of the beauty of a cottage upon its coincident fitness with country, the scene, and the locality of the site. From these he advances that whenever the pitch of the roof agrees with the angle of the surrounding tree-clumps, this unison of effect is expressed; and advises this should be considered in the designing of the cottage. Lastly, he gives a diagram showing, by letters A, B, and C, how this angle may be obtained from the line of the tree-tops, and plotted to fit with the dimensions of the intended roof. The chapter is a retrogression from the sublime to the ridiculous. Like Sam Johnson, Mr. Ruskin has a butt end to his pistol, and he is all too ready to avail him of this great power of derision of his; not



LEONARD STOKES:
ARCHITECT.

as Carlyle would affect it, but in just such specific terms, as we have shown, he will make application of his theories, and by one phrase banish the conviction his earnestness and persuasion have established in the mind of his reader. To term St. Stephen's "a foolscap in freestone;" to say vermiculated rustics are like "worm-castings" by way of condemnation of them; to revile the west window of Winchester Cathedral, because, as a climax, it has "two pleasing interstices in the shape of carving knives;" and such other conceits, must always detract from the dignity of his personality and purpose. To recognise these characteristics, which may fairly be considered detractions from the inherent value of Mr. Ruskin's writings on the subject of Architecture, should, however, rather add to, than detract from, the appreciation of his books; because, though they impinge upon, yet they do not form part of his central lesson. For this reason, and for the reason of the purely *presentative* nature of his subject above referred to, the changing fashion of criticism in the kindred fine Arts will not readily be applied to Architecture. Indeed, it may almost be said that the case of the Architect is reversed with the Painter; and that the latter finds the technical and specific phase of Mr. Ruskin, of greater value and interest for him, than the rhetorical and philosophic.

BULKELEY CRESWELL.

SKETCHES IN SEFTON PARK, LIVERPOOL:

THESE sketches are the result of an afternoon's search after Architecture in the neighbourhood of Sefton Park, Liverpool. That most delightful angle of the vicarage to St. Agnes' Church is by Mr. Norman Shaw, and the gable end is of Mr. Leonard Stokes' well-known Church of St. Clare. This latter has been well known to me—on paper—for years, and was the immediate object of my visit to Sefton Park on a certain sunny afternoon last September. I may say at once that the versions I knew so well failed entirely to give one an adequate idea of the beauty of what is really one of the best examples of Mr. Stokes' originality and power of design. Like Mr. Shaw's vicarage, the Church of St. Clare is such a pleasure to study, because it is entirely innocent of that "resurrection" kind of Architecture, by which, unfortunately, it is so surrounded and overpowered. There is no corner which does not show the Architect's care and interest in his work, and no portion which is not natural and expressive. The presbytery, planned at right angles to the north-east side of the Church, is particularly so, and marked by those rare qualities of reticence and

reserve. This portion of the design, with an exceptionally pleasant forecourt of green turf, has been studied with the greatest care, and treated with much simplicity—wherein lies its chief charm. Personally, it was a matter of great regret to me I was obliged to leave without recording it. I am hoping to see some Liverpool student give us a version of it in a water-colour drawing, for the contrast of the grass forecourt to the whiteish-yellow tone of the whole building is excellent, and forms a most enjoyable picture—that is, to those who delight in things simply arranged. I have always regretted losing the opportunity of recording it at the time, but a choice had to be made between it and Mr. Shaw's vicarage, and I am sure Mr. Stokes will not mind me saying the vicarage proved the more attractive subject of the two. This was a distinct "find," the pleasure of which is still present with me, the more so, perhaps, because at the time of sketching the building I was wrongly told the Architect's name, and it was not until some months afterwards I learnt that the real Artist was Mr. Shaw.

C. E. MALLOWS.

THE CHATEAU D'EAU AT MARSEILLES:

MARSEILLES has scarcely obtained the recognition it deserves. Compared, perhaps, with Genoa, it may be somewhat lacking in historic charm, with Naples in beauty of situation, though not without the latter altogether; but among the rebuilt and embellished cities of modern Europe, and especially of France, it stands among the first. Its principal street, the Cannebière, has long been celebrated for its stately proportions, and local patriotism asserts that "if Paris had a Cannebière it would be a little Marseilles." The town was largely rebuilt in the late Emperor's time, and boulevards, on the Parisian scale, ran right through it; they err, perhaps, as do those of the capital, on the side of monotony; but the height of the houses has been well proportioned to the width of the street. Of public buildings, the Cathedral, by Vaudoyer, exhibits the strong partiality of French Architects for Byzantine. It is in three alternate courses of white, grey, and black, and its interior has been compared to a Mosque. Not, indeed, that this should surprise us, for the Saracens and Turks undoubtedly based their Architectural forms upon those of Byzantium. For centuries Marseilles had two enemies; one at her doors and ever present, the other more remote, but of whom her people stood in constant dread: drought and the plague. The former converted the whole neighbourhood into a species of Sahara; its intense heat and dust were vividly portrayed by Dickens in the



S. AGNES' VICARAGE:
LIVERPOOL: BY
NORMAN SHAW, R.A.

first chapter of "Little Dorrit;" the slight amount of tide kept the ancient harbour continually foul. The great seaborne trade with the East, dating from very early times—for the first settlers were Phocæans from Asia Minor six centuries before the Christian Era—was the chief source at once of wealth and danger. The plague was first introduced from Egypt soon after the fall of the Western Empire, again in the Middle Ages, and afterwards in 1707 from Russia and Hungary. But its most destructive visitation occurred in 1720. On May 20th in that year, a ship commanded by a certain Captain Chataud, arrived from Syria. She had touched at Leghorn, and, between that place and Marseilles, six of her crew had died from some distemper, which, however, had been declared not to be plague. The men employed in landing the cargo were next attacked. There was no doubt of the nature of the epidemic this time. It spread rapidly, and nearly sixty thousand persons perished in the town. It was then that the Chevalier de Rose distinguished himself by his labours to save the living and succour the sick, but his name is less known than that of Belsunce, styled by Pope, "Marseilles' good Bishop," who stood to his post throughout the whole of that terrible time: his statue and the noble street called the Cours Belsunce, perpetuate his memory. Now all is changed. The sanitary state of Marseilles is improved immeasurably; the environs no longer present a dried-up appearance, and innumerable small country houses called Bastides, dot the neighbouring hills. This revolution is mainly due to the improved system of water supply, a mighty work worthy of the Romans. It was commenced by de Montricher, the first stone being laid on September 17th, 1839, and its object was to bring the waters of the Durance to the thirsty soil and city. The water began to flow in 1847. Starting from the Durance near Pertuis, the stream is conveyed nearly a hundred miles, and employs 237 aqueducts and 537 culverts; its most striking section being the great aqueduct of Roquefavour, built in three tiers of arches in stone. The valley at the point of passage is 1312 feet wide, the aqueduct 282 feet high. The water thus laboriously obtained enters the city over the crest of a hill, and it is at this point that the genius of Henri Espérandieu has applied beauty to use in no ordinary degree, and created one of the modern wonders of the world. Straight from the crowded harbour runs the Cannebière, the principal street of the old town, wide, handsome, broken up by many balconies; a strong Southern tone and colour pervading all things. Continuing by two modern streets we approach the small steep hill, which has been so beautifully utilised. The crest

is occupied by a portico, or open double colonnade, in pale yellow stone, interrupted midway by a high open pavilion, a feature of which French designers are very fond; it covers a group of sculptured figures; at the two ends are smaller pavilions. Immediately beneath the great pavilion the water thunders forth in a magnificent cascade, passes over immense boulders of rough hewn rock, not unlike those of the Fountain of Trévi in Rome, but larger, and enters a large ornamental basin adorned with sculpture. Thence a lower cascade carries it downwards to four steps, curved in plan, forming a water stair, each step wider than the one above it, and each flanked by two small fountains. The approach is by winding roads, through gates, and upwards by sloping gardens of turf, adorned with palms and shrubs. The colonnade serves to connect two fine wings which advance towards the spectator, each Palladian in two storeys, of which the upper is the higher; the whole boldly rusticated, the windows semi-circular headed; above is a frieze in low relief, and a well-marked cornice. The gradual ascent by gardens and terraces, the ever increasing sound of the falling water, the bright, sharply-cut, yellow stonework all around are most impressive, and the whole effect majestic. Standing by the upper basin we look up; above us rise the great Ionic columns, clearly standing out against the southern sky. The entablature is simple. The summit is utilised as a promenade—access being obtained by a small staircase in the pavilion—and commands a superb view of city, hills, and sea. From this point the skill of Espérandieu can best be appreciated, for the ground is seen to slope sharply away on each side of the colonnade: this occupies the actual crest; a high podium below raises the columns sufficiently for the cornice above them to be on a level with that of the wing buildings; they coincide exactly with the upper storey of the latter, whilst the cascade is one in height with the lower storey. A rusticated basement is provided on account of the slope. Sea and sky, gardens and palms, rushing water and stately sculpture have lent their aid to this great picture, but the conception is essentially one of Architectural effect. The wings are both Museums, one of Natural History, the other of Fine Arts. The former is rich in shells from the Mediterranean; the latter contains some superb examples of the Provençal School painters who are too little known. The "Sommeil de la Nympe," by Gaston Saint-pierre, is worth a journey to see for its splendid colouring; Pierre Puget's "Virgin," and Parrocel's "Scenes from the Apocrypha" are equally fine. Nattier's "Madame de Pompadour as Aurora" is a beautiful "harmony" in grey and blue. The official title of the entire group of buildings is the Palais de Longchamp, but the portico and cascade

are known as the Chateau D'Eau, and this is the name popularly applied by the people of Marseilles to the whole.

J. C. PAGET.

THE WOES OF A HANGER:

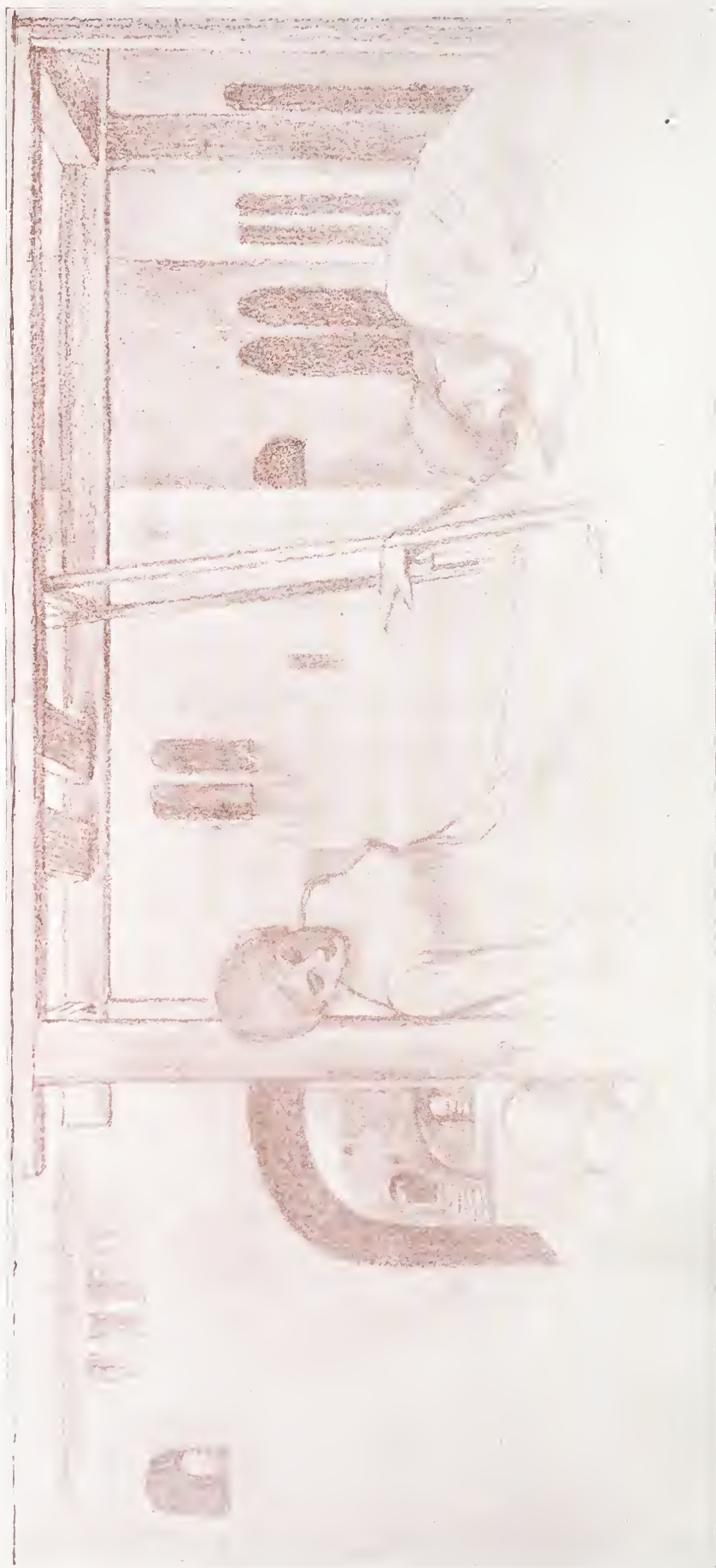
THE ordinary visitor to a picture show has no conception of the labour to prepare what he glances over so lightly and pleasantly. I do not refer now to the labour of the painter on his canvas, though that is long and oftentimes wearisome, for "the labour we delight in physics pain," and the Artist has, at least, the delight of creating, even though there be no other advantage accruing to him from his labour—but to the thankless and exhausting labours of the committees of selection, and of those on whom the duty of hanging the pictures selected falls; labours which are absolutely fruitless of satisfaction to anyone, yet which are as necessary to be gone through by someone as they are thankless. It is to enlighten the public upon some of the difficulties which these bodies encounter that this little article is written, thrown into narrative form, but not describing anything which actually happened in the way described. There were four of us on the Hanging Committee, and we had been selected with the intention of giving as catholic a flavour to the Exhibition as possible. One was a Decadent, one a High Art man, one a "Market Produce" man—by which I mean one of those sane painters who consider first whether a subject is likely to be saleable when an idea occurs to them, and if they decide that it is not, throw it aside in favour of another which does not please them quite so much, but which is less likely to be left on their hands—and as all these were figure painters, a Landscapist was thrown in, just "to keep the balance true." The Committee of Selection was quite another body, with whose proceedings we had nothing to do. Our duty was to make the best of what they passed on to us, and render the walls attractive by so hanging the pictures as to show off their several qualities to the best advantage, while keeping in mind the general appearance of the galleries. We were turned loose one morning into rooms stacked with pictures with their faces to the walls, and with a number of carpenters under our orders, who were to handle the pictures, and whom we had to keep supplied with work. The first thing, of course, was to turn the big pictures face outwards and settle which should form centres around which to group other less important works, and now our troubles began. The Decadent immediately fixed on an empty-looking canvas covered with crude colour, much of which was laid on with the palette knife,

and which purported to represent the interior of a *café chantant*, with one of the public favourites of the gentler sex on the stage, which he declared was splendid and worthy of the best place in the room. When it was objected that the colour was crude, coarse, and unfeeling, he said it "sang." When the subject was voted unpleasant by the rest of us he shrugged his shoulders and expressed his contempt for "subject," but maintained that we were not likely to find another work so individual. We rather hoped not, if that was what the word meant. Meanwhile the Landscape man lugged out a canvas which was nearly as black as night, and swore it would give distinction to the Exhibition if hung in the best place, and called on us to admire its sobriety of colour and excellent and impressive tone. And the Market Produce man dug out a large picture of two children and some puppies which he said was certain to sell, "and, mind you, that's a thing we ought to think of, because of the commission the Society will get, and one picture marked 'sold' often helps to sell others." The High Art man all this time was looking round with a dissatisfied air, as if there was nothing visible which met with his full approval, until a large picture was turned round, which was all blue and green, and had some dubious forms silhouetted against a lighter ground, the outlines of the various patches of colour being well defined and everything treated flatly. This he pounced upon at once, and said with decision: "This picture will be the making of the exhibition. Let us put it in the middle of the wall over there." The secretary now approached us with a deferential air, and suggested that the carpenters were wasting their time while we were discussing, and could we give them something to go on with? So we all turned round on him at once, and said in chorus: "Let them get these four pictures ready, and put them up for us to look at;" and, for the rest of the morning, we discussed, and tried to decide (under occasional stimuli from the carpenters) where the big pictures should go, until at last the Market Produce man, who was, perhaps, the most practical of us, said, "Look here, you fellows, there isn't the least chance of our agreeing yet; let's go to lunch, and afterwards divide the rooms among us, and go on each one alone." But, it was objected, there are only three rooms and there are four of us. "Well, then," he said, "let's divide the big room into two, and let the Decadent and the High Art man each do half of it. And then we can revise each other's work, and pull the Exhibition together at the end." The High Art man's eye twinkled, but he objected that the decorative effect of the rooms would be likely to suffer, and after a wrangle, shall we call it? it was decided that the Landscape man should take his place, and that he should have

a room to himself. And then we went to lunch. This arrangement saved time by economising the opportunities for disputes, which now generally occurred over the demand for carpenters—but the progress made was rather slow. The High Art man got along rather faster than the others, because he had more idea of what pictures would look like when hung together, and how they would affect each other, and every now and then, too, the other men would miss a favourite picture and discover it in a prominent place in his room! which he explained by saying that everything which had any decorative quality in it had a natural affinity for his room, and necessarily gravitated towards it, and then there were reactions! But he had time to spare every now and then, which he utilised for standing behind the others and giving them good advice, and then there were reactions again. The Market Produce man, being, as I have said, on the whole the most reasonable of the four, took his remarks in good part, and sometimes even acted upon them, and thus discovered that a yellow green landscape and a blue green figure did not mutually improve each other, and that scarlet and purple was not a combination quite satisfying to the eye. This was a thing which the Decadent could not be brought to see, and every time the High Art man stood behind him, with his hands on his hips and a quizzical look in his eye, he began to snort and stamp about even if he didn't open his lips. When he began to give good advice the room suddenly became darker, and a bluish tint obscured the colour of the pictures near. On the other hand the Landscape man treated him with the loftiest contempt, and assured him that he knew nothing about atmosphere and natural effect, and advised him to confine himself to "Arrangements," and "Nocturnes," and "Symphonies," and the like. It was scarcely to be expected that there should be much "unity" about an exhibition hung in this way, although there was plenty of variety, and though harmony began to reign among the hangers, except for occasional explosions. But the High Art man became very uneasy, particularly over the big room (with which he had nothing to do!), and was observed to be frequently holding consultations with the Market Produce man. One morning, when the other two arrived to complete their labours, they started back in surprise. Had there been a hurricane in the night, which had shifted the pictures from their places? Or had they somehow strayed into an unfamiliar gallery? It was true that they seemed to recognise some of the pictures, but others looked quite strange, being hung so differently. The larger works had been regrouped, and some of the most impossible combinations of colour had been put away into inconspicuous places,

while in every case the effect of a picture upon its neighbours had been thought of, so that they improved each other. Their first feeling was bewilderment—the next, anger at the presumptuous mortals who had dared to interfere with their cherished arrangements. The Landscapist said something which began with a "d," and ended with "impertinence," while the Decadent made some remarks which were simple and forcible. The High Art man came out of his room bowing meekly before the storm, and blandly explained that what had been done was done with a single eye to the improvement of the aspect of the Exhibition. Meanwhile the carpenters stood round and wondered at the Decadent's versatility and fluency. And then there was half an hour's heated discussion, after which the Landscape man was brought to see that there had been some improvement effected, and the Decadent, being outvoted, had to succumb. It may be thought that our troubles were now pretty well over? Not at all. The Selecting Committee, which was of quite as varied a complexion as the Hanging Committee, came again on the scene to revise what we had done, and long and fierce were the discussions that ensued. The Hanging Committee, having arrived at a compromise which was accepted by them all, fought tooth and nail for everything which had been done by anyone of them, while the Selecting Committee, having forgotten how difficult a matter it is to satisfactorily hang a number of pictures brought together by chance, looked at the matter rather from a purist point of view, each individual member having in his mind what he thought to be the absolute best, and practically ignoring that Spirit of Compromise. There was one man to whom a nude picture was an abomination, and as the High Art man's room naturally contained several which he had stolen from the other men's stores, he declaimed against the hanging of that room, and even went so far as to threaten never to enter it during the period of the Exhibition! Another member had painted a good deal of landscape from nature in a topographical way, and he inveighed against the hangers for admitting so many landscapes which were entirely unlike the colour of Nature; but, fortunately, he was antagonised by another who also painted landscape, but always from memory, and to whom natural facts were but counters with which he played his game of producing effects of colour and light and shade. Then there was an animal painter who complained first that most of the animal pictures remained unhung, and that those which were hung seemed to have been selected by men ignorant of what drawing was, and finally we were told that it was of the greatest importance that certain pictures should be in good places for other than pictorial reasons!

'HANGING JUDGE.'



BACKGROUND FOR GARDEN COURT
IN THE "BRIAR ROSE" SERIES: BY
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

THE WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES: MORE ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO DECORATION AND DESIGN: BY H. WILSON: PART THREE.

AT the present time, when most influences are opposed to the reverent and receptive attitude towards Art and life; when hurry and display, cheapness and dispatch, are throned as virtues; when each day sees new devices for saving labour, for the economy of time; when life, instead of growing simpler and more natural, becomes more complex and artificial, and our inherited and individual sympathies are overwhelmed by acquired tastes and cultivated tendencies, which interpose ineluctable difficulties betwixt the artist and the pursuit of his ideals, between the spirit and its ambitions: at such a time as this the influence of the work of men like Burne-Jones and his congeners is infinitely precious. It keeps alive that sense of the

beauty and the mystery of life so easily lost in the struggle for a position in life; if, indeed, it be not a hindrance to the attainment of that position, a sense which is almost inevitably crushed out of men in the race for wealth. His influence strengthens that other sense of delight in the sweetness of nature which keeps us spiritually aseptic, by preserving us from the contamination of more vulgar pleasures, and in some sort serves with certain natures as a kind of religion. It is a

great question whether, in later developments of life, this love of beauty, joined to a keener perception of its laws and nature, a wider appreciation of its significance, may not, with a more persistent and passionate worship of it in all its manifestations, form an integral part of later religions. But this would lead us into a long digression, and is beside the mark.

What I should like to show is that, despite the growing appreciation of the oneness of all

the Arts, the inter-applicability of laws; the advance of British painting, for which Burne-Jones has done so much, the immense improvement in Sculpture and in Literature, have not been followed by corresponding advances in Architecture. There is in it, happily, much individual excellence; many quite beautiful buildings have been built. But these buildings are essays by independent Artists, who, by accident or choice, have made building their medium. They are not the unconscious expression of the artistic life of a great people.

They have been produced in despite of circumstance; in defiance of difficulties; monuments of victory over well-nigh intractable material, but not Architecture. In the past Painting learnt most from Architecture, now may be the time for Architecture to learn from Painting, and to win, as the latter has done, the respect, if not the regard of the necessary Philistine.

"Artistry is battle with the age," and, speaking as a spectator rather than as a participant in the



STUDY OF A HEAD:
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

BY PERMISSION OF
F. HOLLYER.

struggle, there is much to amuse in a survey of the siege of Philistia. Among the besiegers on the one hand we have the painters and sculptors, goldsmiths, and handicraftsmen, quietly working ambitious of excellence, mining and countermining under the stronghold, leaving behind them as they labour the record of their failure or success. On the other hand we have the architects, full of seriousness, not intent on battle, but discussing with unalterable ardour the divergencies of Greek and Goth, of Renaissance and Romanesque; the intricate problems of fenestration and foliage; greatly concerned with the possibility of producing a new style from the ruins of the old, and the like inconsequent problems, apparently arguing that, as all the means of architectural expression have been long exhausted, all that remains to them in the search for success is a choice of some little-known style for more or less intelligent and complete imitation.

As if possessed by this idea, we may see them eagerly gathering capitals, crests, and cornices, broken scraps of sculpture and fragments of tile, doorheads, and pinnacles and profiles; then, piling these melancholy memorials of departed greatness into some semblance of a fabric, with the pathetic confidence of boys in their grotto, they call on the dwellers in the city to open the gates and admit them to comfortable fame and assured competency. And so the comedy proceeds.

The saddened affection for the past, the unselfish but unthinking acquiescence in our own inability, has its admirable side, but it should not be allowed to blind us to the limitless range of the possible which surrounds us. The wonders of the past are very precious, but they are not the only treasures of the mine. Because our predecessors have given us these gems, are we to search no further, but content ourselves with imitation of their stones and settings? To change the image: because some worker has expressed himself wonderfully, am I not only to be debarred from saying what is in me, but to be compelled to paraphrase him in terms which he invented? Had the Pre-Raphaelites thought thus, how much we should have missed. It is this sterilising restriction which is responsible for much bad work. It is a restriction which in early days Burne-Jones and his fellows had to fight against—a restriction which lies at the bottom of much of the so-called criticism of the day.

It seems strange that so few realise the narrow limits of actual achievement, the circumscribed bounds of completed endeavour. The architectural and other remains of bygone forms of Art are treated as though they covered the whole extent of human capability. As if this thin trickle of attainment threading the universe of possibility; this narrow edge of cultivation won from the waste; this slender track through the boundless field of Art, leading to

one exiguous goal, were the only thing; that because the path stops suddenly, all that we may do is to retrace our steps—too timid to explore, too cowardly to conquer new kingdoms.

It may well be that this failure to appreciate the essential insignificance of what has been done compared with the potentialities yet unrealised; this unreflecting reliance on precedent regardless of its real value, which is, to give stimulus, not example—stands more than anything else in the way of fresh achievement. Sheeplike we follow our predecessors, as though some power bound us to their track, and no other way were free. Compare this with the independent attitude of the painters and sculptors, with the unceasing experiment, the patient trials of new methods, the search after greater perfectness of expression we find in Watts and Burne-Jones.

Mindful of this, there is something almost touching in the collective fidelity of Modern Architects, to somebody else's ideals, their voluntary servitude to outworn convention. It only becomes painful when we see these rusty fetters imposed on the young student who flies from pillar to post, from church to mansion, eagerly filling his sketch books with useless detail, burdening his brain with lumber, and choking the channels of original thought with effete though beautiful conventions. This allegiance to perished ideas, this insistent study of them, fascinating though the subject be, is more proper to the Antiquary than the Architect, to the Critic than the Creative Artist. Yet if that study were restricted to methods of construction, to handling of material and treatment of space, there would be little to say against it. But when its avowed aim is to furnish the student with material for design, it becomes worse than useless; if only because it encourages him to regard his work as a mere exercise in re-arrangement of existing forms, as a puzzle picture of unrelated fragments dovetailed together into some semblance of unity, a trial of skill and not the product of an imperious compulsion behind the Designer. The final result is that the growth of the student's personality is checked, his creative powers degraded into mere selective sympathies, and the Artist swallowed up in the Eclectic. He becomes that creature of arrested development—the Modern Architect.

But the evil of this does not rest here. One feels that the interaction of professional eclecticism and public opinion is responsible for many amusing delusions about Architecture, delusions deep rooted in the lay mind, and having a hold on the elect. We hear of this master's thorough knowledge of Architecture, of the scholarly design of that, of the learning of the one, of the versatility of the other. Few



THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS: FROM
THE PEN DRAWING BY SIR EDWARD
BURNE-JONES, IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR. GEORGE RAE, BIRKENHEAD.

see that if these be our masters and those their excellences, our right to the title of original artists disappears. We can claim to produce, not positive and original beauty, but, at the best, only negative and derived seemliness. In the fluid and fluctuating state of public opinion it is something to attain even this lower level of negative excellence. But when we have the Architect advertising for "assistants versed in Gothic and Classic detail, with some knowledge of Spanish Renaissance," we cannot wonder at the genial aberrations of the un-instructed layman. We may bemoan the ignorance of the public, lament their refusal to regard us as Artists, but we cannot blame them.

Besides, the refusal in the main is just. It springs from the collective insight of the people. Without knowing why, they see the solution of continuity between our profession and our practice, and, cry we never so loudly, they will never heed till the breach disappears. The real reason for our failure, the dissolution of the Guilds, the decline of the master masons and all their traditions, is naturally neither understood nor allowed for by ordinary minds. It is nothing to them that to fill the voids left by these organizations we have Architects who, by force of circumstance, cannot be Builders, and Builders who cannot be Artists. They do not see, nor is it of any use to tell them, that, under modern conditions one man has in his own person not only to supply the loss of the Guilds, but to suffice for all the organisations which those Guilds implied. A mole struggling with a mountain is in a better case. Hence the sharp division between Artist and Architect, between Painter and Craftsman.

The demands made on any Architect are more than any one man could possibly respond to; he must perforce resort to delegation; he employs others to do his work, or to assist in the doing of it, and accepts the responsibility for his delegate's deeds. The utmost that a modern Architect can do, if he be employed on many buildings, is to suggest and plan and superintend. While others can carve, or paint, or model, free to shape their conceptions according to the impulse of the moment, the busy Architect, instead of living in his shed upon the site, solving problems as they arise, helped by willing deputies, living with his creations and growing with them, is compelled, under modern conditions, to live away from his work; he has to imagine his canvas and his tools, he must perform the impossible, work out his ideas on paper.

He is expected to produce unaided, in the finished work, the expression of the aggregated instincts and accumulated inspirations of a large community. From his brain must come the plan and construction, every detail of the carving, every moulding, every piece of decoration, every window, every pinnacle.

Even the furniture and fittings must be spun out of his inventiveness. The thing is impossible; and if this diffusion of the inventive faculty be injurious to the Painter, whose work is on one plane, it is tenfold more so to the Architect. To help him to overcome the difficulty an army of skilled draughtsmen spring into being, trained to dress up the Architect's ideas and trim his notions to the newest fashion. The efforts of these auxiliaries are seconded by a complex and far-reaching organisation of the various trades, very wonderful and very admirable in their way, presided over by extremely estimable and amiable people, but whose interest in Art is of the smallest, and whose knowledge of it is to seek. Architecture of to-day is the mechanical product of a highly specialised organisation instead of the secretion of a complex organism. The effect of this upon the Architect himself is, of course, disastrous. Debarred by circumstance from the free and natural exercise of his artistic functions, impelled by ambition or rivalry or necessity to achieve fame, his energies are divided between the acquisition of work and the direction of it. It must be obvious that this condition of things does not make for excellence. There is little time for conception, less for reflective consideration. The demands of modern life, its hideous haste, must be complied with; so work be quickly done, few care that it should be well done, and thus we have the catalogue design, the Louis Quinze terra-cotta, the fourteenth century church, and suchlike irritating futilities. Work becomes *outré*, affected, and extravagant, full of strain and effort and pretence. And when our churches and historic monuments are touched by these over-burdened souls, the results are calamitous beyond conception. Yet all this was going on while Rossetti sang and painted, while Watts wrought his pictured poems. These are collateral activities with Burne-Jones' wonderful designs; the practical comment on the ardent and arduous energising of Morris.

With every wish to avoid the error of taking one's self or any other too seriously, one cannot help thinking that there is something wrong here. It must be conceded that the delights of commercial terra-cotta, the charms of blocks of residential chambers, the glories of white-glazed bricks, sky signs, and large advertisements, at times lose somewhat of their attractiveness; and one wonders if there may not be another and possibly a better way of doing things. It is just here that the example of the Painter, the Sculptor, and the Craftsman is so inspiring. These men are able, though our paths have long been separate, to show us much that would be useful in our own work, and to point the way to a better state of things. Burne-Jones's work, like that of Watts and others, forces one to think, in despite of clients and contracts, in

spite of haste and the consequent hideousness around, we might do much if only our energies were united. Co-operation is the key!

Imagine for one moment all these forces now spending themselves in ineffectual efforts to transcend their own limitations, in the struggle for eminence; in the achievement of mere exhibition excellence; wasted in fruitless searches for commissions, the array of Painters and Sculptors, of artists in glass, in mosaic, the silver and gold smiths, the enameller and potters—all massed and marshalled in the service of Architecture. Think of what any building might be if only these forces were united in the shaping of it. Picture for yourselves a mere barn boldly buttressed, showing high above the roofs of some town, or set among the hills, and rising from them sheer and rugged as a cliff, entered not too suddenly by a pillared porch arched over with a mosaic vault, where the prisoned sunlight glows even on gloomy days. Through a door covered with story or device in beaten metal you step into a solemn and simple hall—a nave it may be—with walls recessed to give shadow and surface change, the windows few and lofty, mere holes, through which the light, tempered and made more mystical by pale figures in the glazing, opaline in colour, like crystal for clearness, floats down upon the floor, and floods the walls with a tender brightness. On the upper surfaces of the walls Burne-Jones should spread a range of mosaics or frescoes, like a skin stretching round the piers and arches, over soffites and into the window recesses. The eye in its wanderings should suffer no check, but be led insensibly by imperceptible transitions to the very focus of the building. The end walls should be frescoed by Watts, and beneath the frescoes, and continued round the whole building, should be a broad dado of marble sheeting or rich plain colour. The floor should be a checquer of sombre-tinted stone, the roof a crossing maze of timbers quaintly coloured and enlivened by gold. What a hall for music might be here, or what a church! If the latter, imagine the sudden rise of steps at the choir level, like a wave in the sea of stone, bearing noble stall work on its breast; then the further lift at the altar level supporting the reredos or the baldachin, glowing with colour like an altar fire. Then the altar itself, a piece of solemn Sculpture, or a master work wrought with all the resources of the modern Goldsmith's Art, set with enamels and fine relief in beaten silver. The lamps, the chandeliers and coronæ, the brazen gates, the chalices and censers, the patens and the salvers of shining silver enriched with reverent fancies and dedicated skill. Here might be endless opportunities for the Artist and the Craftsman.

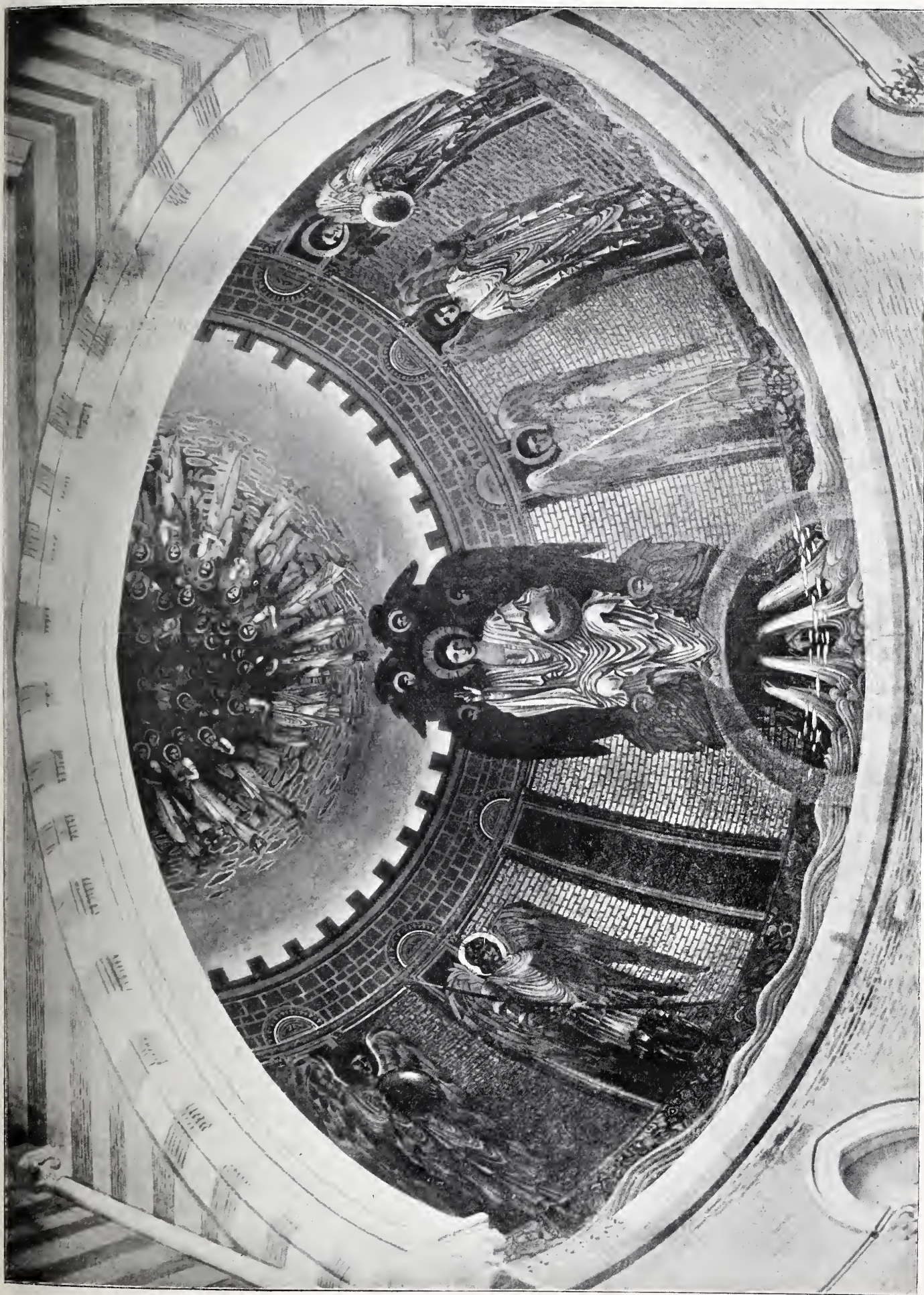
And, though all this may sound visionary and

romantic, I am convinced that it only needs organisation and unselfish co-operation of those concerned to be at once realised. The material is at hand, creative Artists skilled in every kind of work are ready, and opportunities arise daily if they were only seen. *Were money spent on such things as these, in getting living work from the foremost living Artists, instead of the eruption in Park Lane, we might have houses which would be at once monuments of national skill and permanent testimonies to the cultivated spirits of their owners. It might even be in spite of the owners, were the Architect, as he might be, the heart and brain of a body of fellow Artists, the centre of a conference of Craftsmen, inspiring, guiding, and animating—the composer with all the resources of the orchestra at his command—the Painter with the world for his palette, his lightest wish expressed in colour, his last idea in enduring stone.

Instead of this we have in him the administrative head of an organisation skilfully trained in the imitative adaptation of old work. Having little vital connection with his Craft he becomes the Art director of a building and furnishing company, with the rarest opportunities of self-expression. We cannot condemn, we can only condole. But for that last refuge of mental detachment it would be exasperating to think, that, in spite of the millions spent on the many buildings which have been erected in our day—though the present century has rejoiced, and still rejoices, in the possession of a band of Artists, any one of whom would have shed glory on his nation and his time—though Madox Brown and Rossetti, Burges and Alfred Stevens, Millais and Morris, have passed away; though we have with us Watts, Whistler, Burne-Jones, and many other admirable Artists, yet all these buildings have been completed, and we are still without any adequate record, any monumental memorial of one of the most wonderful artistic revivals of modern times.

It is a surprising and, at the same time, a most humiliating reflection that, during the whole course of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, with the exception of the one room in the Manchester Town Hall, the panels at Tamworth, the stained windows carried out by Morris, there is scarcely a building decorated by any of those great Painters. And when we look round at that series of imaginative paintings which lately shewed so splendidly at the New Gallery—a series which could only be fitly housed in some great Hall of Heroes, some national memorial to the makers of our Empire—when we ask, where is the building Watts has decorated, we can only find the Hall at Lincoln's Inn and the spandrels at St. Paul's.

The one thing which the ideals, training, and



MOSAIC IN APSE: AMERICAN CHURCH,
ROME: BY SIR EDWARD BURNES-JONES.

temperament of these Artists fitted them for has been denied them, and their works remain like flowers set in uncongenial soil—beautiful, indeed, but suggestive of what they might have been had they sprung up under a kinder star.

And, though circumstances have at length shown more favour to Burne-Jones than to the rest of his fellowship, and his great Architectural qualities have been given more play, one regrets that he has never been employed in the preparation of a complete scheme for any public building. The blame for this cannot be wholly laid on the inappreciative public. The greatest part should be borne by those responsible for the outlay, by the projectors and the Architects, in fine. With fewer acres of mechanical carving, with fewer miles of machine-run mouldings, with more restraint and less pretence, our buildings would have been finer and less costly. The money saved could have gone towards Watts frescoes, Burne-Jones mosaics, Rossetti panels. But these things, till lately, have scarcely ever been considered by the Architect. The public mind is occupied by other things, and London—the richest city in the world, with the wealth of all the Indies in her coffers, the capital of the richest nation, in one of its most fortunate centuries—has allowed these unequalled opportunities to pass unused, and Artist after Artist to live and die unheeded. On the other hand, we must not forget that the national loss has been the individual gain. Private appreciation has helped to atone for public indifference—the few have made up for the many. Yet one feels that such opportunities as this generation enjoys may never occur again, and it were well that our present loss should not be possible again.

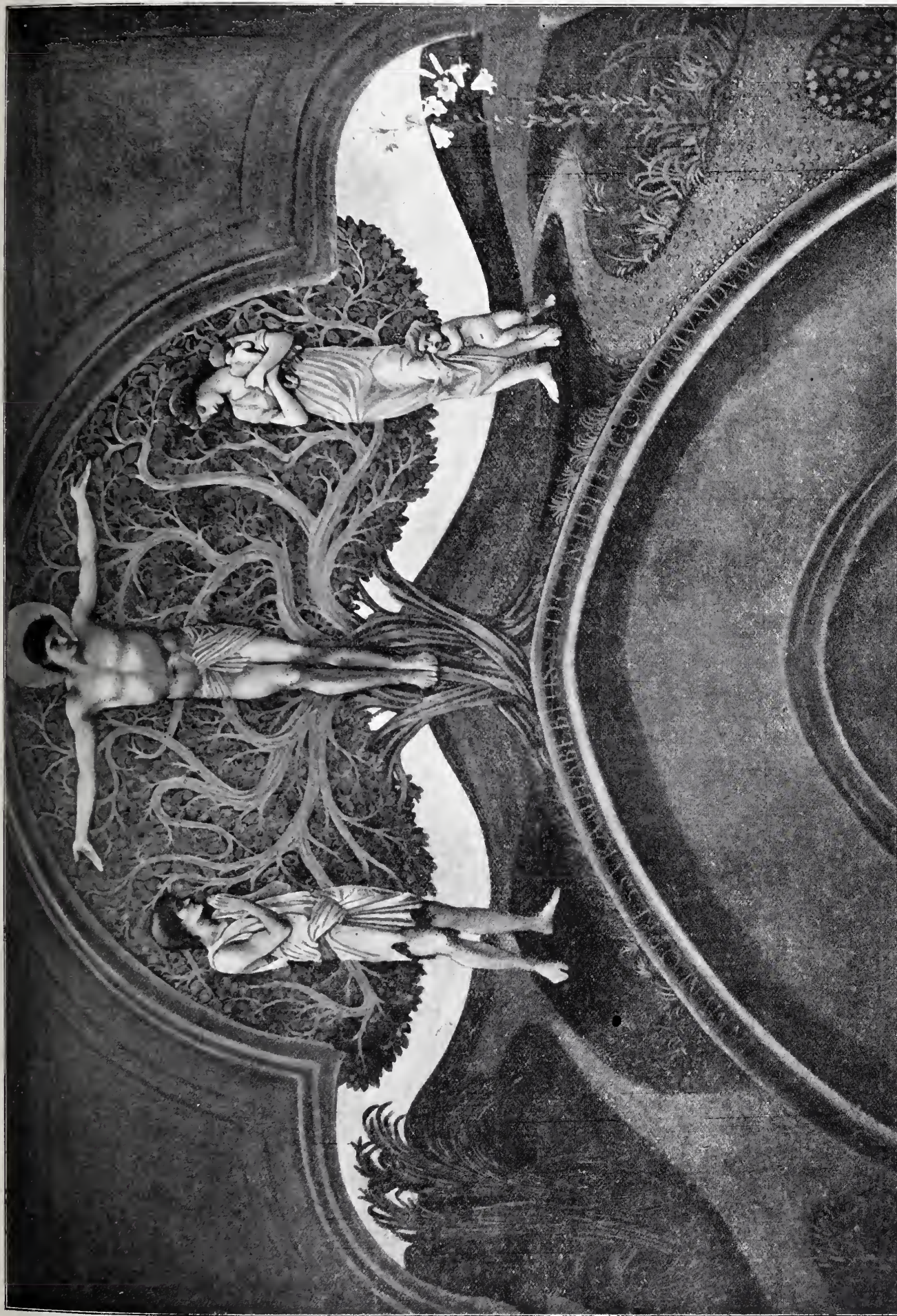
Whatever may be the ultimate pronouncement on the work of Burne-Jones, whether the fame of it lessen or increase, is not of any moment to us now. "Men's works have an age like themselves; and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration." All, whether Artists or not, owe him real gratitude, not merely for his creations, but for the courage and consistency with which he has kept his ideals in the face of all adverse criticism.

He has given us one more example of disinterested devotion to Art and the ideal, and our lives are the richer for his work. We realise that though the statesman may govern and extend the bounds of his kingdom; though the labourer may till the soil and the merchant may add to the wealth and prosperity of the towns; though the soldier whose pulses quicken at the sound of war may guard them; upon the artist, by his nature, is imposed no less a task than these. It is his to show the more subtle powers of the mind and to become the "*rivelatore del mondo*." It is a task

requiring all his energies, simply because it is the expression of those energies. To fulfil it he must be free to sit apart, isolated, secure in his dream-panoply against the intrusion of inimical influences, his ears attent to the murmur of remoter worlds; not merely engaged upon his work, but himself a part of it; that so the picture or the sculpture, or the sonnet, may become a projection of his personality into space; a real spiritual process; the material expression of mental change. Then his conceptions swim into our consciousness as from contingent but unknown continents; as things divined but hitherto unseen. They come as one conceives the advent of spiritual visitants, with features still shining with the fire of far-off suns, their garments glowing with the light of other spheres enclosed within the folds. These material visions, the creations of a quickened sense of beauty have a quickening and recreating influence on the minds of all who see them, and to many men in many moods Art becomes the Paraclete. Wearied spirits worn with Sisyphean toil and disheartened by recurrent failures, with that craving of transience after permanence, that aspiration of the changeful to the changeless, that ever present longing for some lasting pledge of personal continuance, fearful lest they should be "lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing," or wrecked upon the tossing tides of Time:—these, the hungry, harried souls, no less than those whose life is easier, go from the turmoil into Art's sudden silences; shelter themselves behind the Artist's creations; set the beauty of them as a barrier against the surging consciousness of their own imperfections; and realise in the Artist's hinted excellences some shadowing of their own innate powers. From him they draw strength and inspiring for the furtherance of their own emprises, find in the daintiness of his devisings admonishment to like daintiness in the ordering of their conceptions, and gain from the fervour of his fancy new fire for their own. Art is no handmaid, but is sister to Religion.

NOTES.—It would be impossible to give adequate expression of our indebtedness to Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the kindly interest he has shown in these articles and for the help given.

Many of the illustrations to these articles have been provided by Mr. Hollyer from his unrivalled series. Well-known as this series is, little attention is given to the beautiful qualities of the photographs themselves. All the excellences they possess are necessarily and naturally absorbed in the greater interest of the originals. Yet, at times, we find in the photographs suggestiveness and mystery which are not at first sight obvious in the paintings. Mr. Hollyer gives, in fact, a wider range to our perceptions and a deeper delight in the master-works he reproduces, and spreads the influence of the Painter over an infinitely wider area.



DESIGN FOR MOSAIC DECORATION OF
WALL OF CHANCEL: THE AMERICAN
CHURCH, ROME: BY SIR EDWARD
BURNES-JONES.



CLOVERLEY HALL: NORTH-WEST VIEW:

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

WILLIAM EDEN NESFIELD, 1835-1888: BY J. M. BRYDON, F.R.I.B.A. PART TWO.

THERE is a very striking example of a chimney corner in Mr. H. Vallance's house at Farnham Royal. "To draw round such a cosy hearth as this," says Mr. Eastlake, "is rarely given to modern gossips." Alas! that this delightful feature has become so much abused in these latter days that it has degenerated into a fireplace in a recess, to be bought in the furniture shops as a "cosy corner." *That* is not an ingle nook in the Nesfieldian sense, and never will be. As with his chimney-pieces, so with other features; his staircases—how quaint in plan and design; his bay windows—how restful; his woodwork—how carefully studied for its place and purpose. No detail was too unimportant or to be passed lightly over. All must be worked out to satisfy his fastidious taste. Take his tall chimneys and half-timbered gables: in the former we have every variety, both in plan and Architectural treatment; he loved to picturesquely group them together, enriching them with cut-brick mouldings and carved panels—at that time almost unheard of—and in his half-timber work we have the true spirit as well as the letter of the best English examples. The enormous advance in all that makes for excellence in the planning and design of our modern country houses is the best tribute to the influence men of genius, such as Nesfield and Shaw, have had on its development, and on the ultimate result, till now, at the end of the nineteenth century, we have a domestic Archi-

tecture unsurpassed for its high and artistic qualities by that of any other country in the world. The home is a peculiarly English institution, and certainly no houses, be they stately or be they humble, express the feeling of homeliness more truly than those of England.

The employment of heraldry as a decorative feature is another trait of Mr. Nesfield's work, and one he used with rare skill and judgment. We see it in most of his buildings, both externally, in panels, gables, and chimney stacks; and internally, in chimney pieces, ceilings, and windows. One of the earliest examples of the former is in the tall chimney of the lodge at Kew Gardens, where the Royal Arms, carved in red rubber bricks, are quaintly introduced as a panel among the upright moulded ribs of the stack; the effect is a striking as well as novel decorative feature. A particularly rich internal example is the treatment of the chimney-piece and over-mantel in the hall at Kinmel Park, already mentioned. As will be seen from the illustration of this hall, the whole space between the mantel-shelf and the ceiling is covered with a series of carved panels, filled with coats of arms, which are emblazoned in their proper colours—a great family tree in fact, resulting in a splendid piece of decoration, full of interest, no less for its architectural than for its heraldic treatment. Only an artist thoroughly conversant with the subject could venture on such a display as this, and come out of it successfully.

In like manner he shows us what truly appropriate Decoration can be got out of a family crest, or the quartering of a shield, employed as emblems, and



THE DINING ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE, CLOVERLEY.

W. EDEN NESFIELD.

used alternately with an initial or monogram as a diaper, as may be seen, in conjunction with the full achievement on the lodge at Kimmel Park, and on the drawing room chimney-piece at Cloverley Hall. When one thinks of the splendid effects obtained by the Mediæval and Renaissance builders by the use of heraldry and emblems, it is somewhat surprising Mr. Nesfield's lead in these respects has not been more often followed: In the more familiar adornment of hall and staircase windows with heraldic glass, we have many fine examples throughout his work, notably the great windows in the staircase and hall at Cloverley.

As has been said, it is extraordinary that more use has not been made of heraldry in a decorative sense. For some reason or another, there seems to

be a passive dislike to its employment, difficult to understand. After all it was, and is, only a family mark or emblem, to distinguish one from another, and yet a man who may have a decided aversion to the use of a coat of arms, will, at the same time, be exceedingly exacting in the use of a particular trade mark, and very zealous in the defence of his exclusive right thereto. The inconsistency of such a position is somewhat inexplicable. Surely a man may be allowed as much personal identification with his family as with his calling, without laying himself open to the charge of any false pride in either; and what more appropriate Decoration can he have in his home than the badges or emblems that connect him with those of the kith and kin who have preceded him? It has to do with his personality, with who he is, as well as with what he is; and, apart from its historical interest, seems a matter for remembrance rather than neglect.

Analogous to Kimmel and Cloverley are two urban examples of Mr. Nesfield's work, at Saffron Walden, in Essex, where we again have

the two distinct types standing side by side. First there is The Bank, built in 1873, and designed quite in his earlier method, if one may use such a term. It reverts to the mediæval in style, the semi-public character of the building being emphasized by the great mullioned windows of the banking-room on the ground floor. Unfortunately the front was not carried out as originally designed. It was intended to be finished by a lofty gable, but there seems to have been some fear it would prove too high for the position; it was, therefore, reduced, and one of his favourite leaden parapets, with a dormer behind it, substituted for the gable—a matter for great regret. The banking room, just referred to, is a fine apartment, 32ft. long by 28ft. wide, and 20ft. high, lighted by the large mullioned windows in the front. It was designed with high panelling all round the walls, with a frieze above, a fine fireplace, and a richly panelled ceiling, investing it at once with the dignity befitting its purpose. Next door

NOTE.—In Part One it is stated that W. Eden Nesfield, on going into partnership with Mr. Shaw in 1862, removed to 7, Argyle Street. It should have been stated as No. 30, 26, since the year Mr. Nesfield removed, the numbering has been re-arranged.

to the bank is the Rose and Crown Hotel, to which Mr. Nesfield built a new Queen Anne front, quite in keeping with the traditions of the old hostelry, quiet and unostentatious in feeling, its red brick, stamped plaster, and white painted window-sashes seem to invite a welcome to the hospitality within.

The fine town mansion, No. 26, Grosvenor Square, was almost entirely re-modelled by him for Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale in 1878. It is chiefly remarkable again for its fine oak panelling, its rich plaster ceilings, its charming chimney-pieces, and its very cleverly designed conservatory, all bearing

both the plan and elevation are full of interest, especially the former. It appears the work was subsequently done, but not under his direction, and, of course, to quite another design.

The chapter of Mr. Nesfield's church and school work is but a short one. He never seems to have built a large and important church, but rather restorations and rebuilding. Of the latter, St. Mary's, Farnham Royal, near Slough, is a typical example. It was begun in 1867, and is carried out mainly on the lines of the old church. The walls are of flint, and have courses of tiles built into them



FIRE PLACE IN THE GREAT HALL: CLOVERLEY HALL:

BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.

the impress of his skill in clothing with interest and beauty the everyday features of a gentleman's house. A special feature is the smoking room, which has a barrel-vaulted ceiling enriched with very good decorative plaster work, and a quaint fireplace, a cosy, comfortable room, in which to spend a pleasant hour in pleasant chat.

Like many other Architects, Mr. Nesfield's designs were not always carried out. His scheme for the alterations and additions to Gregynog Hall in North Wales seems to be one of these, but

as bonders, in Roman fashion, and showing externally. He was very anxious to preserve the west tower, but its condition was such that it had to go at last, and was rebuilt some years later than the rest of the church. The style is Early Decorated, and the church has a nave and aisles, chancel, and west tower. The mouldings of the piers and arcades, and the tracery of the windows, are drawn with extreme care. The chancel arch is noteworthy for the peculiar outline of its curve, and for the detail of the responds. Over the door from the chancel to



THE LIBRARY CHIMNEY-PIECE : CLOVERLEY HALL :

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

the vestry, and at other places, are some of the carved discs Mr. Nesfield was so fond of introducing—"pies," as he familiarly called them—sometimes intersecting each other, and again at regular intervals, just as they happened to come in. Farnham Royal Church has an ideal site for a village House of Prayer, and is surrounded with some fine trees.

The restorations of King's Walden Church followed in 1868, and Radwinter Church in 1871. King's Walden Church, near Hitchin, was a restoration pure and simple, though the chancel was nearly rebuilt in the process. The clerestory of the nave was also refaced, the parapets rebuilt, and the windows almost renewed. The walls are faced with flints, and the dressings of the doors, windows, buttresses, &c., are of stone. The south porch, of open timber, with its tile roof, is new. The church is Late Gothic in style; nearly all the internal fittings are new, except the very interesting chancel screen, which was most carefully restored. As will be seen from the plan, the chancel is large

for a church of its size—nearly as long as the nave, and not much narrower—and has an interesting chapel on its north side. All the fittings of the chancel, together with the pulpit, reading desk, &c., are most characteristically designed and carefully carried out. The church, as will be seen from the view, has again a fine site. The west tower remains untouched, and is a striking feature in the composition.

Radwinter Church, near Saffron Walden, in Essex, was an enlargement as well as a restoration. The nave was lengthened eastwards by one bay, and the chancel and vestry designed and built by Mr. Nesfield; the old chancel arch and the eastern responds of the nave arcade being re-used in the new work. The style is Middle Pointed; the walling is faced with flints, with stone dressings, as in the two previous churches, and the same care is noticeable in the detail of the mouldings and in the window tracery throughout. The roof over the nave is a fine open timber one, and the new portion eastwards is carried out exactly similar to the old work,

both over the nave and the aisles. Nothing could exceed the thoughtfulness, the truly conservative spirit, and the sincere regard for the original work, with which these restorations have been carried out; every bit of the old work that could be saved was carefully preserved and re-used, such as the credence and the sedilia at Radwinter, which are re-fixed in the south wall of the new chancel. The stalls and other fittings there are new, and Mr. Nesfield not only designed the organ case, but wrote the specification of the new organ itself. So sure was he of his musical knowledge of his subject that he peremptorily forbade the alteration of any of the stops or pipes without his permission.

reasonable men, Architects have to face all these requirements in a reasonable manner—as Artists rather than as engineers, and with a full sense of their responsibilities as well as their opportunities. That the former are as heavy as the latter are sometimes alluring can never be absent from the mind of anyone who approaches his task with that reverence of feeling which must be one of his first qualifications. It is not only a matter of archæology, or even of construction, but of the knowledge and skill of architectural conservatism, and the experience which comes of them all. An Architect's responsibilities are never light at any time, least of all when a historical monument



THE HALL: CLOVERLEY:

BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.

He also restored Cora Church, near Whitchurch in Shropshire, designing for it a new reredos.

Restoration, as we have had reason to know lately, is a very vexed question, but when it becomes a choice of preserving or losing altogether such charming old churches as the foregoing, it is a matter for thankfulness when they fall into the hands of a conservator like Mr. Nesfield. Repairs must be done if the fabric is not to go to ruin; enlargements must sometimes be made if the growing needs of a parish are to be satisfied, and the circumstances will not allow of a new chapel of ease to the Mother Church—and, as

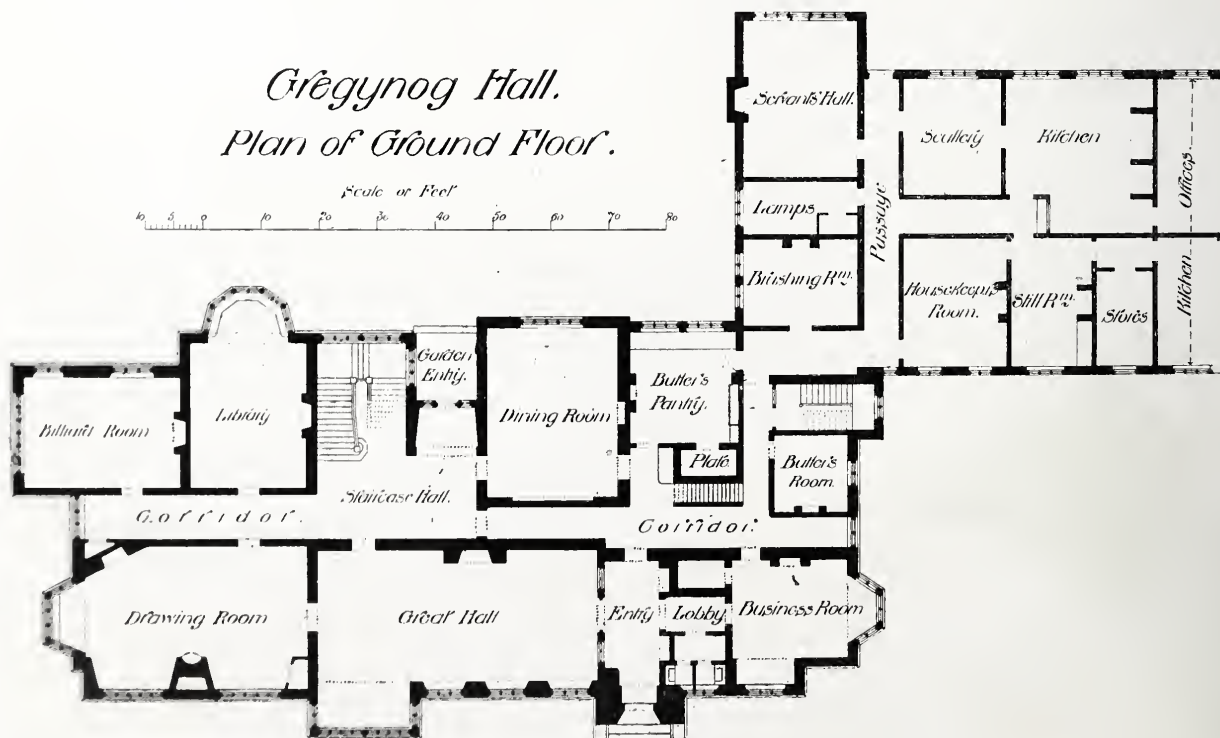
is entrusted to his care to save from the past for the benefit of the future, and the credit of the present.

The Grammar School at Newport, in Essex, and the Boys' School at Romsey, in Hants, fairly represent Mr. Nesfield's contributions to educational purposes. They were built in the pre-School Board days, and are quite in his well-known manner. The Newport School, with its little Quad, its great Schoolroom, Dining Hall, Dormitory, and Head Master's Residence is most picturesque in its grouping, and admirable in plan. The feeling of all being shut in within itself as it were, is eminently suggestive of the seclusion one

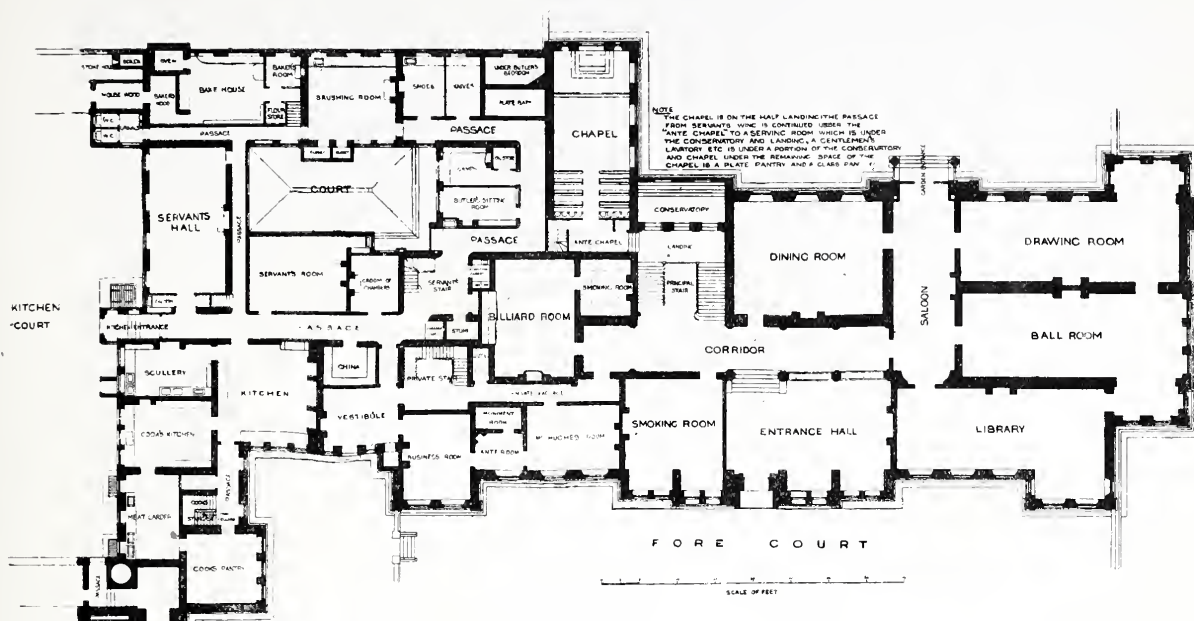


FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSPECTIVE
DRAWING BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.

Gregynog Hall.
Plan of Ground Floor.



GREGYNOG HALL: PROPOSED
ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS:



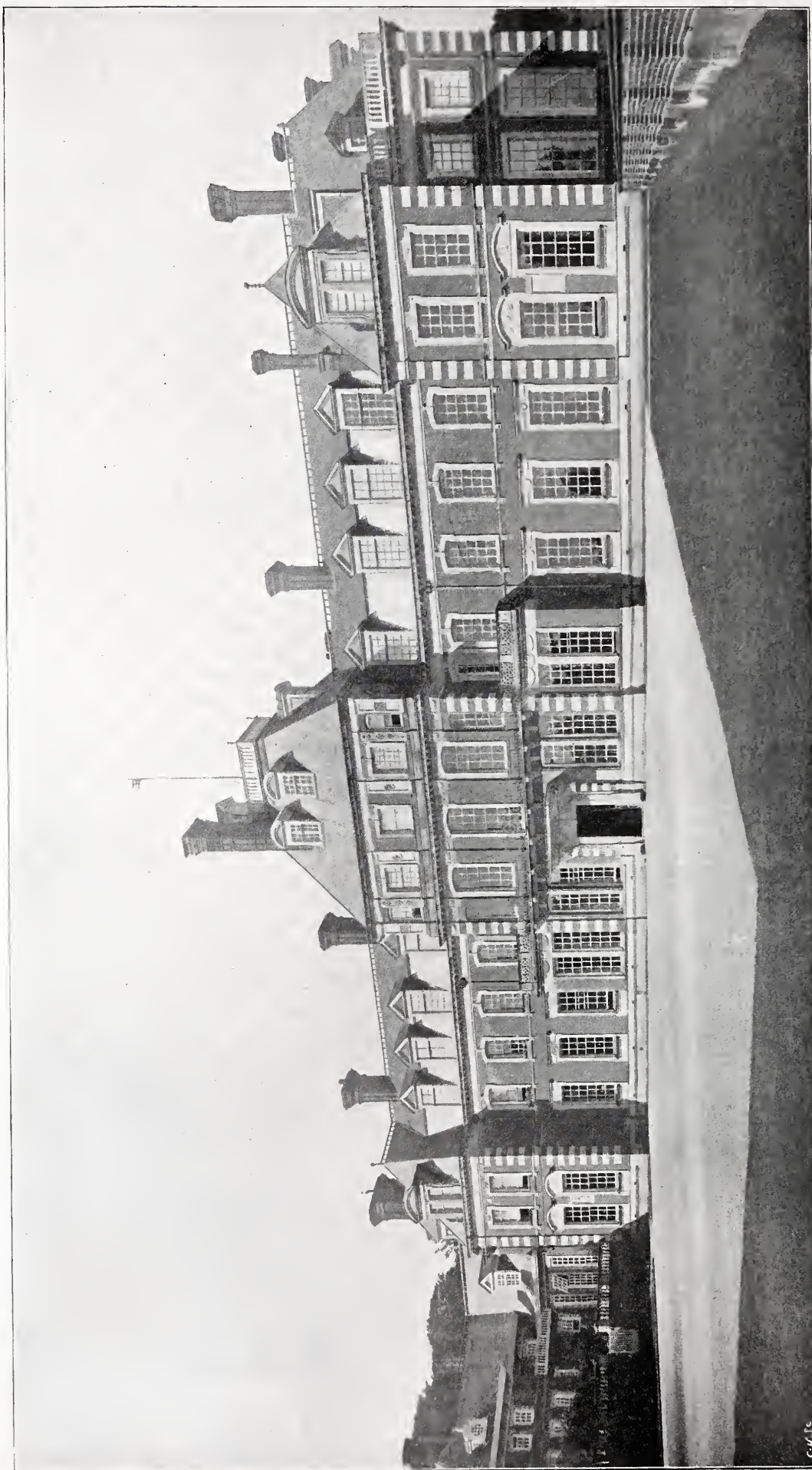
KINMEL PARK: ABERGELE: GROUND PLAN:

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.



KINMEL PARK: THE EAST END:

(BY PERMISSION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATION SOCIETY.)



KINMEL PARK : ABERGELE : ENTRANCE FRONT : W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

(BY PERMISSION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATION SOCIETY.)



KINMEL PARK : ABERGELE : GARDEN FRONT : W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

(BY PERMISSION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATION SOCIETY.)

associates with study, while its quaintness architecturally is still reminiscent of the home. It is astonishing how Nesfield always managed to embody the peculiar qualities of the purposes to which his buildings were devoted, making their outward semblance so easily proclaim their import, that he who runs may read.

It is much to be regretted that we have no public building from the hand of such an artist as Mr. Nesfield. Though there is a tradition that he sent in a Design in competition for the Manchester Assize Courts, we never hear of him again seeking

being given the opportunity of enriching his country with any public monument. Surely in England only is such a state of things possible. The State, or other public bodies, seem to think that only in the rush of competition are they likely to secure great buildings, forgetful that it is more than possible the most highly-gifted of our Architects not only never enter the lists at all, but refrain, from the conviction that it is in this method they can do themselves justice, or even that great works of Art are produced.

Again, Mr. Nesfield, although he was an Asso-



THE HALL, KINMEL PARK :
BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.

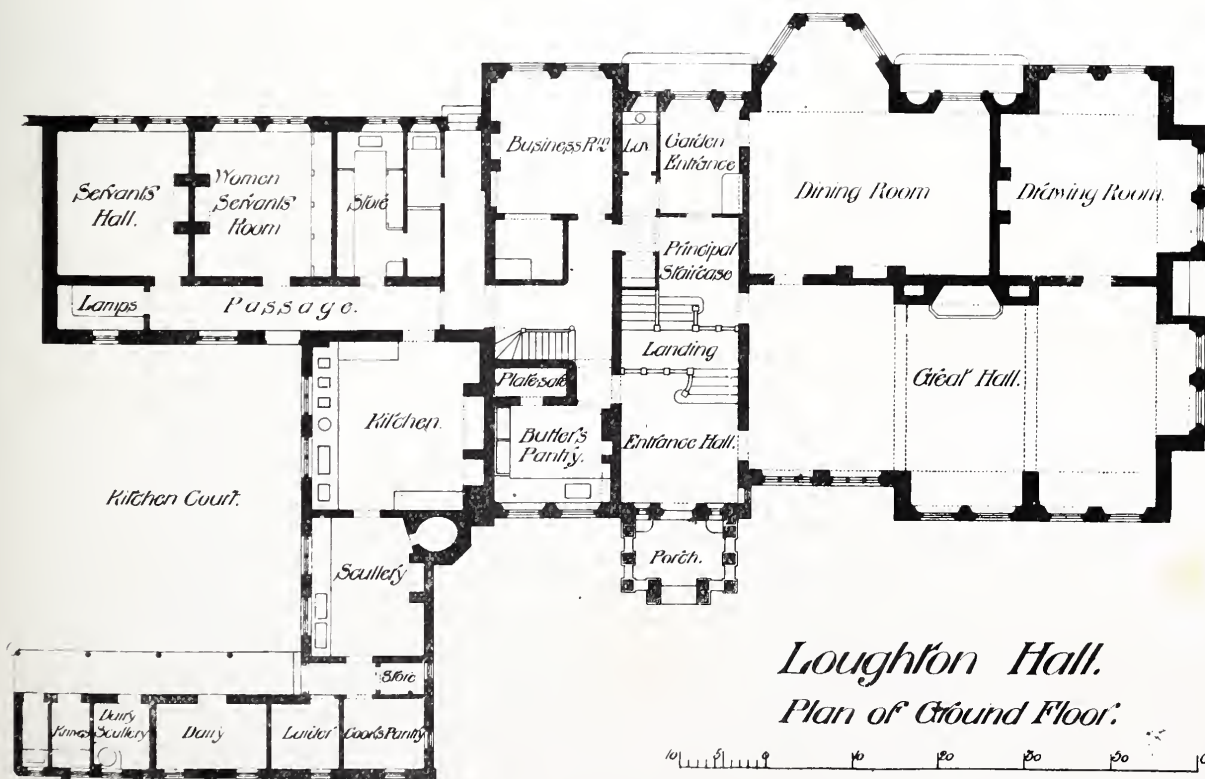
(BY PERMISSION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL
ILLUSTRATION SOCIETY.)

such an opportunity of distinguishing himself. Perhaps his possession of independent means, which left him free to choose his own path, indirectly contributed to this by depriving him of the necessity of engaging in any such speculative and, to him, probably uncongenial work. Perhaps, also, we owe to the same cause the less extended exercise of his great genius in the more public walks of his profession. Be this as it may, it is remarkable in his case, as in that of others, that a great Artist should have been allowed to pass away without

ciate of the Royal Institute for a few years in his younger days, never seems to have given his professional brethren, in their corporate capacity, the advantage of his counsel or experience in matters of mutual interest. He never attended meetings, made speeches, or wrote papers. Indeed it is said, an idea that he was expected to do something of the kind at Conduit Street, led to the resignation of his membership of the Institute. But he was a member of the Foreign Architectural Book Society—familiarily known as the F.A.B.S.—the social side

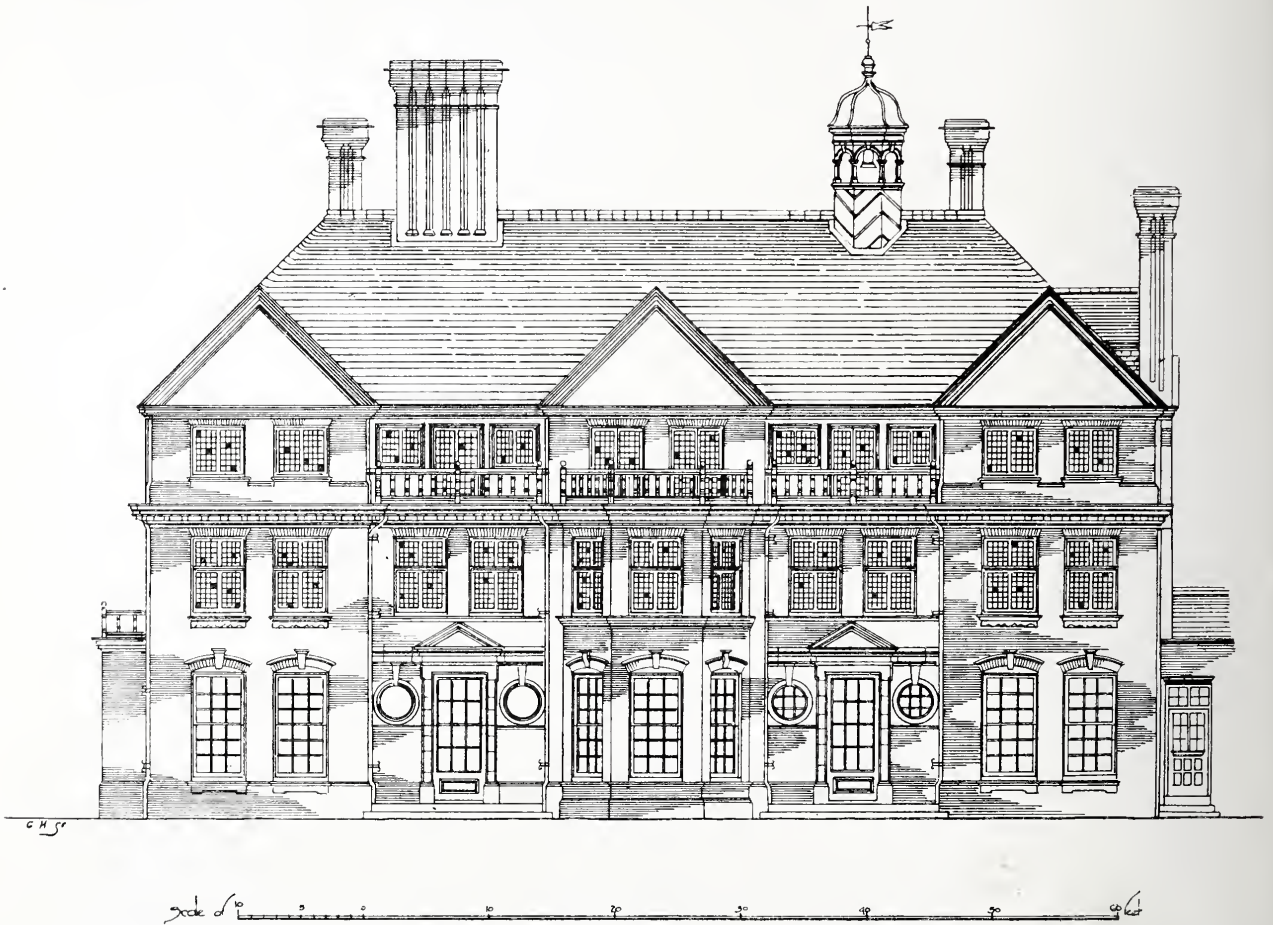


LOUGHTON HALL: ENTRANCE FRONT:



of which doubtless appealed to his ardent temperament, and met with a ready response. On the burning questions of the day, or what may be called the politics of the profession, it is not difficult to guess the side that Nesfield would have taken, or to imagine the fine scorn with which he would have laughed at registration, and examination, and other shibboleths of latter-day Societies. He had a very strong belief that Architecture was an Art, whatever it might be worth as a profession, that, unless a man was an Artist he was no Architect at all, and had much better become a Builder, with some hope of driving about in his brougham, than struggle on

a Craftsman—if not, well again, and—the less said the better—but it was sure to be forcible, and very much to the point. In private life he was always entertaining, numbering some of the most eminent men in Art and Letters among his friends. In his professional capacity, as one writer said of him, “Among his strongest characteristics were a singular uprightness and a sturdy independence in his bearing towards his clients. He never could be persuaded that he was the servant of an employer, and treated him in something of the same manner as Michael Angelo treated Pope Julius—as a friend and patron and nothing more.”

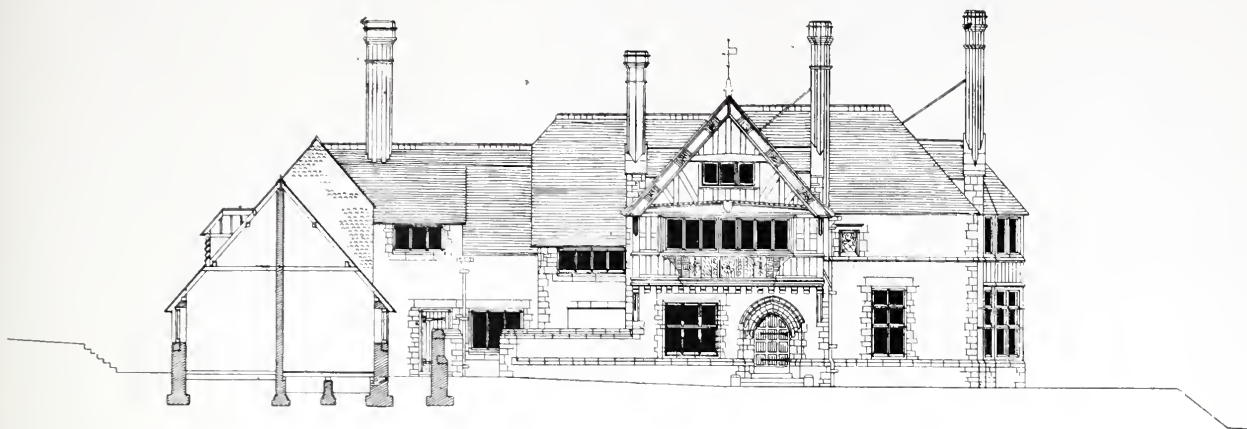


LOUGHTON HALL: GARDEN FRONT:

BY W. EDEN NESFIELD.

in the endeavour to manufacture buildings at five—or less—per cent.—to the detriment of the fair fame of Art and his own probable loss professionally. Yes, it is much to be feared Nesfield would have been a “Memorialist” of the deepest dye, with a healthy disregard for the pretensions of our friend, the “Progressive,” or any dictation from him or his like as to what an Architect should or should not be, or any Society that sought to forbid any man from working at his Art as he thought best. The one test with Nesfield was, Could he do it? If so, well and good, he is a Fellow and

Of his work, as of himself, it may be truly said, one of the chief characteristics is its sturdy independence. He copied no man, followed no school, but struck out a path for himself. A leader rather than a disciple, he showed the way by which, without forgetting old traditions—and especially English traditions—the Architecture of our time can still be made—and is—a living Art, that to be original it is not necessary to forget the teaching and example of the past of any age, that to be picturesque it is not essential to be either restless or even wilfully irregular; that if, in the first place,



LEA WOOD: ENTRANCE FRONT:

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

our houses must be convenient, that is no reason why they should not be beautiful within and without, dowered with the quiet dignity, and pervaded by the repose of the home life so dear to our English race. It may be that, as yet, the Art of Nesfield is too close to our own day to enable us to appreciate its true value in the development going on during his time and since, its place in the revival, not of this style or of that, but of faith in and knowledge of the great and everlasting principle of designing with truth and building with beauty; such introspection may, perhaps, become the duty as well as the privilege of the historian of the Architecture of the Victorian Age; but assuredly we must recognise, and in recognising acknowledge, the inwardness of the true artist in all that he did, in its Design no less than its accomplishment.

Though never losing sight of the fact that Architecture in its very essence is first and foremost a constructive Art, Nesfield never forgot its

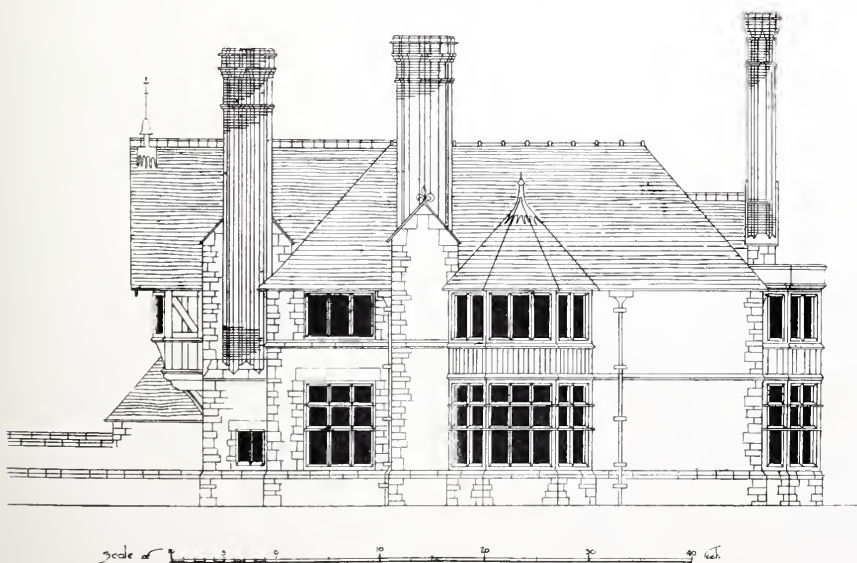
decorative aspect; the claims of beauty, as such, whether in form or in colour, seem to have been ever present to his mind, and no one was more ready to call to his assistance the painter and the Sculptor, so that labouring together as fellow Craftsmen they might attain to a more glorious result.

(To be Concluded.)

COLOUR IN ARCHITECTURE: OUR TOWNS OF TO-DAY: WHAT THEY MIGHT BE: BY FRANCIS W. BEDFORD.

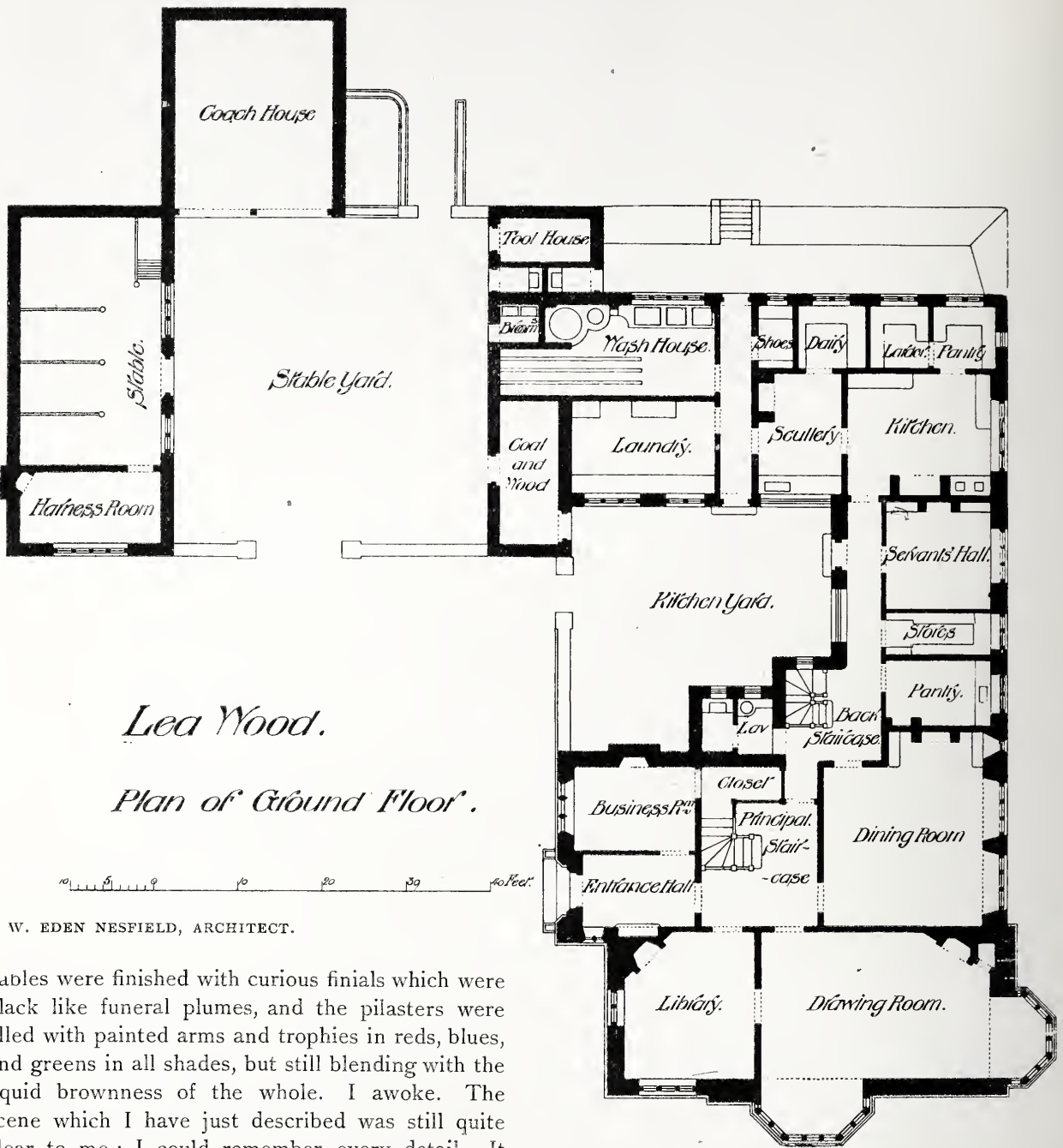
FROM a wide, well-paved street branched another with a dark sombre gateway in deep shade at the end. The sides of the two streets were lined with narrow frontages of varying Design separated by pilasters reaching from the ground up to the springing of the many curiously-curved gables which terminated the red roofs towards the streets. The lower stories of the houses were shops full of

many hued wares, and the rest all stucco; but each house was painted its own distinctive colour, and yet these colours, of the main wall at least, only ranged from white and cream to the darkest sepia brown. They were beaten-metal-looking colours, yet liquid and transparent, like a painter's glaze showing gleams of the ground beneath. This was the prevailing note of the whole—the many different shades of brown, verging also into yellow and red; all harmonious and melting into one another and suggesting the colouring of an old Dutch Master. The



LEA WOOD: NORTH-WEST ELEVATION:

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.



Lea Wood.

Plan of Ground Floor.

W. EDEN NESFIELD, ARCHITECT.

gables were finished with curious finials which were black like funeral plumes, and the pilasters were filled with painted arms and trophies in reds, blues, and greens in all shades, but still blending with the liquid brownness of the whole. I awoke. The scene which I have just described was still quite clear to me; I could remember every detail. It was a scene in South Africa, too, strangely enough, and a tropical sun blazed down upon it! I had never been to South Africa, and so did not know whether the old Dutch settlers built in this way or no—I hoped they did. As I lay awake this scene recurred again and again to me, and I wondered how it was that our streets were so dismal.

In all the finest periods of Architecture, colour formed a very important adjunct; in Egypt, the colour of her temples formed their chief adornment, and even Greece was not ashamed to paint her precious marble, the finest building material that the world possessed. What an outcry there would be if we, being able to afford Parian marble, were to paint it; how the Press and the people would cry at us for Vandals. Even Rome could make beautiful interiors for her palaces and public buildings, and

chiefly with such common materials as brick and plaster—but with colour. Look at the bright and gorgeous courts of Pompeii; walls of common brick and columns also of the same material, yet by the hand of the plasterer and the painter made into dwellings that the gods themselves might live in. And in Spain, too, wherever the Arab and the Moor have been, we see the same blaze of colour welded to the same rough materials that the Roman and Pompeian used. This love of colour here has died hard too. The use of painted and glazed tiles copied from the Moor, still battled bravely until the Seventeenth Century; we see the towers and spires capped with their bright coloured tiles even on these late Renaissance buildings. Ceilings are one blaze of red, blue, and gold, and of Moorish design, in the Fifteenth



THE LOWER CHURCH OF
S. FRANCESCO, ASSISI: FROM
A WATER COLOUR DRAWING
BY F. W. BEDFORD.

other side discovered other houses in grey, yellow, and all colours. Some had dark brown or green lower stories and the upper part in bands of brown, green, and white. Others had their angles of a dark colour, and the larger spaces filled in with patterns on a white or cream ground. Near to one of these last I saw another front entirely in cement of a yellow colour with the windows painted green; another of the purest white, while near by was another of remarkable beauty to which I hastened my steps. There was a large doorway in the centre of huge blocks of stone left rough almost as from the quarry. More stonework, but more delicately wrought, framed the windows. All the rest was stucco, with three deep friezes running the whole length of the front at each floor level. Over the door I noticed a panel with the words "The Plasterers' Union" cut in the cement, and framed with a border of clematis. The friezes told the whole story of the plasterer's Art. At one end the limestone was being cut from its native hills, then appeared the furnaces in which it was burnt, and all the processes which make it ready for the plasterer's hand.

A broad river flowed in the middle of this band, and on its banks were men busy throwing golden sand into well-teamed waggons; then a forest full of tall pine trees where the woodman plied his axe, then the cutting and dressing of the timber and the riving of the laths: scene upon scene followed—here the lime was being mixed, the laths were being nailed on, and sturdy men in white smocks began to spread the mortar. Later they were drawing flowers and modelling their delicate lines in the still wet plaster. The whole story of a noble and useful Art was here portrayed in sgraffito and coloured on the walls of this building, and in every picture I saw the apprentice hand watching and being taught at every step. Over each band was a projecting roof of copper. On this side of the street, and in friendly concourse, were the homes of all the arts and crafts of building,—the Bricklayers', Masons', Carpenters', and Plumbers' Unions, and many others, and each had drawn on its walls in some way or other a full account of the crafts it protected and encouraged. Such a sight I had never seen, nor had I ever felt so deeply stirred as when gazing on these pictures.



STREET VIEW IN GRANADA :

DRAWN IN SEPIA BY F. W. BEDFORD.

Soon I came to a school that was set back somewhat from the road. It had two wings projecting out, and the centre part, which was recessed, rested on open arches; the whole of the lower portion was of brick, and the wing on the left, which appeared to be a gymnasium, had carved panels of the games of the day as used to be in ancient Greece and Rome. Brick quoins ran up the angles of the building, and all the surfaces of the walls above the basement story were stuccoed and coloured yellow, and the white windows had green shutters fastened back against the wall. The roofs were covered with thick tiles, and a light bell turret with copper roof crowned the roof. At the bottom of the roof above the cornice ran a wood balustrade painted white, with balusters very far apart, which I had known condemned in olden days. I had passed this last when I came to a bye-street which struck me with amazement. It was a narrower street than the main one, and appeared to be that in which the richer merchants had settled. The sides were one mass of coloured mosaics, each telling to what purpose the building was devoted.

Some were of different coloured marble. But more beautiful even than these palaces, as one could almost call them, was the wealth of bloom in projecting balconies, from which some creeping green crept in festoons from balcony to balcony right across the street on thin wire tied to the railings. It was like decoration prepared for the passing of some king, but it was alive and blossomed as it went. On one building were a number of men busy with pail and water. They had long ladders on wheels like those I had seen used by firemen, and on each was written "The Buildings Cleaning Co. Ltd." It was astonishing how clean the buildings looked. Up and down I wandered through many streets and squares, all of which, except the more narrow ones, were lined with trees. The houses were all bright with colour either in paint or some more durable material, and among these I noticed that enamelled iron was one of the commonest. It appeared to be the same in make as that I had known used to advertise some celebrated soap, but the enameller had developed this material into one of marvellous beauty. Many great friezes, panels, and gable ends were done in this way, and even entire fronts, and the colours were more beautiful than any I had ever seen. Quaint landscapes there were, and animals ran among their shade pursued by hound and horse: trades and crafts and all the hopes and ambitions of a people. The frame-work of many of these buildings appeared to be of iron encased with this beautiful material. Some had their decoration in this enamel, or some similar material, in patches of colour between lines of copper and brass in which the design was drawn. It was like some Persian or Arabian vase on a grand scale. One of the most remarkable things that struck me was the gaiety of the people and their dress. They were not like black beetles, as I had known them, crawling along with drooping heads. Their dresses were loose and comfortable, and were as many coloured as the houses. I was astonished, too, to see many of them stop to admire the sculpture and figures on the walls; indeed, opposite some of the more important buildings there were groups of men and women, evidently from the country and surrounding towns, discussing and criticising the paintings, and from the bits of conversation I heard they appeared to have an extraordinary knowledge and appreciation of decorative Art.

Marvelling much at what I had seen I came soon to the church of which I had caught many distant glances. It stood in a great open space, the houses standing back as if in awe, or of humility. It was different to any temple or church of former times, and, in contrast to most of the buildings in the streets, it was of stone. But I could not tell

which had most influenced it, Athens, Rome, or Cologne. Many years had the citizens spent in building their dwellings and the homes of labour and civil life. "Now," they had said, "we will build a church," and they had built it. The pilaster and the buttress, and all the dearly-loved things which architects had coquetted with for centuries, had gone, and yet there was nothing extravagantly original; it had all the best traditions of the past with the soul and life of a new creation. The sensation it produced was so new that I could not define it or find its cause. I had felt it once before; it was when watching the sun rise over one of the most beautiful scenes of the world—watching the rosy tint creeping down from Etna's crater and the blue cloak lifting from the crags and bay, and gradually lighting up the ruined stage and circled seats of the Greek theatre in which I sat. I had only a vague sense of massive base, bold cornice, and a breadth of plain wall with great fields of sculpture, and above a mighty dome, gold capped, reaching up to heaven—I pushed against a door and found myself in a great cavernous nave, very dark it seemed at first, or perhaps I was still much bewildered; but I could distinguish nothing but the lights of many candles towards the east, and weird wailing music coming from I knew not where. But my eyes gradually became accustomed to the light, which came mostly from above, and I saw column and arch and a vast vault unbroken by rib or opening. The columns were of choicest marble with beautifully carved capitals, and so were the walls behind for a good height, and above I could see nothing else but colour. It was green at the bottom—the earth—with hill and dale and everything that was known. There was the history of the Church, the Bible, and of the country and all the best known things that had happened. Then there was a wave of blue in which were the sun, stars, and planets, and in this band seemed to be many figures passing from the green below or descending from the gold above. The whole of the vaults were one mass of wings and light soaring forms bathed in gold. Every colour found on the rarest bird or the brightest butterfly was there, rivalling the opal for brilliancy. And what a glorious throng it was; it was as restless as the pigeons of S. Mark at feeding time. I could fancy I heard the flapping and beating of wing on wing. I dropped into a seat. The music, which till now had been sweet and low, gradually increased in force—I could see no one, the choir was screened. But from a few voices it grew to many, the organ poured in, and, as I thought, a full orchestra, quicker and quicker, louder and louder, the winged host above seemed to take it up until the whole building shook. *Then it suddenly stopped and I awoke.*



S. MARIA IN ARACELI, ROME:
FROM A WATER COLOUR
DRAWING BY F. W. BEDFORD.



CASTLE HOWARD, FROM THE LAKE.

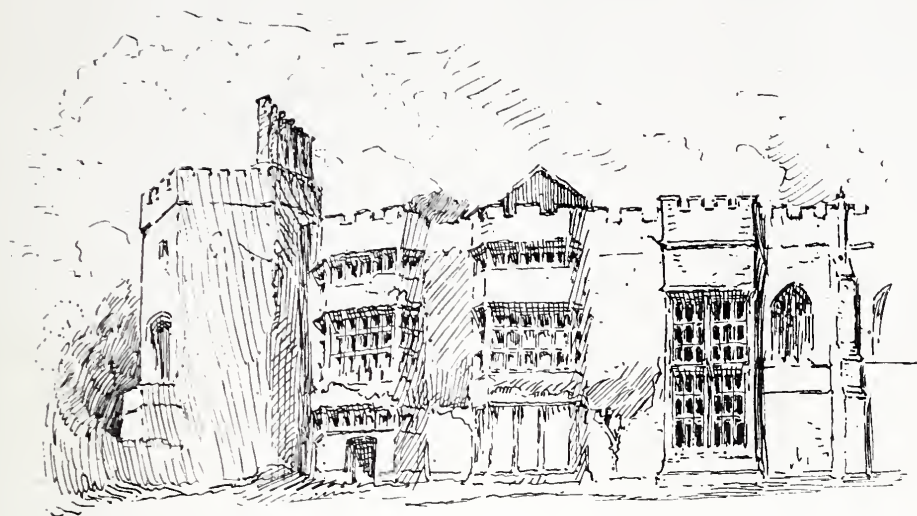
DESIGN IN DRAWINGS: WITH SKETCHES AND PLANS: BY BERESFORD PITE. PART TWO.

BEFORE passing on to civil buildings mention should be made of domical interiors, as, perhaps, no architectural idea has such power over the mind, and produces such enthusiasm in the designer, enthusiasm that may well be called frantic, and illustrated from history or such, as the dome. A careful comparison by sketches of the three great domes of the Renaissance, those of the Duomo, Florence, St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, will perhaps ignite the flame in any who have not yet suffered from domical fever. The Pantheon at Rome, really the greatest dome in the world, has to be classed with the Great Pyramid, as the work of an heroic age beyond our reach, but has infinite interest as being the *point de depart* of the later three. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, and St. Genevieve, Paris, are interesting developments varying in scale. The study in domes will procure for the student freedom from the rigid absurdity of that Gothic revival formula as to exposed construction.

Among civil buildings it will generally be true that only modern examples are of much practical value, perhaps with some exceptions, and as to staircase treatment. In preparing drawings set out at first the wall spaces, and assign heights for

friezes and covings in proper proportion, with pilasters or large wall panellings indicated. It is well to let ideas generate gradually, and the sooner the starting point is decided the sooner development in the designer's mind can commence. The internal perspective and cross lighting of corridors should be considered, broad and grouped bays of light and shadow being effective. The main corridors of the Law Courts in London are good examples of well-designed lighting. The Chateau of Chantilly, as restored by Mons. Daumet, though a domestic building, also presents a suggestive example of picturesque treatment of corridor and staircase combined. The corridors of the Bank of England in London have charming instances of thoughtful Design; the vestibules and entrances to the different rooms are made the subjects of careful study and ingenious treatment, and the impression is produced of a complete and thoughtful building, full of unexpected evidences of decorative skill and subtle Design.

Passing to domestic interiors, an English, home-like feeling is worthy of attainment even at the cost of much patient care and study. It will be found not to consist in archæological consistency of detail so much as in the broader matters of proportion, lighting, and breadth of treatment. This branch of Art Mr. Norman Shaw has made his own, and his plans and sections reveal a study and grasp of the subject that is surprising. The passages are broadened into galleries, the stairs are



PART OF ENTRANCE FRONT, COWDREY:

FROM A SKETCH BY BERESFORD PITE.

widened, the heights of rooms vary with their size, and windows not commanding views, or wanted solely for lighting purposes, are kept at a considerable height above the floor.

In ordinary dwelling rooms do not omit to think out the daily life, or the finishing touches that make a house comfortable for furniture. Provide walls with suitable side-lights for pictures, some flat chimney breasts for overmantel treatment, and, where projecting breasts are employed, proportion them carefully, and think out a proper cornice and frieze treatment, as this will show with external angles only on the chimney breast. Panel or set out the proportions of such rooms throughout. Some interiors are all doors, windows, and projections. In dealing with such rooms connect the upper surfaces as broadly as possible with frieze rails, or the lower ones with panels, to the height of the door architraves; and remember that in some circumstances a charming breadth as well as privacy and warmth are to be obtained by the use of Arras Tapestry.

Set out some windows down to the floor line where a good garden view is to be had, and sunshine; this treatment is most effective at the end of long rooms. Let your bays be sweeping, continuing a wall surface of the room if possible, and avoid the stereotyped form, which has little to recommend it. Do not depend either for warmth or beauty upon angle nooks, and provide abundant light upon the sides of your fireplace, so that light and heat may be properly related.

Study artists' drawings of interiors. A delightful mass of suggestion lies

in the drawings of Albert Durer for domestic purposes; as well as of original grandeur, of which our English Architects have so little idea, in the paintings of the grand Italians, as Paul Veronese.

Architectural elevations have peculiar value in the process of Design. In spite of the seeming importance of perspective effects, and the insistence upon light and shade, and upon grouping, that is now so general, the Archi-

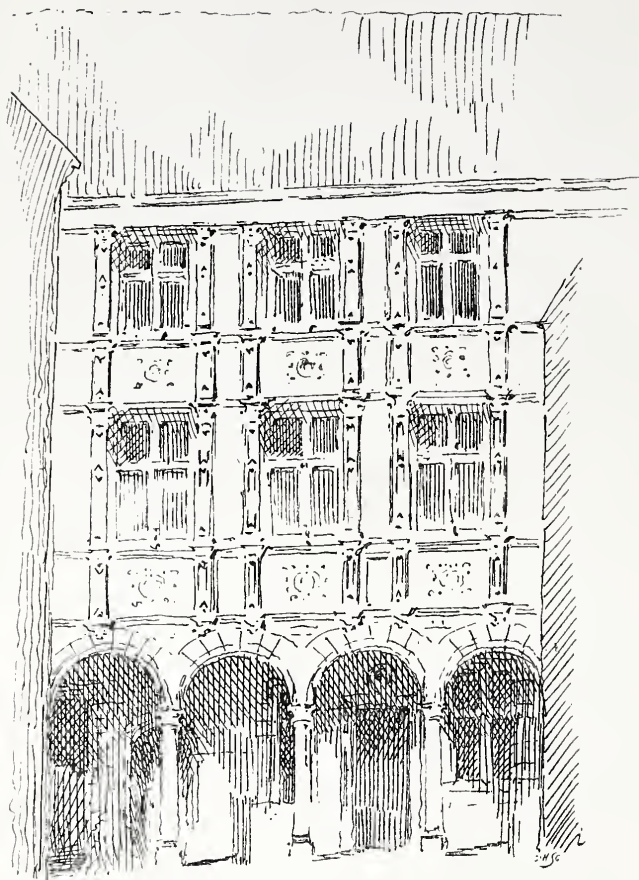
tect should most earnestly resolve not to be led aside from a simple reliance upon his scale elevation, for the production of satisfactory effects of proportion and beauty. This is more evidently the case in civil Architecture, where street fronts as such are seen from directly opposite points, and independently of their returns. If the building has no beauty apart from perspective, it will, under such circumstances, be a failure.

Most modern elevations suffer from a lack of idea. The Architect in many cases has no notion of the poetry of building or of rhythmical composition. He has seen some arrangement of features, or perhaps, and more often, merely some features, and has desired to reproduce them; sources of inspiration frequently are supplied weekly by a



BACK OF THE KITCHEN, COWDREY:

FROM A SKETCH BY BERESFORD PITE.



Sketch at Orleans

COMPOSITION OF THREE BAYS UPON FOUR BAYS:
SKETCHED BY BERESFORD PITE.

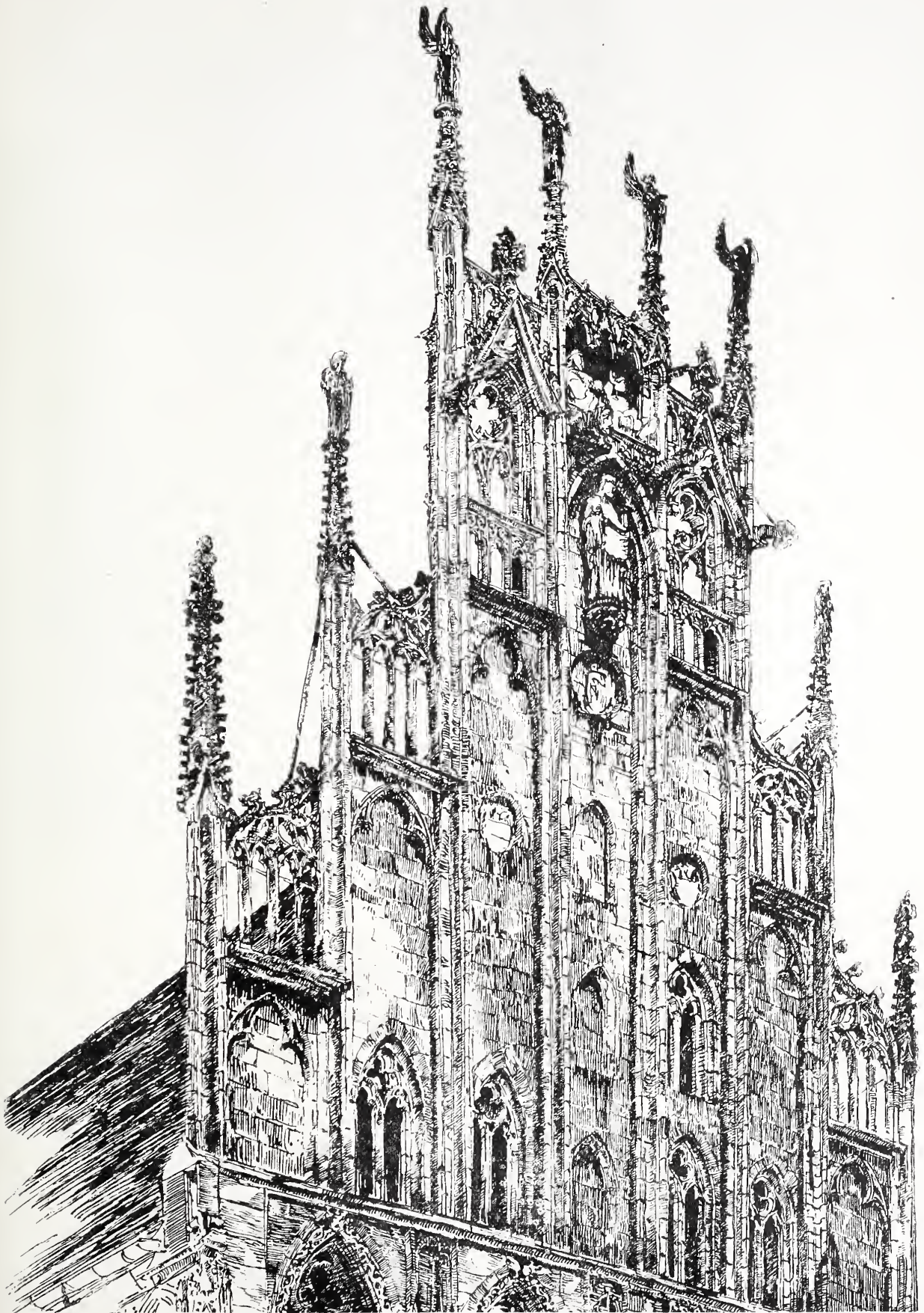
newsagent for a few pence, and maybe a sketch-book is called into requisition for domestic country work. Again, strict Archæological system and style too often replace idea with the more cultivated Architect. He finds a charming precedent and emulates it; his aim is to grasp the bygone character of its design and ornament, and to re-design in the same bygone character, though in accordance with modern requirement. Many examples of this method could be cited. In some cases a perfect purity is obtained, admirable and just in its way; but the only idea has been a worship of antiquity and the effect upon current life and thought is unstimulating and insipid. In the work of

others, many, and in that of some, all, the charms of a mediæval world have been reproduced; the quaint proportions suggest old-worldliness; the leaded glazings imperfect manufacture; the coarse and stiffened ornament the rude forefather of the hâïlet; and materials that rapidly lose their freshness and become prematurely hoary, are preferred in order to add to the illusion of mediævalism. It is true that there is idea here, but the idea is unarchitectural, and unworthy of an absolute and permanent embodiment in a lasting building. It is akin to the romantic fiction of "Waverley," and closely allied to the scene-painters' Art.

An artistic elevation, however, implies more than a trimming and decorating or rather decking, of window and door openings, or of twisting the skylines of gables. We want to know why the man did this or that, and the other. If he had no other motive or idea than that he was an Architect, and, therefore, privileged to be incoherent and inconsequential in his public utterances; knowing nothing better; without idea and consequently not an Artist; we may well, I think, disown him as an Architect, or at all events as a Designer. We want to measure the man's brain and thought in his work, and learn if he knows the magic sympathy of Art which gives delight to his fellow men, by appealing to echoing phases of the mind. To this end the student should afresh study all great



RATISBON TOWN HALL: GOTHIC SYMMETRICAL DESIGN:
CONCENTRATION OF ORNAMENTAL FEATURES:
SKETCHED BY BERESFORD PITE.



GABLE OF RATH-HAUS,
MÜNSTER, WESTPHALIA:
UNTOUCHED SKETCH BY
BERESFORD PITE.



CLOISTER: MUCKROSS, CONCENTRATION OF FEATURES
AND CONTRAST WITH BREADTH OF WALL.

FROM A WASH DRAWING
BY BERESFORD PITE.

buildings, and discern the composition of their artistic elements. Ask why they please? What is it that attracts and rests the mind in them? Apart from detail, history, or association, as pure Architecture, such as you have to produce a sight without age or time interest, what underlies its survival and power over the mind? In this mood sketch the Design of such fronts as Peterborough, Ely, Lincoln, Wells, Salisbury, St. Lawrence, Nuremburg, Nôtre Dame, Paris, Rheims, Angoulême. Sketch them as if you were about to Design them; start with widths, heights, and features as windows and doors; mark how each is emphasised; how the ornament is grouped, and the effects that are attained. It may then become gradually apparent to you that, in the simplest and most ordinary subjects, there is an open road for definite progress in Design, apart from antiquarian interest.

Sketch and analyse in this way purely architectural compositions, that is, buildings without other

than architectural uses, such as monuments. Temples of the winds, the backgrounds of Greek stages, the Pyramids, or the Albert Memorial. Of this class, triumphal arches are fine examples, and mentioning them attaches a sad significance to the fact that this year, celebrating as we do an unexampled era of national peace and happiness, we find ourselves incapable of suggesting or promoting any monument or offering of gratitude to posterity, as a glorious heritage from a glorious age.

Returning to our subject of analysing elevations, note how the lines of the Arc de Triomphe at Paris coincide with those of Nôtre Dame, perhaps the most dignified of all mediæval façades; and for a change of idea and mental reaction, compare the relative qualities of charm in Vanbrugh's Castle Howard, and, say, Cowdrey Park, Sussex.

As suggestions in the study of idea in Design some classifications may be indicated without attempting any completeness or order of system:



PRYOR PARK, BATH :

SHEWING GRANDEUR OF MASS AND LINE.

I. Sculpturesque interest—as in the Parthenon, Wells Cathedral, the Doge's Palace.

II. and III. Verticality and horizontality.

IV. Their combination and contrast—as at Münster, Compiègne Hotel de Ville, the modern church of La Trinité, Paris.

V. Concentration and distribution of ornament—as Ratisbon Rath-haus, Nuremburg Oriel House, and as in German gable houses generally. The Fountain Court, Hampton Court, and the Louvre.

VI. Emphasised idea or line, having a dominant note in accordance with the purpose of the building, such as the grouping of windows and features, a varied and concentrated sky-line, a sense of enclosure or of openness, of wall or window surface, or roof or cornice. Connect an idea with your site, such as in the employment of half timber work upon a wooded site, and use it thoroughly and everywhere. A simple, pleasing architectural tradition will be charming, as in Ralph Allen's house at Bath, or the Palladian bridge at Pryor Park or Wilton.

VII. Use grandeur of mass and line, as in Somerset House, London, or Pryor Place, Bath.

VIII. Simple rhythm of repetition, as in the Houses of Parliament, or Courtyard, Hampton Court.

IX. Luxuriousness of ornament, with the impression of restrained but abundant wealth, as in the pavilions of the Louvre.

X. Simple line, but rich surface, as in the Duomo of Florence.

XI. Or richness of line, as in the Church of the Salute at Venice.

Remember that you may, however, have idea without pleasing or popular beauty, as in Stonehenge, the Pyramids, or the Forth Bridge; as well as beauty of form without idea, and the reproduction of buildings without their ideas, as in the modern buildings of Munich and Bavaria. A comparison of the Walhalla of Klenze with the Parthenon will show how true this is, or of the Propylea of Munich with those of Athens, and the Triumphal Arch there with that of Constantine at Rome.

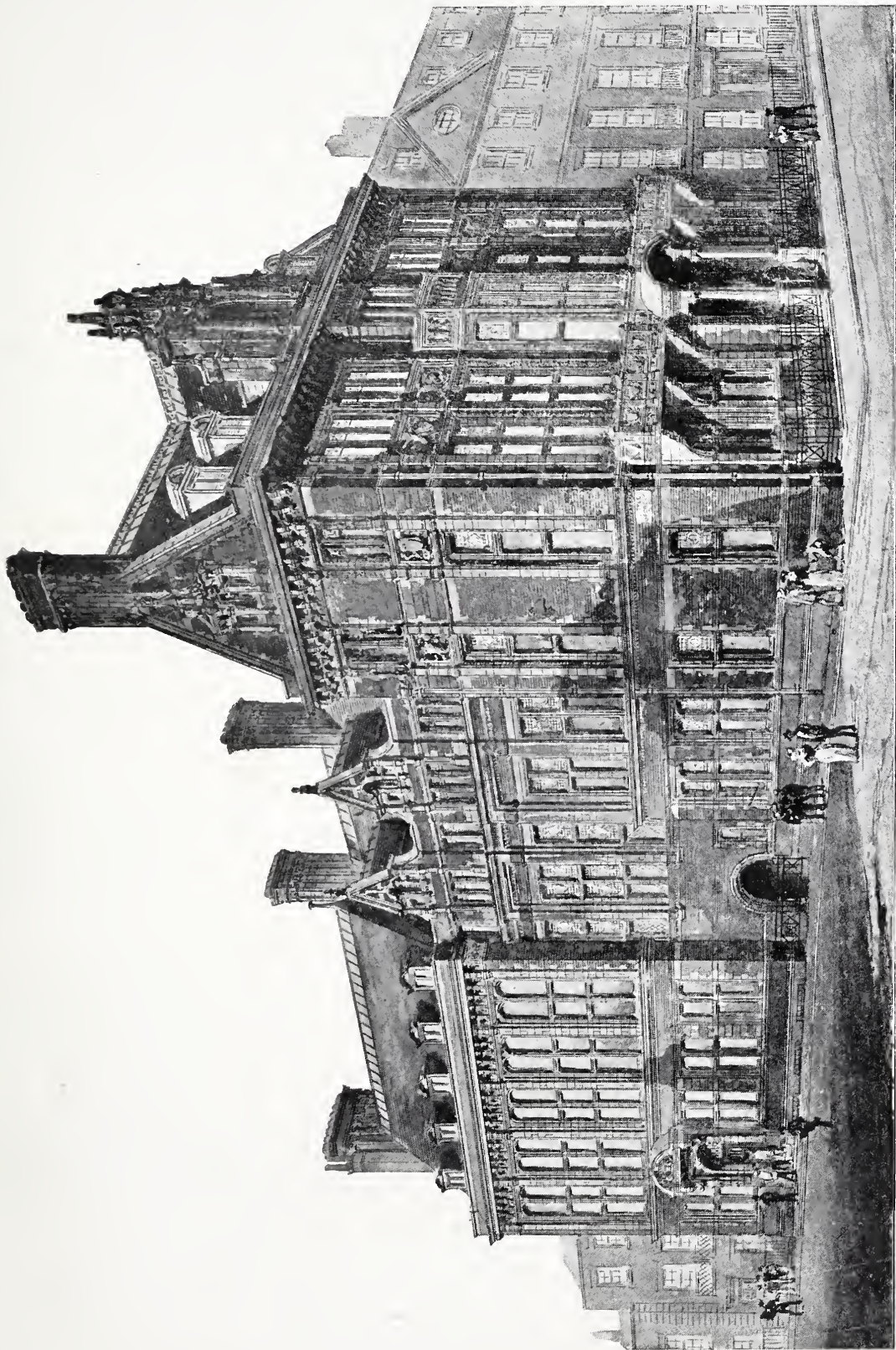
Modern Architectural Design is prolific enough; its originality is superabundant; its adaptability marvellous; in rapidity, activity, and development it out-marches even the strides of scientific progress, in the omnivorous exploration and regeneration of the Art of all the ages. It is wealthy in all the qualities of parvenu Art, but poverty stricken in downright earnest thoughtfulness and serious intention.

Now, simple, unaffected, patient thoughtfulness in work makes nearly all the difference between High and Low Art in Architecture. A thoroughness which sees in every drawing an opportunity for thoughtful or earnest work will make a section live with Artistic usefulness and design as readily as a plan or elevation.

Academy Architecture : First Series.



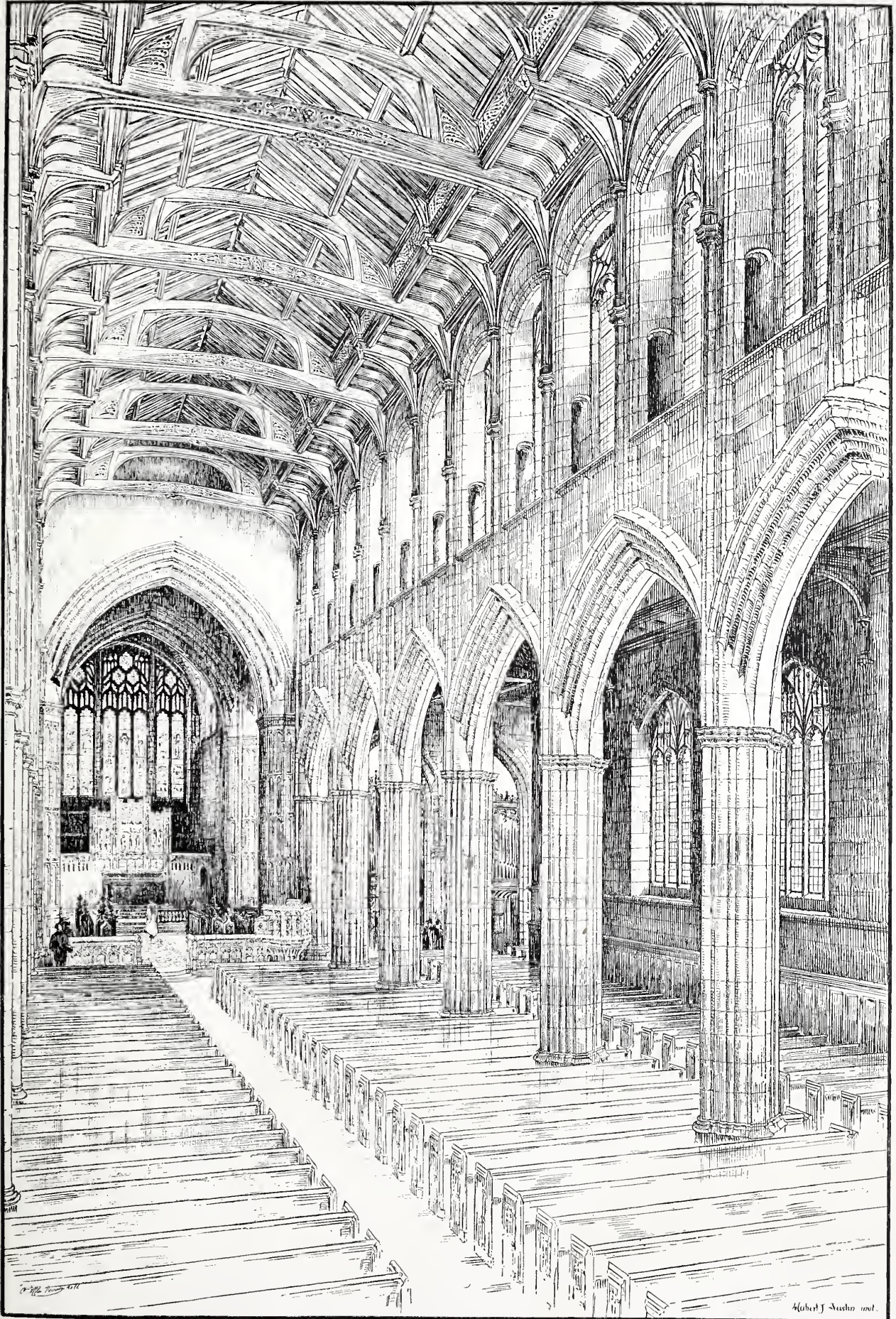
WHITE STAR OFFICES, LIVERPOOL:
R. NORMAN SHAW, R.A., AND
J. FRANCIS DOYLE, ARCHITECTS.



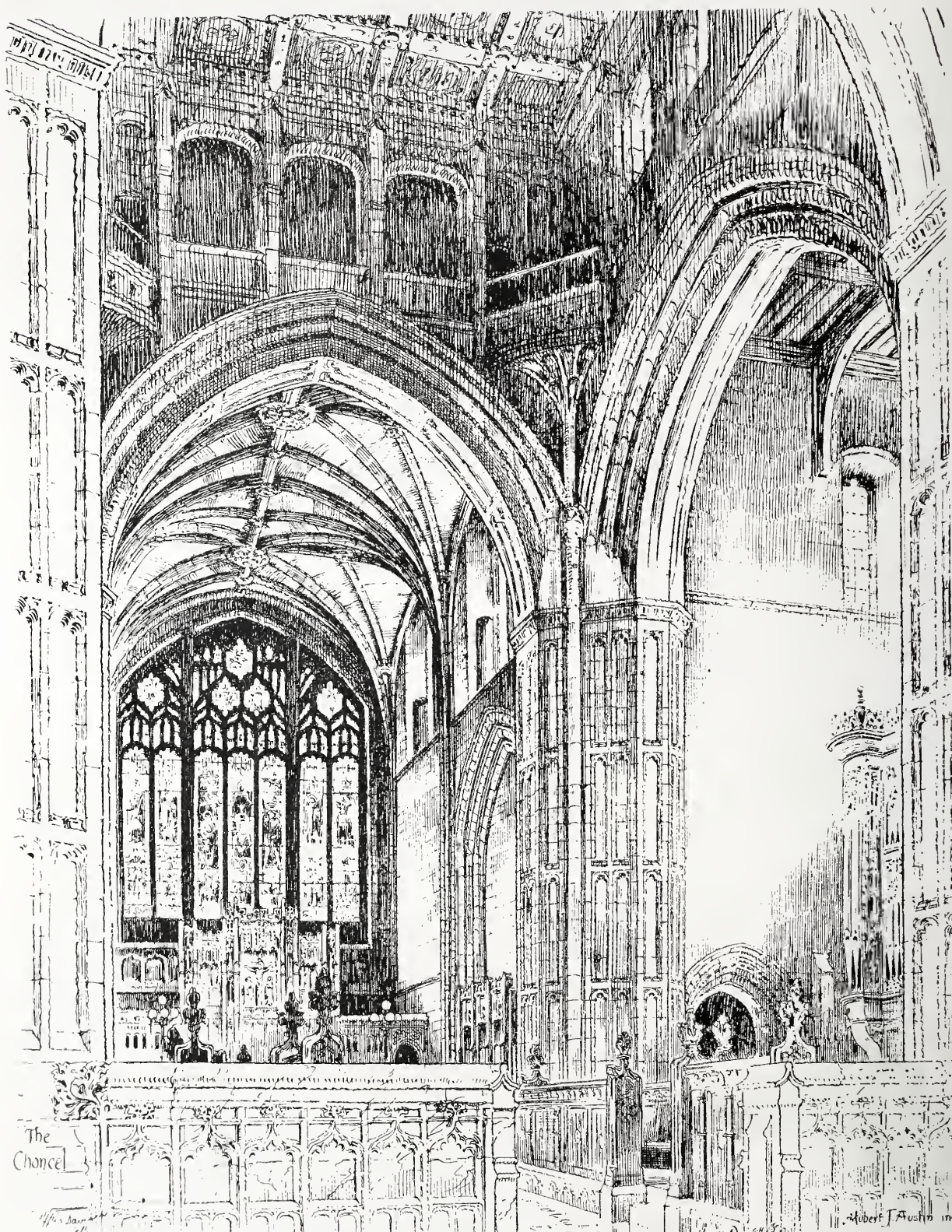
THE SURVEYORS' INSTITUTION,
GREAT GEORGE STREET, WEST-
MINSTER: A. WATERHOUSE, R.A.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, STOCKPORT:
VIEW FROM SOUTH-EAST: MESSRS.
AUSTIN AND PALEY.



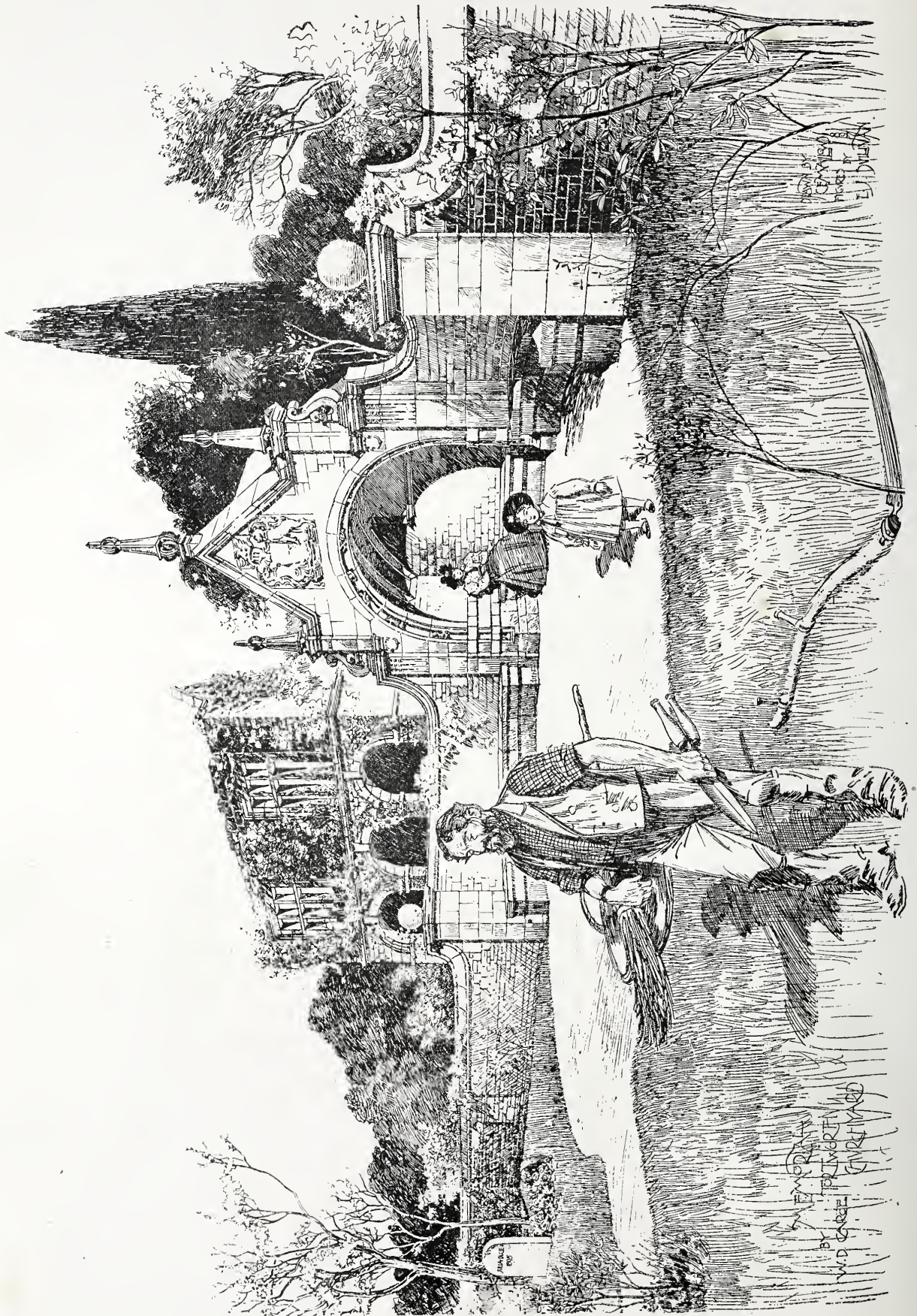
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, STOCKPORT:
INTERIOR LOOKING EAST: MESSRS.
AUSTIN AND PALEY.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, STOCK-
PORT, THE CHANCEL: MESSRS.
AUSTIN AND PALEY.



ADDITIONS TO THE SAVOY
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MEMORIAL, TORTWORTH
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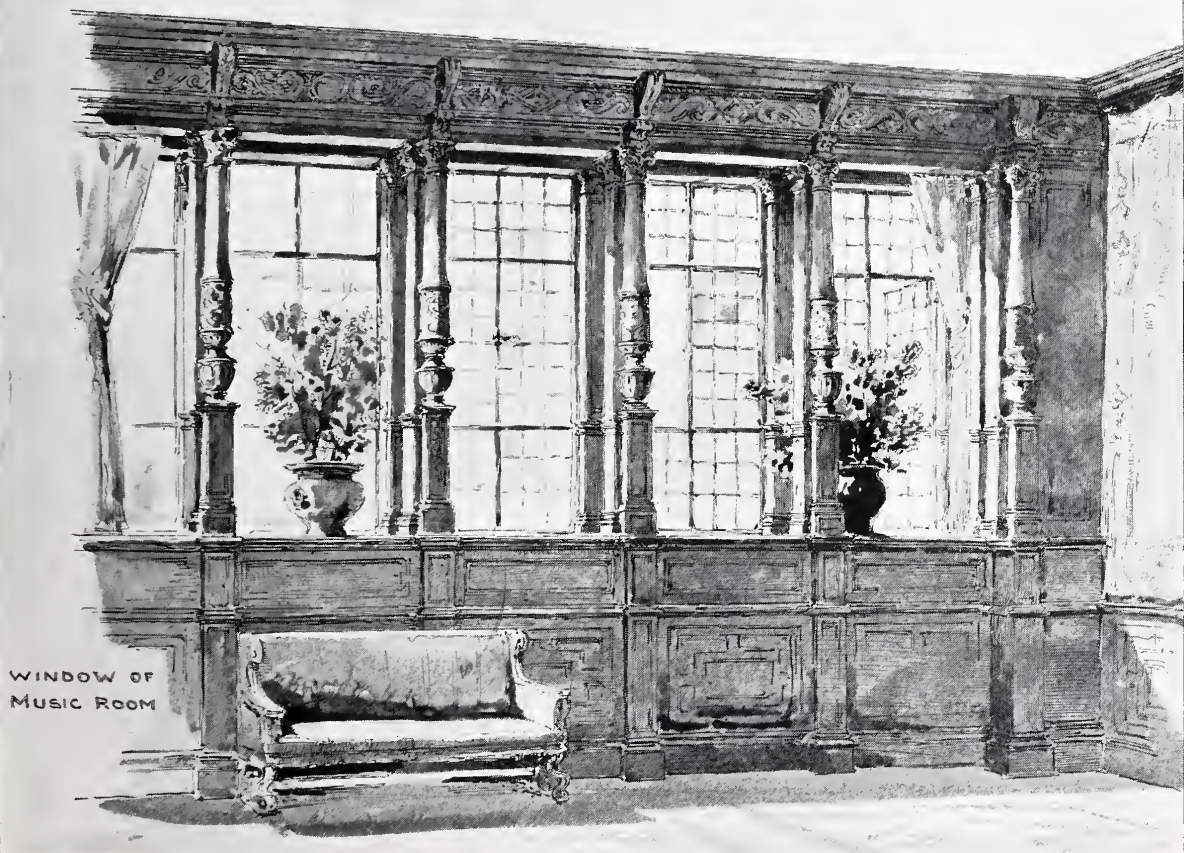
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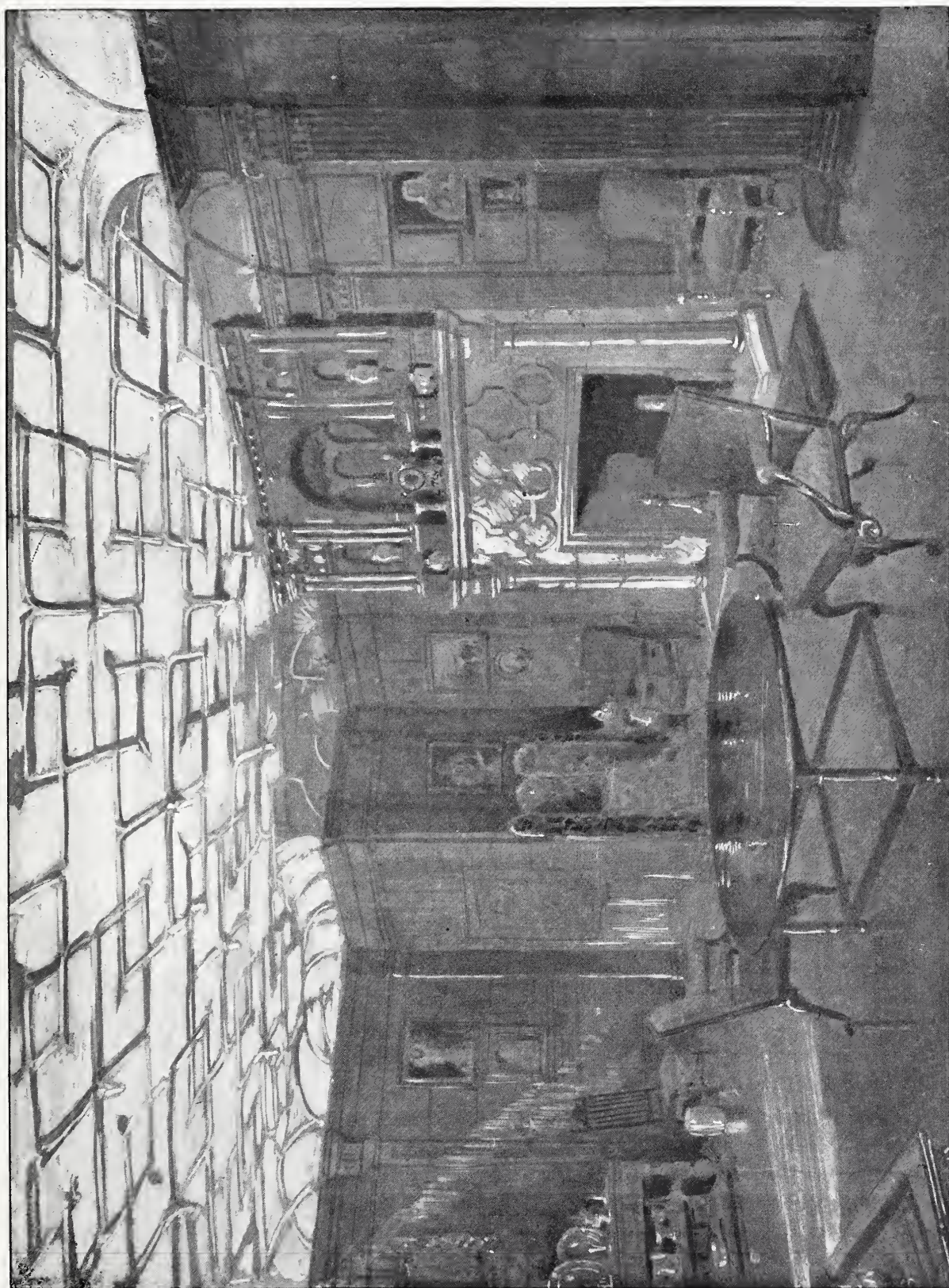
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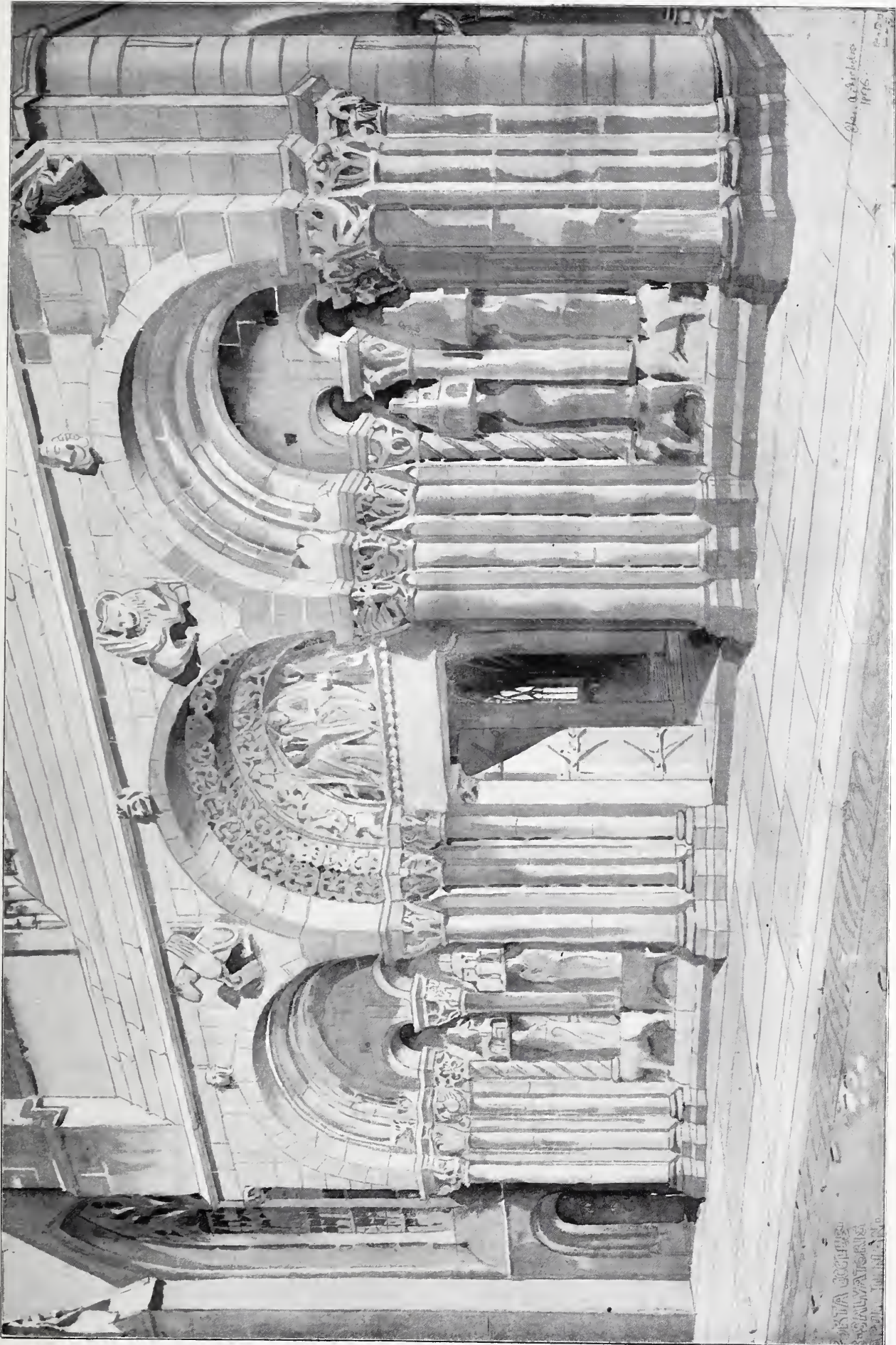
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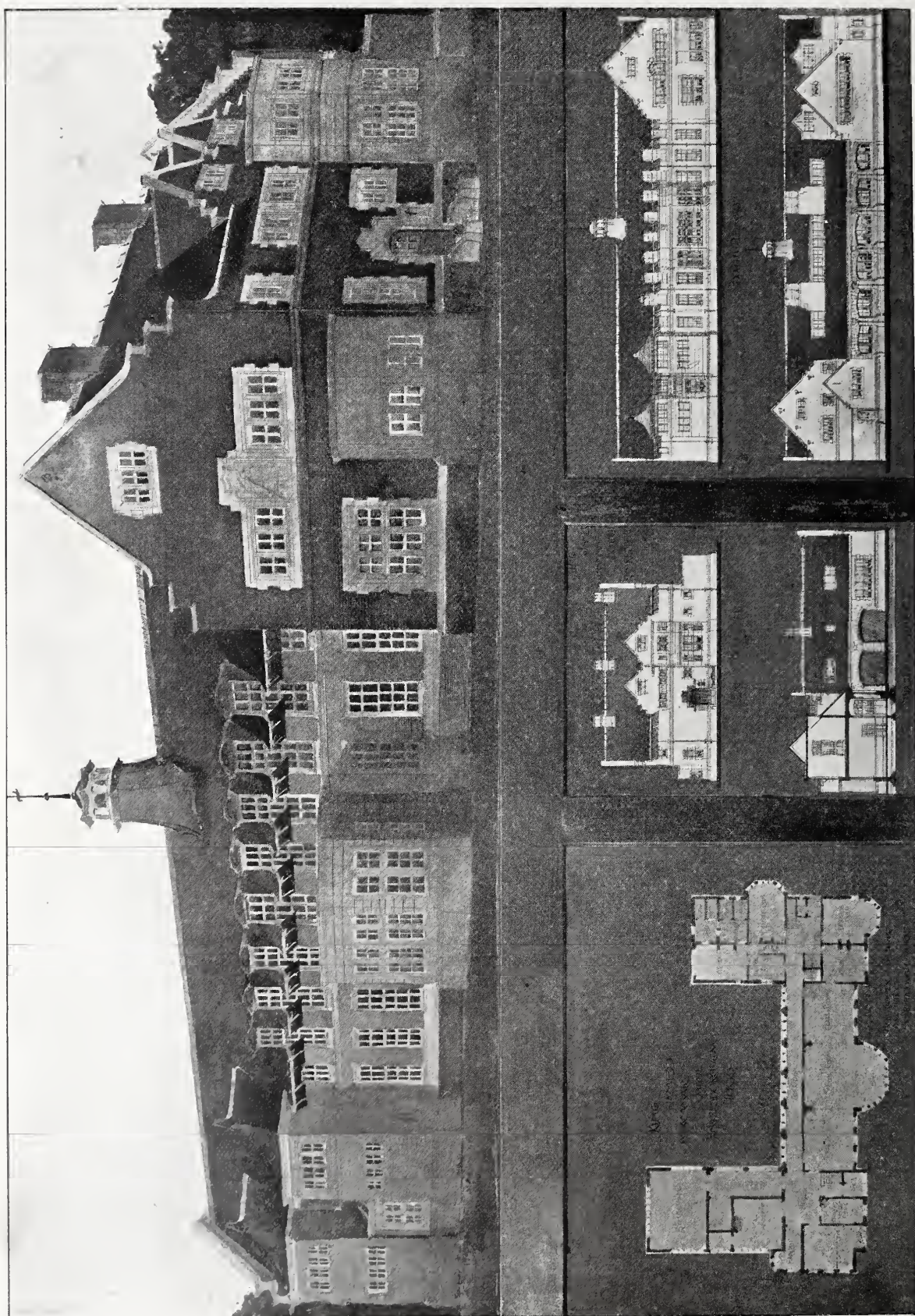


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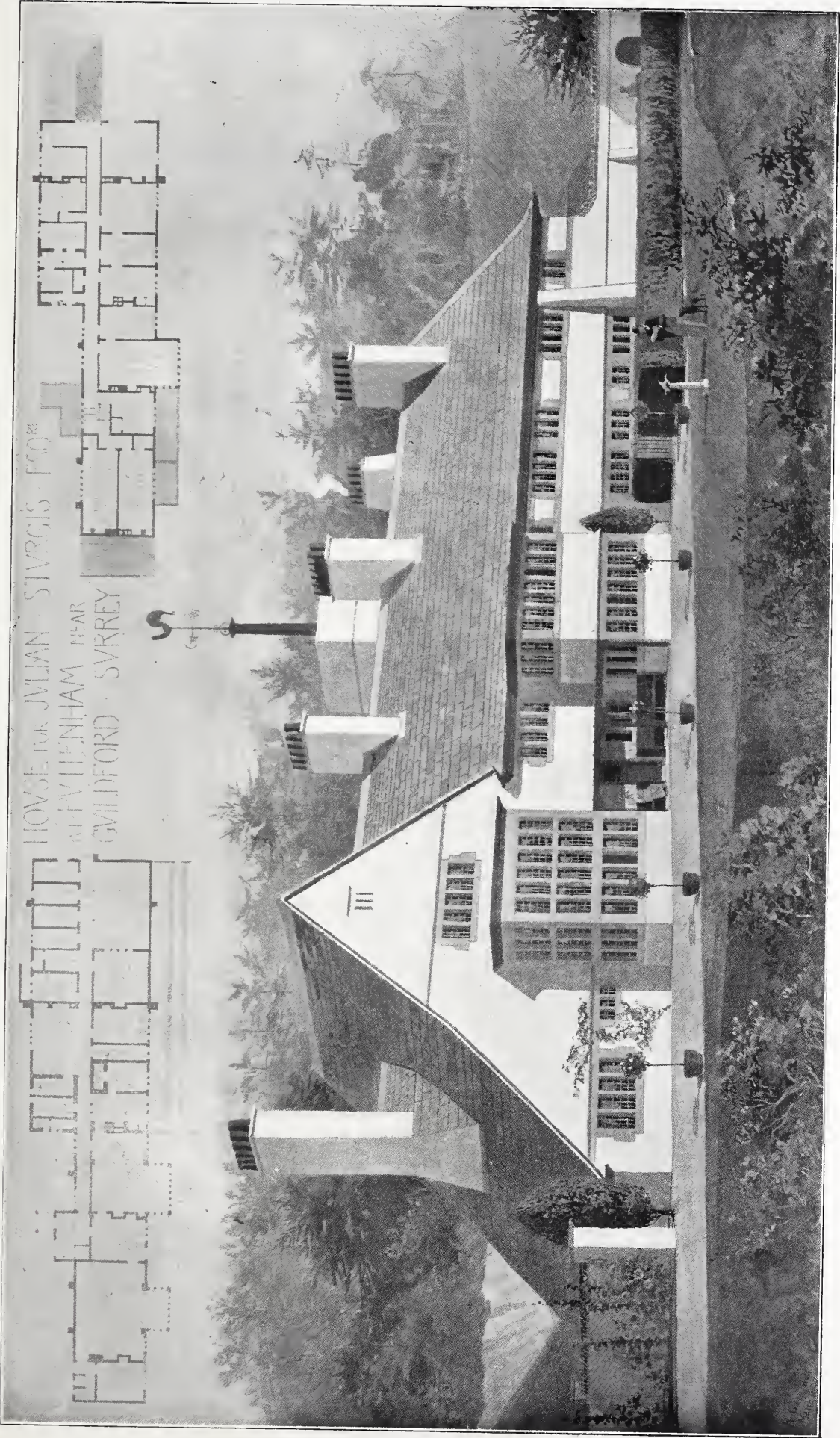


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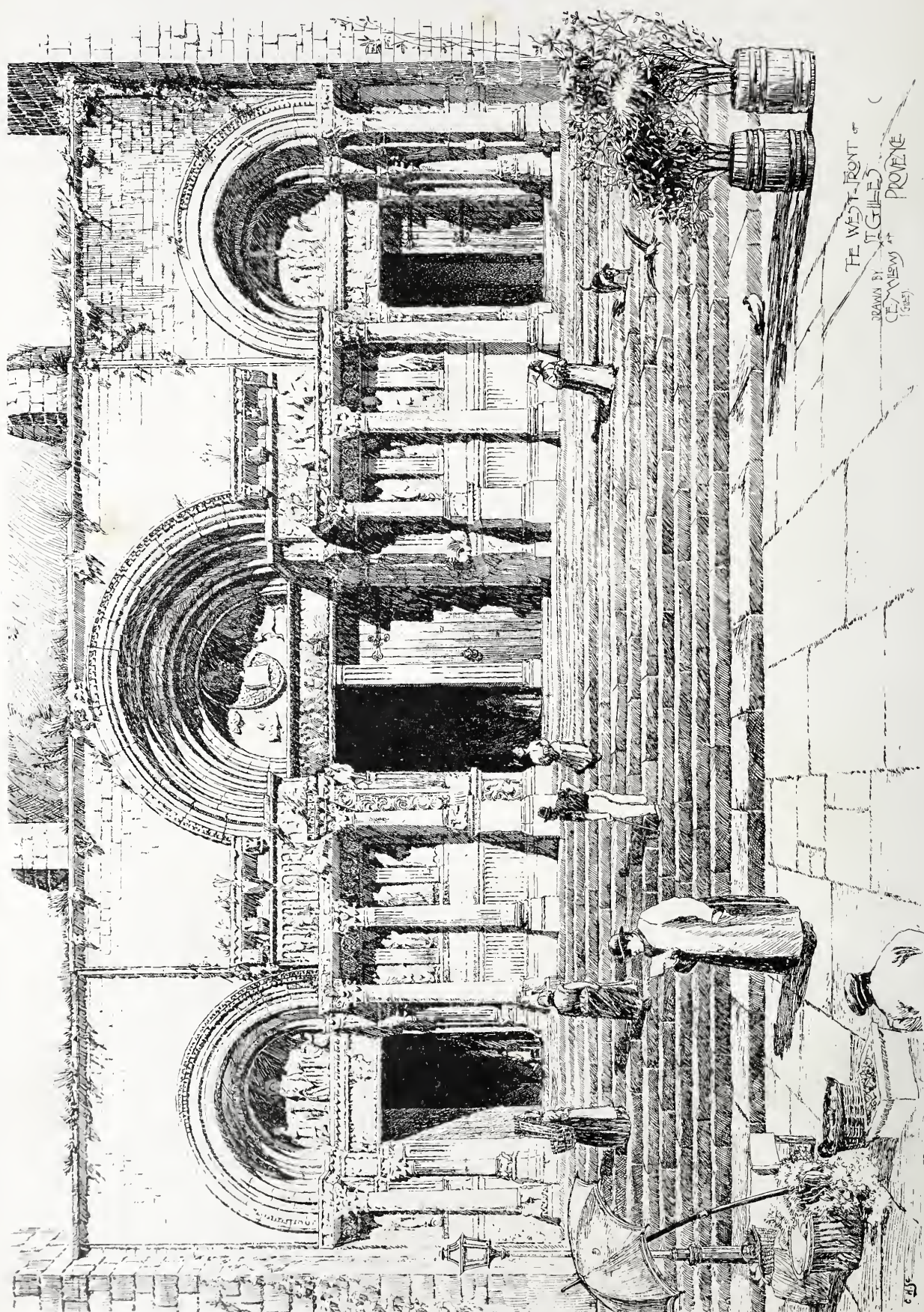
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